This work possesses many of the merits of the Characteristics a delicate sensibility to beauty, whether in character scenery art or literature & the same power of varied discriminating & eloquent expression 99 EK V 60

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/visitssketchesat01jame

VISITS AND SKETCHES

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WITH

TALES AND MISCELLANIES NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

AND A NEW EDITION OF THE

"DIARY OF AN ENNUYEE."

BY MRS. JAMESON,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1834.

THE

AUTHOR TO THE READER.

It seems a foolish thing to send into the world a book requiring a preface of apologies; and yet more absurd to presume that any deprecation on the part of the author could possibly win indulgence for what should be in itself worthless.

For this reason, and with a very deep feeling of the kindness I have already experienced from the public, I should now abandon these little volumes to their destiny without one word of preface or remark, but that a certain portion of their contents seems to require a little explanation.

It was the wish and request of my friends, many months ago, that I should collect various literary trifles which were scattered about in print or manuscript, and allow them to be published together. My departure for the continent set aside this intention for the time. I had other and particular objects in view, which still keep full possession of my mind, and which have been suspended not without reluctance, in order to prepare these volumes for the press:—neither had I, while travelling in Germany, the slightest idea of writing any thing of that country: so far from it, that except during the last few weeks at Munich, I kept no regular notes; but finding, on my return to England, that many particulars which had strongly excited my interest with regard to the relative state of art and social existence in the two countries appeared new to those with whom I conversed,—after some hesitation, I was induced to throw into form the few memoranda I had made on the spot. They are now given to the public in the first volume of this little collection with a very sincere feeling of their many im-

perfections, and much anxiety with regard to the reception they are likely to meet with; yet in the earnest hope that what has been written in perfect simplicity of heart, may be perused both by my English and German friends, particularly the artists, with indulgence; that those who read and doubt may be awakened to inquiry, and those who read and believe may be led to reflection; and that those who differ from, and those who agree with, the writer, may both find some interest and amusement in the literal truth of the facts and impressions she has ventured to record.

It was difficult to give sketches of art, literature, and character, without making now and then some *personal* allusions; but though I have often sketched from the life, I have adhered throughout to this principle—never to give publicity to any name not already before the public, and in a manner public property.

Two of the tales in the second volume, "The False One," and "The Indian Mother," were written at different times, to prove that I could write in a style which should not be recognised as mine even by my most intimate friends, and the *ruse* so far succeeded that both, as I am informed, have been attributed to other writers.

With regard to a certain little DIARY, of which it has been thought proper to give here a new edition, so as to complete the collection of miscellanies—what shall I say? If I have cheated some gentle readers out of much superfluous sympathy—as it has been averred—it was certainly without design. I can but repeat here the excuse already inserted in another place, "that the work in question was *not* written for publication, nor would ever have been printed but for accidental circumstances; that the title under which it appeared was not given by the writer, but the publisher, who at the time knew nothing of the real author:—and that some false dates, unimportant circumstances, and fictitious characters, were afterward interpolated to conceal, if possible, the real purport and origin of the work; for the intention was not to create an illusion, by giving to fiction the appearance of truth; but, in fact, to conceal truth by throwing over it the veil of fiction." I regret that even this de-

ception was practised, but would plead in excuse that the basis of that little book *was* truth; that it was, in reality, what it assumed to be, "a true picture of natural and feminine feeling." I confess, that to go over the pages again for the purpose of correction, and for the first time since their publication, has been rather a painful task; once or twice I have felt inclined to make the *amende honourable*. They contain some opinions which I have seen reason to alter or modify; they record some feelings which I would rather have forgotten; and Italy has since undergone some social and political changes: but the observations on art and natural scenery remain as applicable now as they were ten years ago; and I found I could make no alterations, no corrections, which would not detract from the sole merit the book could ever have possessed, and which, I presume, it still retains,—its *truth* as a picture of mind.

While writing this preface, I learn that the subject of the little sketch at the end of the first volume is expected to return to England before she has finally quitted her profession. The first impulse was, of course, to cancel those pages which were written long ago, and under a far different impression, feeling that their purport might expose either the gifted person alluded to, or the author to misconstruction. But it has been found impossible to do so without causing not only a great expense, but also injury to my publishers, from the consequent delay. The allusion to her immediate retirement from the stage is the only error I am aware of; and that is only a truth deferred for a short period: for the rest—I have no shield against folly and malignity, neither has *she*—

"Une femme—une fleur, s'effeuille sans defence."

Under all the circumstances I would rather the sketch had been omitted; but as this could not be done except by an obvious injustice, after some struggle with my own wishes and feelings, I have suffered the whole to stand as originally written; and it is trusted to the best and kindest interpretation of the public.

A. J.

May, 1834.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

SKETCHES OF ART, LITERATURE, AND CHARACTER, PART I.

IN THREE DIALOGUES.

PAGE

I. A Scene in a Steamboat 16
A Singular Character 21
Gallery at Ghent 23
The Prince of Orange's Pictures 24
A Female Gambler 29
Cologne—The Medusa 31
Professor Walraf 34
Schlegel and Madame de Staël 35
Story of Archbishop Gerard 39
Heidelberg—Elizabeth Stuart 41
An English Farmer's idea of the picturesque . . . 47

II. Frankfort 49
The Theatre, Madame Haitsinger 50
The Versorgung Haus 53
The Städel Museum 55
Dannecker, Memoir of his Life and Works 56
German Sculpture—Rauch, Tieck, Schwanthaler . . 72

III. Goëthe and his daughter-in-law 77
The German Women 81
German Authoresses 84
German Domestic Life and Manners 87
German Coquetterie and German Romance 93
The Story of a Devoted Sister 95

SKETCHES OF ART, LITERATURE, AND CHARACTER, PART II.

Memoranda at Munich, Nuremberg, and Dresden.

I. MUNICH 111
The Theatre—representation of "Egmont" 112
Leo Von Klenze 115
The Glyphtothek—Its general arrangement—Egina Marbles —Account of the Frescoes of Cornelius—Canova's Paris and Thorwaldson's Adonis . . . . . 115—124
The Opera at Munich, the Kapel Meister Stuntz . . . 125
The Poems of the King of Bavaria 127
A public day at the New Palace 128

PAGE
Thoughts on Female Singers—Their condition and destiny . 130
The Munich Gallery—Thoughts on Pictures—Their moral influence 131
Rubens and the Flemish Masters 134
The Gallery of Schleissheim 139
The Boisserée Gallery—The old German School of Painting—Its effects on the Modern German School of Art . . 140
Representation of the Braut von Messina 141
The Hofgarten at Munich 142
The King's passion for Building—The New Palace—The Beauty of its Decorations—Particular Account of the Modern Paintings on the Walls . . . . 144—152
The Frescoes of Julius Schnorr from the Nibelungen-Lied . 152
The Frescoes in the Royal Chapel 159
The Opera—Madame Scheckner 161
The Kunstverein 163
Karl von Holtëi 164
Fête of the Obelisk 165
The Gallery—Pictures and Painters 169
Madame de Freyberg—A Visit to Thalkirchen . . . 171
Tomb of Eugène Beauharnais 172
The Sculpture in the Glyphtothek 175
Plan of the Pinakothek or National Gallery . . . 177
The Revival of Fresco Painting 182
Bavarian Sculptors 183
The Valhalla 184
Stieler, the Portrait Painter 186
Gallery of the Duc de Leuchtenberg 187
Society at Munich 189
The Liederkranz 190

II. NUREMBERG 194
The Old Fortress 196
Albert Durer 197
Hans Sachs and Peter Vischer 198
The Cemetery 200
Travelling in Germany 201

III. DRESDEN 203
The Opera—Madame Schröder Devrient in the "Capelletti" 205
Ludwig Tieck 207
The Dresden Gallery and the Italian School 210
Rosalba—Violante Siries—Henrietta Walters—Maria von Osterwyck—Elizabeth Sirani—The Sofonisba . . . 217
Thoughts on Female Artists—Louisa and Eliza Sharpe—The Countess Julie von Egloffstein 221
Moritz Retzsch 222
English and German Art 227
Catalogue of German Artists 230

A Visit to Hardwicke 235
A Visit to Althorpe 257
Sketch of Mrs. Siddons 271
Sketch of Fanny Kemble 288

Jarnesons Visits & sketches V. 1 additions to the Table of Contents.

Bruges 22
Schamps coll.n of pictures 24
Spa 28
Bonn 35
Staels Germany 36
Fresco 38
Godesberg tower 39
Heidelberg Library destroyed 43
War shocking 43
Milton on books 44
War of 30 years, cause women Religion 44
Elizabeth of Bohemia 44
Frederic 5th 44
Clara wife of Frederic the victorious 46
Frankfort
Mde Devrient Schroeder 51
Infant schools 53
Poor. Infirm 53
Dannecker 56 59
—— Ariadne 57
Sculptors female Lala Dacre Damer 59
Attachment of men of genius to patrons 65
Dss of Oldenburg Du of Wirtemberg. Catharine 69
Female authors 83
— poets 84
German manner 89
Story noble interesting. energy of female 95
Munich bourmeals 114
Gallery of sculpture 115
Egina marbles 117
Cornelius painter 121
Poets. 148
Style of painters 170
Gallery splendid 190
Female excellence 218. 220
Retzsch's allegories 227

SKETCHES OF ART, LITERATURE, AND CHARACTER.

PART I.

IN THREE DIALOGUES.

SKETCHES OF ART, LITERATURE, AND CHARACTER.

PART I.

MEDON, ALDA.

MEDON.—AND so we are to have no "*Sentimental Travels in Germany*" on hot-pressed paper, illustrated with views taken on the spot?

ALDA.—No.

MEDON.—You have unloaded Time of his wallet only to deal out his "scraps of things past," his shreds of remembrance, in beggarly, indolent fashion, over your own fireside? You are afraid of being termed an egotist; you, who within these ten minutes have assured me that not any opinion of any human being should prevent you from doing, saying, writing—any thing—

ALDA.—Finish the sentence—any how, *for truth's sake.* But how is the cause of truth to be advanced by the insolent publication of a mass of crude thoughts and hasty observations picked up here and there, "as pigeons pick up peas," such as now lie within the clasps of those little great books? You need not look at them; they do not contain another Diary of an Ennuyée, thank Heaven! nor do I feel much inclined to play the *Ennuyeuse* in public.

MEDON.—"Take any form but *that*, and my firm nerves shall never tremble;" but with eyes to see, a heart to feel, a mind to observe, and a pen to record those observations, I do not perceive why you should not contribute one drop to that great ocean of thought which is weltering round the world!

ALDA.—If I could.

MEDON.—There are people who, when they travel, open their eyes and their ears (ay, and their mouths to some purpose), and shut up their hearts and souls. I have heard such

persons make it their boast, that they have returned to old England with all their old prejudices thick upon them; they have come back, to use their own phrase, "with no foreign ideas—just the same as they went:" they are much to be congratulated! I hope you are not one of these?

Alda.—I hope not; it is this cold impervious pride which is the perdition of us English and of England. I remember, that in one of my several excursions on the Rhine, we had on board the steamboat an English family of high rank. There was the lordly papa, plain and shy, who never spoke to any one except his own family, and then only in the lowest whisper. There was the lady mamma, so truly lady-like, with fine-cut patrician features, and in her countenance a kind of passive *hauteur*, softened by an appearance of suffering and ill-health. There were two daughters, proud, pale, fine-looking girls, dressed *à ravir*, with that indescribable air of high pretension, so elegantly impassive—so self-possessed—which some people call *l'air distingué*, but which, as extremes meet, I would rather call the refinement of vulgarity—the polish we see bestowed on debased material—the plating over the steel—the stucco over the brickwork!

Medon.—Good; you *can* be severe then!

Alda.—I spoke generally: bear witness to the general truth of the picture, for it will fit others as well as the personages I have brought before you, who are, indeed, but specimens of a species. This group, then, had designedly or instinctively intrenched themselves in a corner to the right of the steersman, within a fortification of tables and benches, so arranged as to forbid all approach within two or three yards; the young ladies had each their sketch-book, and wielded pencil and Indian rubber, I know not with what effect,—but I know that I never saw either countenance once relax or brighten in the midst of the divine scenery through which we glided. Two female attendants, seated on the outer fortifications, formed a kind of picket guard; and two footmen at the other end kept watch over the well-appointed carriages, and came and went as their attendance was required. No one else ventured to approach this aristocratic Olympus; the celestials within its precincts, though not exactly seated "on golden stools at golden tables," like the divinities in the song of the Parcæ,* showed as supreme, as godlike an indifference to the throng of mortals in the nether sphere; no word was exchanged during the whole

* In Goëthe's Iphigenia.

day with any of the fifty or sixty human beings who were round them; nay, when the rain drove us down to the pavilion, even there, amid twelve or fourteen others, they contrived to keep themselves aloof from contact and conversation. In this fashion they probably pursued their tour, exchanging the interior of their travelling carriage for the interior of an hotel; and everywhere associating only with those of their own caste. What do they see of all that is to be seen? What can they know of what is to be known? What do they endure of what is to be endured? I can speak from experience—I have travelled in that same style. As they went, so they return; happily, or rather pitifully, unconscious of the narrow circle in which move their factitious enjoyments, their confined experience, their half-awakened sympathies! And I should tell you, that in the same steamboat were two German girls, under the care of an elderly relative, I think an aunt, and a brother, who was a celebrated *jurisconsulte* and judge: their rank was equal to that of my countrywomen; their blood, perhaps, more purely noble, that is, older by some centuries; and their family more illustrious, by God knows how many quarterings; moreover, their father was a minister of state. Both these girls were beautiful;—fair, and fair-haired, with complexions on which "the rose stood ready with a blush;" and one, the youngest sister, was exquisitely lovely—in truth, she might have sat for one of Guido's angels. They walked up and down the deck, neither seeking nor avoiding the proximity of others. They accepted the telescopes which the gentlemen, particularly some young Englishmen, pressed on them when any distant or remarkable object came in view, and repaid the courtesy with a bright kindly smile; they were natural and easy, and did not deem it necessary to mount guard over their own dignity. Do you think I did not observe and feel the contrast?

MEDON.—If nations begin at last to understand each other's true interests, morally and politically, it will be through the agency of gifted men; but if ever they learn to love and sympathize with each other, it will be through the medium of you women. You smile, and shake your head; but in spite of a late example, which might seem to controvert this idea, I still think so: our prejudices are stronger and bitterer than yours, because they are those which perverted reason builds up on a foundation of pride; but yours, which are generally those of fancy and association, soon melt away before your own kindly affections. More mobile, more impressible, more easily yield-

ing to external circumstances, more easily lending yourselves to different manners and habits, more quick to perceive, more gentle to judge ;—yes, it is to you we must look, to break down the outworks of prejudice—you, the advanced guard of humanity and civilization !

> " The gentle race and dear,
> By whom alone the world is glorified !"

Every feeling, well educated, generous, and truly refined woman who travels is as a dove sent out on a mission of peace ; and should bring back at least an olive-leaf in her hand, if she bring nothing else. It is her part to soften the intercourse between rougher and stronger natures ; to aid in the interfusion of the gentler sympathies ; to speed the interchange of art and literature from pole to pole : not to pervert wit, and talent, and eloquence, and abuse the privileges of her sex, to sow the seeds of hatred where she might plant those of love—to imbitter national discord and aversion, and disseminate individual prejudice and error.

Alda.—Thank you ! I need not say how entirely I agree with you.

Medon.—Then tell me, what have *you* brought home ? if but an olive-leaf, let us have it ; come, unpack your budget. Have you collected store of anecdotes, private, literary, scandalous, abundantly interspersed with proper names of grand-dukes and little dukes, counts, barons, ministers, poets, authors, actors, and opera-dancers ?

Alda.—I !

Medon.—Cry you mercy !—I did but jest, so do not look so indignant ! But have you then traced the cause and consequences of that under-current of opinion which is slowly but surely sapping the foundations of empires ? Have you heard the low booming of that mighty ocean which approaches, wave after wave, to break up the dikes and boundaries of ancient power ?

Alda.—I ! no ; how should I—skimming over the surface of society with perpetual sunshine and favouring airs—how should I sound the gulfs and shoals which lie below ?

Medon.—Have you, then, analyzed that odd combination of poetry, metaphysics, and politics, which, like the three primeval colours, tinge in various tints and shades, simple and complex, all literature, morals, art, and even conversation, through Germany ?

ALDA.—No, indeed!

MEDON.—Have you decided between the different systems of Jacobi and Schelling?

ALDA.—You know I am a poor philosopher; but when Schelling was introduced to me at Munich, I remember I looked up at him with inexpressible admiration, as one whose giant arm had cut through an isthmus, and whose giant mind had new-modelled the opinions of minds as gigantic as his own.

MEDON.—Then you are of this new school, which reveals the union of faith and philosophy?

ALDA.—If I am, it is by instinct.

MEDON.—Well, to descend to your own peculiar sphere, have you satisfied yourself as to the moral and social position of the women in Germany?

ALDA.—No, indeed!—at least, not yet.

MEDON.—Have you examined and noted down the routine of the *domestic* education of their children? (we know something of the public and national systems.) Can you give some accurate notion of the ideas which generally prevail on this subject?

ALDA.—O no! you have mentioned things which would require a life to study. Merely to have thought upon them, to have glanced at them, gives me no right to discuss them, unless I could bring my observations to some tangible form, and derive from them some useful result.

MEDON.—Yet in this last journey you had an object—a purpose?

ALDA.—I had—a purpose which has long been revolving in my mind—an object never lost sight of;—but give me time!—time!

MEDON.—I see; but are you prepared for consequences? Can you task your sensitive mind to stand reproach and ridicule? Remember your own story of Runckten the traveller, who, when about to commence his expedition into the deserts of Africa, prepared himself, by learning beforehand to digest poisons; to swallow without disgust reptiles, spiders, vermin—

ALDA.—"Thou hast the most unsavoury similes!"

MEDON.—Take a proverb then—"Bisogna coprirsi bene il viso innanzi di struzzicare il vespaio."

ALDA.—I will *not* hide my face; nor can I answer you in this jesting vein, for to me it is a serious thought. There is in the kindly feelings, the spontaneous sympathy of the public towards me, something which fills me with gratitude and

respect, and tells me to respect myself; which I would not exchange for the greater *éclat* which hangs round greater names; which I will not forfeit by writing one line from an unworthy motive; nor flatter, nor invite, by withholding one thought, opinion, or sentiment which I believe to be true, and to which I can put the seal of my heart's conviction.

MEDON.—Good! I love a little enthusiasm now and then; so like Britomart in the enchanter's palace, the motto is,

"Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold."

ALDA.—I should rather say, be gentle, be gentle, everywhere be gentle; and then we cannot *be too bold*.*

MEDON.—Well, then, I return once more to the charge. Have you been rambling about the world for these six months, yet learned nothing?

ALDA.—On the contrary.

MEDON.—Then what, in Heaven's name, *have* you learned?

ALDA.—Not much; but I have learned to sweep my mind of some ill-conditioned cobwebs. I have learned to consider my own acquired knowledge but as a torch flung into an abyss, making the darkness visible, and showing me the extent of my own ignorance.

MEDON.—Then give us—give *me*, at least—the benefit of your ignorance; only let it be all your own. I honour a profession of ignorance—if only for its rarity—in these all-knowing times. Let me tell you, the ignorance of a candid and not uncultivated mind is better than the second-hand wisdom of those who take all things for granted; who are the echoes of others' opinions, the utterers of others' words; who *think* they know, and who *think* they think: I am sick of them all. Come, refresh me with a little ignorance—and be serious.

ALDA.—You make me smile; after all, 'tis only going over old ground, and I know not what pleasure, what interest it can impart, beyond half an hour's amusement.

MEDON.—Skeptic! is that nothing? In this harsh, cold, working-day world, is half an hour's amusement nothing? Old ground!—as if you did not know the pleasure of going over old ground with a new companion to refresh half-faded recollections—to compare impressions—to correct old ideas and acquire new

* Over another iron door was writt,
Be not too bold.
FAERY QUEEN, Book iii. Canto XI.

ones! O I can suck knowledge out of ignorance, as a weazel sucks eggs!—Begin.

ALDA.—Where shall I begin?

MEDON.—Where, but at the beginning! and then diverge as you will. Your first journey was one of mere amusement?

ALDA.—Merely, and it answered its purpose; we travelled *à la milor Anglais*—a *partie carrée*—a barouche hung on the most approved principle—double-cushioned—luxurious—rising and sinking on its springs like a swan on the wave—the pockets stuffed with new publications—maps and guides *ad infinitum;* English servants for comfort, foreign servants for use; a chess-board, backgammon tables—in short, surrounded with all that could render us entirely independent of the amusements we had come to seek, and of the people among whom we had come to visit.

MEDON.—Admirable—and English!

ALDA.—Yes, and pleasant. I thought, not without gratitude, of the contrast between present feelings and those of a former journey. To abandon one's self to the quickening influence of new objects without care or thought of to-morrow, with a mind awake in all its strength; with restored health and cheerfulness; with sensibility tamed, not dead; possessing one's soul in quiet; not seeking, nor yet shrinking from excitement; not self-engrossed, nor yet pining for sympathy; was not this much? Not so interesting, perhaps, as playing the *ennuyée;* but, oh! you know not how sad it is to look upon the lovely through tearful eyes, and walk among the loving and the kind wrapped as in a death-shroud; to carry into the midst of the most glorious scenes of nature, and the divinest creations of art, perceptions dimmed and troubled with sickness and anguish: to move in the morning with aching and reluctance—to faint in the evening with weariness and pain; to feel all change, all motion, a torment to the dying heart; all rest, all delay, a burthen to the impatient spirit; to shiver in the presence of joy, like a ghost in the sunshine, yet have no sympathy to spare for suffering. How could I remember that all this *had been*, and not bless the miracle-worker—Time? And *apropos* to the miracles of time—I had on this first journey one source of amusement, which I am sorry I cannot share with you at full length; it was the near contemplation of a very singular character, of which I can only afford you a sketch. Our CHEF *de voyage*, for so we chose to entitle him who was the planner and director of our excursion, was one of the most accomplished and most eccentric of human beings: even courtesy might have termed him old, at seventy; but old age

and he were many miles asunder, and it seemed as though he had made some compact with Time, like that of Faust with the devil, and was not to surrender to his inevitable adversary till the very last moment. Years could not quench his vivacity, nor "stale his infinite variety." He had been one of the prince's wild companions in the days of Sheridan and Fox, and could play alternately blackguard and gentleman, and both in perfection; but the high-born gentleman ever prevailed. He had been heir to an enormous income, most of which had slipped through his fingers *unknownst*, as the Irish say, and had stood in the way of a coronet, which, somehow or other, had passed over his head to light on that of his eldest son. He had lived a life which would have ruined twenty iron constitutions, and had suffered what might well have broken twenty hearts of common stuff; but his self-complacency was invulnerable, his animal spirits inexhaustible, his activity indefatigable. The eccentricities of this singular man have been matter of celebrity; but against each of these stories it would be easy to place some act of benevolence, some trait of lofty, gentlemanly feeling, which would at least neutralize their effect. He often told me that he had early in life selected three models, after which to form his own conduct and character; namely, De Grammont, Hotspur, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury; and he certainly *did* unite, in a greater degree than he knew himself, the characteristics of all three. Such was our CHEF, and thus led, thus appointed, away we posted, from land to land, from city to city—

MEDON.—Stay—stay! this is galloping on at the rate of Lenora and her phantom lover—

> "Tramp, tramp across the land we go,
> Splash, splash across the sea!"

Take me with you, and a little more leisurely.

ALDA.—I think Bruges was the first place which interested me, perhaps from its historical associations. Bruges, where monarchs kissed the hand to merchants, now emptied of its former splendour, reminded me of the improvident steward in Scripture, who could not dig, and to beg was ashamed. It had an air of grave idleness and threadbare dignity; and its listless, thinly scattered inhabitants looked as if they had gone astray among the wide streets and huge tenantless edifices. There is one thing here which you must see—the tomb of Charles the Bold, and his daughter Mary of Burgundy. The tomb is of the most exquisite workmanship, composed of pol-

ished brass and enamelled escutcheons; and there the fiery father and the gentle daughter lie, side by side, in sculptured bronze, equally still, cold, and silent. I remember that I stood long gazing on the inscription, which made me smile, and made me think. There was no mention of defeat and massacre, disgraceful flight, or obscure death. "But," says the epitaph, after enumerating his titles, his exploits, and his virtues, "Fortune, who had hitherto been his good lady, ungently turned her back upon him, on such a day of such a year, and *oppressed* him"—an amusing instance of mingled courtesy and *naïveté*. Ghent was our next resting place. The aspect of Ghent, so familiarized to us of late by our travelled artists, made a strong impression upon me, and I used to walk about for hours together, looking at the strange picturesque old buildings coeval with the Spanish dominion, with their ornamented fronts and peaked roofs. There is much trade here, many flourishing manufactories, and the canals and quays often exhibited a lively scene of bustle, of which the form, at least, was new to us. The first exposition, or exhibition, of the newly-founded Royal Academy of the Netherlands was at this season open. You will allow it was a fair opportunity of judging of the present state of painting, in the self-same land where she had once found, if not a temple, at least a home.

MEDON.—And learned to be homely—but the result?

ALDA.—I can scarcely express the surprise I felt at the time, though it has since diminished on reflection. All the attempts at historical painting were bad, without exception. There was the usual assortment of Virgins, St. Cecilias, Cupids and Psyches, Zephyrs and Floras; but such incomparable atrocities! There were some cabinet pictures in the same style in which their Flemish ancestors excelled—such as small interior conversation pieces, battle pieces, and flowers and fruit; some of these were really excellent, but the proportion of bad to good was certainly fifty to one.

MEDON.—Something like our own Royal Academy.

ALDA.—No; because with much which was quite as bad, quite as insipid, as coarse in taste, as stupidly presumptuous in attempt, and ridiculous in failure, as ever shocked me on the walls of Somerset House, there was nothing to be compared to the best pictures I have seen there. As I looked and listened to the remarks of the crowd around me, I perceived that the taste for art is even as low in the Netherlands as it is here and elsewhere.

MEDON.—And, surely, not from the want of models, nor from

the want of facility in the means of studying them. You visited, of course, Schamp's collection?

Alda.—Surely; there were miracles of art crowded together like goods in a counting-house, with wondrous economy of space, and more lamentable economy of light. Some were nailed against doors, inside and out, or suspended from screens and window-shutters. Here I saw Rubens' picture of Father Rutseli, the confessor of Albert and Isabella: one of those heads more suited to the crown than to the cowl—grand, sagacious, intellectual, with such a world of meaning in the eye that one almost shrunk away from the expression. Here, too, I found that remarkable picture of Charles the First, painted by Lely during the king's imprisonment at Windsor—the only one for which he sat between his dethronement and his death: he is still melancholy and gentlemanlike, but not quite so dignified as on the canvass of Vandyke. This is the very picture that Horace Walpole mentions as lost or abstracted from the collection at Windsor. How it came into Schamp's collection I could not learn. A very small head of an Italian girl by Correggio, or in his manner, hung close beside a Dutch girl by Mieris: equally exquisite as paintings, they gave me an opportunity of contrasting two styles, both founded in nature—but the nature, how different! the one all life, the other life and soul. Schamp's collection is liberally open to the public, as well as many others; if artists fail, it is not for want of models.

Medon.—Perhaps for want of patronage? Yet I hear that the late king of the Netherlands sent several young artists to Italy at his own expense, and that the Prince of Orange was liberal and even munificent in his purchases—particularly of the old masters.

Alda.—When I went to see the collection of the Prince of Orange at Brussels, I stepped from the room in which hung the glorious Vandykes, perhaps unequalled in the world, into the adjoining apartment, in which were two unfinished portraits disposed upon easels. They represented members of the prince's family; and were painted by a native artist of fashionable fame, and royally patronised. These were pointed out to my admiration as universally approved. What shall I say of them? Believe me, that they were contemptible beyond all terms of contempt! Can you tell me why the Prince of Orange should have sufficient taste to select and appropriate the finest specimens of art, and yet purchase and patronise the vilest daubs ever perpetrated by imbecility and presumption?

MEDON.—I know not, unless it be that in the former case he made use of others' eyes and judgment, and in the latter of his own.

ALDA.—I might have anticipated the answer; but be that as it may, of all the galleries I saw in the Netherlands, the small but invaluable collection he had formed in his palace pleased me most. I remember a portrait of Sir Thomas More, by Holbein. A female head, by Leonardo da Vinci, said to be one of the mistresses of Francis I., but this is doubtful; that most magnificent group, Christ delivering the keys to St. Peter, by Rubens, once in England; about eight or ten Vandykes, masterpieces—for instance, Philip IV. and his minister Olivarez; and a Chevalier le Roy and his wife, all that you can imagine of chivalrous dignity and lady-like grace. But there was one picture, a family group, by Gonsalez, which struck me more than all the rest put together. I had never seen any production of this painter, whose works are scarcely known out of Spain; and I looked upon this with equal astonishment and admiration. There was also a small but most curious collection of pictures, of the ancient Flemish and German schools, which it is now the fashion to admire, and, what is worse, to imitate. The word *fashion* does not express the national enthusiasm on this subject which prevails in Germany. I can understand that these pictures are often most interesting as historic documents, and often admirable for their literal transcripts of nature and expression, but they can only possess comparative excellence and relative value; and where the feeling of ideal beauty and classic grace has been highly cultivated, the eye shrinks involuntarily from these hard, grotesque, and glaring productions of an age when genius was blindly groping amid the darkness of ignorance. To confess the truth, I was sometimes annoyed, and sometimes amused, by the cant I heard in Germany about those schools of painting which preceded Albert Durer. Perhaps I should not say *cant*—it is a vile expression; and in German affectation there is something so very peculiar—so poetical, so—so *natural*, if I might say so, that I would give it another name if I could find one. In this worship of their old painters I really could sympathize sometimes, even when it most provoked me. Retzsch, whom I had the delight of knowing at Dresden, showed me a sketch, in which he had ridiculed this mania with the most exquisite humour: it represented the torso of an antique Apollo (emblematical of ideal grace), mutilated and half-buried in the earth, and subject to every species of profanation; it serves as a stool for a German student, who,

with his shirt collar turned down, and his hair dishevelled, and his cap stuck on one side, *à la* Rafaelle, is intently copying a stiff, hard, sour-looking old Madonna, while Ignorance looks on, gaping with admiration. No one knows better than Retzsch the value of these ancient masters—no one has a more genuine feeling for all that is admirable in them; but no one feels more sensibly the gross perversion and exaggeration of the worship paid to them. I wish he would publish this good-humoured little bit of satire, which is too just and too graceful to be called a caricature.

I must tell you, however, that there were two most curious old pictures in the Orange Gallery which arrested my attention, and of which I have retained a very distinct and vivid recollection; and that is more than I can say of many better pictures. They tell, in a striking manner, a very interesting story: the circumstances are said to have occurred about the year 985, but I cannot say that they rest on any very credible authority.

Of these two pictures, each exhibits two scenes. A certain nobleman, a favourite of the Emperor Otho, is condemned to death by his master on the false testimony of the empress (a sort of Potiphar's wife), who has accused him of having tempted her to break her marriage vow. In the background we see the unfortunate man led to judgment; he is in his shirt, bare-footed and bare-headed. His wife walks at his side, to whom he appears to be speaking earnestly, and endeavouring to persuade her of his innocence. A friar precedes them, and a crowd of people follow after. On the walls of the city stand the emperor and his wicked empress, looking down on the melancholy procession. In the foreground, we have the dead body of the victim, stretched upon the earth, and the executioner is in the act of delivering the head to his wife, who looks grim with despair. The severed head and flowing blood are painted with such a horrid and literal fidelity to nature, that it has been found advisable to cover this portion of the picture.

In the foreground of the second picture, the Emperor Otho is represented on his throne, surrounded by his counsellors and courtiers. Before him kneels the widow of the count: she has the ghastly head of her husband in her lap, and in her left hand she holds firmly and unhurt the red-hot iron, the fiery ordeal by which she proves to the satisfaction of all present the innocence of her murdered lord. The emperor looks thunderstruck; the empress stands convicted, and is condemned to

death ; and in the background, we have the catastrophe. She is bound to a stake, the fire is kindled, and she suffers the terrible penalty of her crime. These pictures, in subject and execution, might be termed tragico-comico-historical ; but in spite of the harshness of the drawing, and the thousand defects of style and taste, they fix the attention by the vigour of the colouring and the expression of the heads, many of which are evidently from the life. The story is told in a very complete though very inartificial manner. The painter, Derick Stenerbout, was one of the very earliest of the Flemish masters, and lived about 1468, many years before Albert Durer and Holbein. I have heard that they were painted for the city of Lorraine, and until the invasion of the French they remained undisturbed, and almost unnoticed, in the Hotel-de-Ville.

MEDON.—Does this collection of the Prince of Orange still exist at Brussels ?

ALDA.—I am told that it does—that the whole palace, the furniture, the pictures, remain precisely as the prince and his family left them: that even down to the princess's work-box, and the portraits of her children, which hang in her boudoir, nothing has been touched. This does not speak well for King Leopold's gallantry ; and, in his place, I think I would have sent the private property of my rival after him.

MEDON.—So would not I, for this is not the age of chivalry, but of common sense. As to the pictures, the Belgians might plead that they were purchased with the public money, therefore justly public property. No, no ; he should not have a picture of them—" If a Vandyke would save his soul, he should not ; I'd keep them, by this hand !" that is, as long as I had a plausible excuse for keeping them ; but the princess should have her work-box and her children by the first courier. What more at Brussels ?

ALDA.—I can recollect no more. The weather was sultry ; we dressed, and dined, and ate ices, and drove up and down the Allée Verte, and saw, I believe, all that is to be seen—churches, palaces, hospitals, and so forth. We went from thence to Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa. As it was the height of the season, and both places were crowded with gay invalids, perhaps I ought to have been very much amused, but I confess I was *ennuyée* to death.

MEDON.—This I can hardly conceive ; for though there might have been little to amuse one of your turn of mind, there should have been much to observe.

ALDA.—There might have been matter for observation, or

ridicule, or reflection at the moment, but nothing that I remember with pleasure. Spa I disliked particularly. I believe I am not in my nature cold or stern; but there was something in the shallow, tawdry, vicious gayety of this place which disgusted me. In all watering-places extremes meet; sickness and suffering, youth and dissipation, beggary and riches, collect together; but Spa being a very small town, a mere village, the approximation is brought immediately under the eye at every hour, every moment; and the beauty of the scenery around only rendered it more disagreeable: to me, even the hill of Annette and Lubin was polluted. Our chef de voyage, who had visited Spa fifty years before, when on his *grand tour*, walked about with great complacency, recalling his youthful pleasures, and the days when he used to gallant his beautiful cousin, the Duchess of Rutland, of divine memory. While the rest of the party were amused, I fell into my old habit of thinking and observing, and my contemplations were not agreeable. But, instead of dealing in these general remarks, I will sketch you one or two pictures which have dwelt upon my memory. We had a well-dressed laquais-de-place, whose honesty and good-humour rendered him an especial favourite. His wife being ill, I went to see her; to my great surprise he conducted me to a little mud hovel, worse than the worst Irish cabin I ever heard described, where his wife lay stretched upon some straw, covered with a rug, and a little neglected ragged child was crawling about the floor, and about her bed. It seems, then, that this poor man, who every day waited at our luxurious table, dressed in smiles, and must habitually have witnessed the wasteful expenditure of the rich, returned every night to his miserable home, if home it could be called, to feel the stings of want with double bitterness. He told me that he and his wife lived the greater part of the year upon water-gruel, and that the row of wretched cabins of which his own formed one was inhabited by those who, like himself, were dependent upon the rich, extravagant, and dissipated strangers for the little pittance which was to support them for a twelvemonth. Was not this a fearful contrast? I should tell you that the benevolence of our chef rendered this poor couple independent of change or chance for the next year. My other picture is in a different style. You know that at Spa the theatre immediately joins the ball-room. As soon as the performances are over, the parterre is laid down with boards, and in a few minutes metamorphosed into a gambling saloon. One night curiosity led me to be a spectator at one of the *rouge et*

noir tables. While I was there, a Flemish lady of rank, the Baroness B——, came in, hanging on the arm of a gentleman; she was not young, but still handsome. I had often met her in our walks, and had been struck by her fine eyes, and the amiable expression of her countenance. After one or two turns up and down the room, laughing and talking, she carelessly, and as if from a sudden thought, seated herself at the table. By degrees she became interested in the game, her stakes became deeper, her countenance became agitated, and her brow clouded. I left her playing. The next evening when I entered, I found her already seated at the table, as indeed I had anticipated. I watched her for some time with a painful interest. It was evident that she was not an habitual gambler, like several others at the same table, whose hard impassive features never varied with the variations of the game. There was one little old withered skeleton of a woman, like a death's head in artificial flowers, who stretched out her harpy claws upon the rouleaus of gold and silver without moving a muscle or a wrinkle of her face,—with hardly an additional twinkle in her gray eye. Not so my poor baroness, who became every moment more agitated and more eager: her eyes sparkled with an unnatural keenness, her teeth became set, and her lips, drawn away from them, wore, instead of the sweet smile which had at first attracted my attention, a grin of desperation. Gradually, as I looked at her, her countenance assumed so hideous and, I may add, so vile an expression, that I could no longer endure the spectacle. I hastened from the room—more moved, more shocked than I can express; and often, since that time, her face has risen upon my day and night dreams like a horrid supernatural mask. Her husband, for this wretched woman was a wife and a mother, came to meet her a few days afterward, and accompany her home; but I heard that in the interval she had attempted self-destruction, and failed.

Medon.—The case is but too common; and even you, who are always seeking reasons and excuses for the delinquencies of your sex, would hardly find them here.

Alda.—And unless I could know what were the previous habits and education of the victim, through what influences, blest or unblest, her mind had been trained, her moral existence built up—should I condemn? Who had taught this woman self-knowledge?—who had instructed her in the elements of her own being, and guarded her against her own

excitable temperament?—what friendly voice had warned her ignorance?—what secret burden of misery—what joyless emptiness of heart—what fever of the nerves—what weariness of spirit—what "thankless husband or faithless lover" had driven her to the edge of the precipice? In this particular case I know that the husband bore the character of being both negligent and dissipated; and where was *he*,—what were his haunts and his amusements, while his wife staked with her gold her honour, her reason, and her life? Tell me all this before we dare to pass judgment. O it is easy to compute what is done! and yet, who but the Being above us all can know what is resisted?

MEDON.—You would plead then for a *female* gambler?

ALDA.—Why do you lay such an emphasis upon *female* gambler? In what respect is a female gambler worse than one of your sex? The case is more pitiable—more rare—therefore, perhaps, more shocking; but why more hateful?

MEDON.—You pose me.

ALDA.—Then I will leave you to think; or shall I go on? for at this rate we shall never arrive at the end of our journey. I was at Aix-la-Chapelle, was I not? Well, I spare you the relics of Charlemagne, and if you have any dear or splendid associations with that great name, spare your imagination the shock it may receive in the cathedral at Aix, and leave "Yarrow unvisited."* Luckily the theatre at Aix is beautiful, and there was a fine opera, and a very perfect orchestra; the singers tolerable. It was here I first heard the Don Juan and the Freyschutz performed in the German fashion, and with German words. The Freyschutz gave me unmixed pleasure. In the Don Juan I missed the recitative, and the soft Italian flow of syllables, from which the music had been divorced; so that the ear, long habituated to that marriage of sweet sounds, was disappointed; but to listen without pleasure and excitement was impossible. I remember that on looking round, after Donna Anna's song, I was surprised to see our chef de voyage bathed in tears; but, no whit disconcerted, he merely wiped them away, saying, with a smile, "It is the very prettiest, softest thing to cry to one's self!" Afterward, when we were in the carriage, he expressed his surprise that any man should be ashamed of tears. "For my own part," he added, "when I wish to enjoy the very high sublime of luxury, I dine alone, order a mutton cutlet, *cuite à point*, with a bottle of

* See Wordsworth's Poems.

Burgundy on one side, and Ovid's epistle of Penelope to Ulysses on the other; and so I read, and eat, and cry to myself." And then he repeated with enthusiasm—

> "Hanc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit Ulysse:
> Nil mihi rescribas attamen ipse veni;"

his eyes glistening as he recited the lines; he made me feel their beauty without understanding a word of their sense. "Strangest and happiest of men!" I thought, as I looked at him, "that after living seventy years in this world, can still have tears to spare for the sorrows of Penelope!" Well, our next resting place was Cologne.

MEDON.—You pause: you have nothing to say of Cologne? No English traveller, except your professed tourists and guide-book makers, ever has; of the crowds who pass through the place, on their way up or down the Rhine, how few spend more than a night or a day there! their walk is between the Rheinberg and the cathedral; they look, perhaps, with a sneering curiosity at the shrine of the Three Kings; cut the usual jests on the Leda and the Cupid and Psyche;* glance at the St. Peter of Rubens; lounge on the bridge of boats; stock themselves with eau de Cologne; and then away! And yet this strange old city, which a bigoted priesthood, a jealous magistracy, and a variety of historical causes have so long kept isolated in the midst of Europe, with its Roman origin, its classical associations, the wild gothic superstitions of which it has been the theatre, its legion of martyrs, its three kings and eleven thousand virgins, and the peculiar manners and physiognomy of the people, strangely takes the fancy. What has become of its three hundred and fifty churches, and its thirty thousand beggars?—Thirty thousand beggars! Was there ever such a splendid establishment of licensed laziness and consecrated rags and wallets! What a magnificent idea does it give one of the inexhaustible charity and the incalculable riches of the inhabitants! But the French came with their besom of purification and destruction; and lo! the churches were turned into arsenals, the convents into barracks; and from its old-accustomed haunts, "the genius of beggary was with sighing sent." I really believe, that were I again to visit Cologne, I would not be content with a mere superficial glance, as heretofore.

* Two celebrated antique gems which adorn the relics of the Three Kings.

Alda.—And you would do well. To confess the truth, our first impressions of the place were exceedingly disagreeable; it appeared a huge, rambling, gloomy old city, whose endless narrow dirty streets, and dull dingy-looking edifices, were any thing but inviting. Nor on a second and a third visit were we tempted to prolong our stay. Yet Cologne has since become most interesting to me from a friendship I formed with a Colonese, a descendant of one of the oldest patrician families of the place. How she loved her old city!—how she worshipped every relic with the most poetical, if not the most pious, veneration!—how she looked down upon Berlin with scorn, as an upstart city, "*une ville, ma chère, qui n'a ni histoire ni antiquité.*" The cathedral she used to call "*mon Berceau,*" and the three kings "*mes trois pères.*" Her profound knowledge of general history, her minute acquaintance with the local antiquities, the peculiar customs, the wild legends, the solemn superstitions of her birthplace, added to the most lively imagination and admirable descriptive powers, were to me an inexhaustible source of delight and information. It appears that the people of Cologne have a distinct character, but little modified by intercourse with the surrounding country, and preserved by continual intermarriages among themselves. They have a dialect, and songs, and ballads, and music, peculiar to their city; and are remarkable for an original vein of racy humour, a vengeful spirit, an exceeding superstition, a blind attachment to their native customs, a very decided contempt for other people, and a surpassing hatred of all innovations. They never admitted the jurisdiction of the electors of Cologne, and, although the most bigoted people in the world, were generally at war with their archbishops. Even Napoleon could not make them conformable. The city is now attached to Prussia, but still retains most of its ancient privileges, and all its ancient spirit of insubordination and independence. When, in 1828, the King of Prussia wished to force upon them an unpopular magistrate, the whole city rose, and obliged the obnoxious president to resign; the government, armed with all its legal and military terrors, could do nothing against the determined spirit of this half-civilized, fearless, reckless, yet merry, good-humoured populace. A history of this grotesque revolution, which had the same duration as the celebrated *trois jours de Paris*, and exhibited in its progress and issue some of the most striking, most characteristic, most farcical scenes you can imagine, were worthy of a Colonese Walter Scott. How I wish I could give you some of my

friend's rich graphic sketches and humorous pictures of popular manner! but I feel that their peculiar spirit would evaporate in my hands. The event is celebrated in their local history as "*la Revolution du Carnaval:*" and this reminds me of another peculiarity of Cologne. The carnival is still celebrated there with a degree of splendour and fantastic humour exceeding even the festivities of Rome and Naples in the present day; but as the season of the carnival is not the season for flight with our English birds of passage, few have ever witnessed these extraordinary saturnalia. Such is the general ignorance or indifference relative to Cologne, that I met the other day with a very accomplished man, and a lover of art, who had frequently visited the place, and yet he had never seen the Medusa.

MEDON.—Nor I, by this good light!—I never even heard of it!

ALDA.—And how shall I attempt to describe it? Unless I had the "large utterance of the early gods," or could pour forth a string of Greek or German compounds, I know not in what words I could do justice to the effect it produced upon me This wondrous mask measures about two feet and a half in height;* the colossal features and, I may add, the colossal expression,—grand without exaggeration—so awfully vast, and yet so gloriously beautiful; the full rich lips curled with disdain—the mighty wings overshadowing the knit and tortured brow—the madness in the large dilated eyes—the wreathing and recoiling snakes,—came upon me like something supernatural, and impressed me at once with astonishment, horror, and admiration. I was quite unprepared for what I beheld. As I stood before it my mind seemed to elevate and enlarge itself to admit this new vision of grandeur. Nothing but the two Fates in the Elgin marbles, and the Torso of the Vatican, ever affected me with the same inexpressible sense of the sublime: and this is not a fragment of some grand mystery, of which the remainder has been "to night and chaos hurled;" it is entire, in admirable preservation, and the workmanship as perfect as the conception is magnificent. I know not if it would have affected another in the same manner. For me, the ghastly allegory of the Medusa has a peculiar fascination. I confess that I have never wholly understood it, nor have any of the usual explanations satisfied me; it appears to me that the Greeks,

* It is nearly twice the size of the famous and well-known Medusa Rondanini, now in the Glyptothek at Munich.

in thus blending the extremes of loveliness and terror, had a meaning, a purpose, more than is dreamt of by our philosophy.

Medon.—But how came this wonderful relic to Cologne, of all places in the world?

Alda.—It stopped there on its road to England.

Medon.—By what perverse destiny?—was it avarice on our part, or force or fraud on that of others?

Alda.—It was, as Desdemona says, "our wretched fortune:" but the story, with all its circumstances, does so much honour to human nature, that it has half-reconciled me to our loss. You must have heard of Professor Wallraf of Cologne, one of the canons of the cathedral, who, with his professorship and his canonship together, may have possessed from five to seven hundred francs a year. He was one of those wonderful and universal scholars of whom we read in former times—men who concentrated all their powers, and passions, and intellectual faculties in the acquirement and advancement of knowledge, without any selfish aim or object, and from the mere abstract love of science. Early in life, this man formed the resolution to remove from his native city the reproach of self-satisfied ignorance and monastic prejudices which had hitherto characterized it; and in the course of a long existence of labour and privation, as professor and teacher, he contrived to collect together books, manuscripts, pictures, gems, works of art, and objects of natural history, to an immense amount. In the year 1818, on recovering from a dangerous illness, he presented his whole collection to his native city; and the magistracy, in return, bestowed on him a pension of three thousand francs for the remainder of his life. He was then more than seventy. About the same time a dealer in antiquities arrived from Rome, bringing with him this divine Medusa, with various other busts and fragments: he was on his way to England, where he hoped to dispose of them. He asked for his whole collection twelve thousand francs, and refused to sell any part of it separately. The city refused to make the purchase, thinking it too dear, and Wallraf, in despair at the idea of this glorious relic being consigned to other lands, mortgaged his yearly pension in order to raise the money, purchased the Medusa, presented it to the city, and then cheerfully resumed his accustomed life of self-denial and frugality. His only dread was lest he should die before the period was expired. He lived, however, to pay off his debt, and in three months afterward he died.* Was not

* Professor Wallraf died on the 18th of March, 1824.

this admirable? The first time I saw the Medusa I did not know this anecdote; the second time, as I looked at it, I thought of Wallraf, and felt how much a moral interest can add to the charm of what is in itself most perfect.

Medon.—I will certainly make a pilgrimage to this Medusa. She must be worth all the eleven thousand virgins together. What next?

Alda.—Instead of embarking in the steamboat, we posted along the left bank of the Rhine, spending a few days at Bonn, at Godesberg, and at Ehrenbreitstein; but I should tell you, as you allow me to diverge, that on my second journey I owed much to a residence of some weeks at Bonn. There I became acquainted with the celebrated Schlegel, or I should rather say, M. le Chevalier de Schlegel, for I believe his titles and his "starry honours" are not indifferent to him; and in truth he wears them very gracefully. I was rather surprised to find in this sublime and eloquent critic, this awful scholar, whose comprehensive mind has grasped the whole universe of art, a most agreeable, lively, social being. Of the judgments passed on him in his own country I know little and understand less; I am not deep in German literary polemics. To me he was the author of the lectures on "Dramatic Literature," and the translator of Shakspeare, and, moreover, all that was amiable and polite: and was not this enough?

Medon.—Enough for you, certainly; but I believe that at this time Schlegel would rather found his fame on being one of the greatest oriental critics of the age, than on being the interpreter of the beauties of Calderon and Shakspeare.

Alda.—I believe so; but for my own part, I would rather hear him talk of Romeo and Juliet, and of Madame de Staël, than of the Ramayana, the Bhagvat-Gita, or even the "eastern Con-fut-zee." This, of course, is only a proof of my own ignorance. Conversation may be compared to a lyre with seven chords—philosophy, art, poetry, politics, love, scandal, and the weather. There are some professors who, like Paganini, "can discourse most eloquent music" upon one string only; and some who can grasp the whole instrument, and with a master's hand sound it from the top to the bottom of its compass. Now, Schlegel is one of the latter: he can thunder in the bass or caper in the treble; he can be a whole concert in himself. No man can trifle like him, nor, like him, blend in a few hours' converse the critic, philologist, poet, philosopher, and man of the world—no man narrates more gracefully, nor more happily illustrates a casual thought. He told me many interesting things. "Do you know," said he one morn-

ing, as I was looking at a beautiful edition of Corinne, bound in red morocco, the gift of Madame de Staël, "do you know that I figure in that book?" I asked eagerly in what character? He bade me guess. I guessed, playfully, the Comte d'Erfeuil. "No! no!" said he, laughing, "I am immortalized in the Prince Castel-Forte, the faithful, humble, unaspiring friend of Corinne."

Medon.—To any man but Schlegel such an immortality were worth a life. Nay, there is no man, though his fame extended to the ends of the earth, whom the pen of Madame de Staël could not honour.

Alda.—He seemed to think so, and I liked him for the self-complacency with which he twined her little myrtle leaf with his own palmy honours. Nor did he once refer to what I believe everybody knows, her obligations to him in her De l'Allemagne.

Medon.—Apropos—do tell me what is the general opinion of that book among the Germans themselves.

Alda.—I think they do not judge it fairly. Some speak of it as eloquent, but superficial;* others denounce it altogether as a work full of mistakes, and flippant, presumptuous criticism: others again affect to speak of it, and even of Madame de Staël herself, as things of another era, quite gone by and forgotten; this appeared to me too ridiculous. They forget, or do not know, what *we* know, that her De l'Allemagne was the first book which awakened in France and England a lively and general interest in German art and literature. It is now five-and-twenty years since it was published. The march of opinion, and criticism, and knowledge of every kind has been so rapid, that much has become old which then was new; but this does not detract from its merit. Once or twice I tried to convince my German friends that they were exceedingly ungrateful in abusing Madame de Staël, but it was all in vain; so I sat swelling with indignation to hear my idol traduced, and called —O profanation!—"*cette Staël.*"

Medon.—But do you think the Germans could at all appreciate or understand such a phenomenon as Madame de Staël must have appeared in those days? She whisked through their skies like a meteor before they could bring the telescope of their wits to a right focus for observation. How she must have made them open their eyes!—and you see in the correspondence between Goëthe and Schiller what *they* thought of her.

* Among others, Jean Paul, in the "Heidelberger Jahrbücher der Literatur," 1815.

ALDA.—Yes, I know that with her lively egotism and Parisian volubility, she stunned Schiller and teased Goëthe; but while our estimate of manner is relative, our estimate of character should be positive. Madame de Staël was in manner the French woman, accustomed to be the cynosure of a salon, but she was not ridiculous or egoïste in character. She was, to use Schlegel's expression, "femme grande et magnanime jusque dans les replis de son âme." The best proof is the very spirit in which she viewed Germany, in spite of all her natural and national prejudices. To apply your own expression, she went forth in the spirit of peace, and brought back, not only an olive leaf, but a whole tree, and it has flourished. She had a universal mind. I believe she never thought, and still less *made* any one ridiculous in her life.*

At Bonn much of my time was spent in intimate and almost hourly intercourse with two friends, one of whom I have already mentioned to you—a rare creature!—the other, who was herself the daughter of a distinguished authoress,† was one of the most generally accomplished women I ever met with. Opposed to each other in the constitution of their minds—in all their views of literature and art, and all their experience of life—in their tastes, and habits, and feelings—yet mutually appreciating each other: both were distinguished by talents of the highest order and by great originality of character, and both were German, and very essentially *German:* English society

* Since the above passage was written, Mrs. Austin has favoured me with the following note: "Goëthe admired, but did not like, still less esteem, Madame de Staël. He begins a sentence about her thus—'As she had no idea what duty meant,' &c.

"However, after relating a scene which took place at Weimar, he adds, 'Whatever we may say or think of her, her visit was certainly followed by very important results. Her work upon Germany, which owed its rise to social conversations, is to be regarded as a mighty engine which at once made a wide breach in that Chinese wall of antiquated prejudices which divided us from France; so that the people across the Rhine, and afterward those across the channel, at length came to a nearer knowledge of us; whence we may look to obtain a living influence over the distant west. Let us, therefore, bless that conflict of national peculiarities which annoyed us at the time, and seemed by no means profitable.'" —*Tag-und Jahres Hefte*, vol. 31, last edit.

To that WOMAN who had sufficient strength of mind to break through a "Chinese wall of antiquated prejudices," surely something may be forgiven.

† Johanna Schopenhauer, well known in Germany for her romances and her works on art. Her little book, "Johan van Eyk und seine Nachfolger," has become the manual of those who study the old German schools of painting.

and English education would never have produced two such women. Their conversation prepared me to form correct ideas of what I was to see and hear, and guarded me against the mistakes and hasty conclusions of vivacious travellers. At Bonn I also saw, for the first time, a specimen of the fresco painting, lately revived in Germany with such brilliant success. By command of the Prussian Board of Education, the hall of the university of Bonn is to be painted in fresco, and the work has been intrusted to C. Hermann, Götzenburger, and Förster —all, I believe, pupils of Cornelius. The three sides of the hall are to represent the three faculties—Theology, Jurisprudence, and Philosophy; the first of these is finished, and here is an engraving of it. You see Theology is throned in the centre. The four evangelists, with St. Peter and St. Paul, stand on the steps of the throne; around her are the fathers and doctors of the church, and (which is the chief novelty of the composition) grouped together with a very liberal disregard to all religious differences; for there you see Pope Gregory, and Ignatius Loyola, and St. Bernard, and Abelard, and Dante; and here we have Luther, and Melancthon, and Calvin, and Wiclif, and Huss. On the opposite side of the hall, Philosophy, under which head are comprised all science, poetry and art, is represented surrounded by the great poets, philosophers, and artists, from Homer, Aristotle, and Phidias, down to Shakspeare, Raffaelle, Goëthe, and Kant. Jurisprudence, which is not begun, is to occupy the third side. The cartoons pleased me better than the paintings, for the drawing and grouping are really fine; but the execution struck me as somewhat hard and mannered. I shall have much to say hereafter of the fresco-painting in Germany: for the present, proceed we on our journey.

Tell me, had you a full moon while you were on the Rhine?

Medon.—Truly, I forget.

Alda.—Then you had *not;* for it would so have blended with your recollections, that as a circumstance it could not have been forgotten; and take my advice, when next you are off on your annual flight, consult the calendar, and propitiate the fairest of all the fair existences of heaven to give you the light of her countenance. If you never took a solitary ramble, or, what is better, a *tête-à-tête* drive through the villages and vineyards between Bonn and Plittersdorf, when the moon hung over the Drachenfels, when the undulating outlines of the Seven Mountains seemed to dissolve into the skies, and the Rhine was spread out at their feet like a lake—so ample, and so

still;—if you have never seen the stars shine through the ruined arch of the Rolandseck, and the height of Godesberg, with its single giant tower stand out of the plain,—black, and frowning against the silvery distance—then you have not beheld one of the loveliest landscapes ever presented to a thoughtful worshipper of nature. There is a story, too, connected with the ruins of Godesberg:—one of those fine tragedies of real life, which distance all fiction. It is not so popular as the celebrated legend of the brave Roland and his cloistered love; but it is at least as authentic. You know that, according to tradition, the castle of Godesberg was founded by Julian the Apostate; another, and a more interesting apostate, was the cause of its destruction.

Gerard* de Truchses, Count Waldbourg, who was archbishop and elector of Cologne in 1583, scandalized his see, and all the Roman Catholic powers, by turning Protestant. According to himself, his conversion was owing to "the goodness of God, who had revealed to him the darkness and the errors of popery;" but, according to his enemies, it was owing to his love for the beautiful Agnes de Mansfeld, canoness of Gersheim; she was a daughter of one of the greatest Protestant houses in Germany; and her two brothers, bigoted Calvinists, and jealous of the honour of their family, conceived themselves insulted by the public homage which a Catholic priest, bound by his vows, dared to pay to their sister. They were yet more incensed on discovering that the love was mutual, and loudly threatened vengeance to both. Gerard renounced the Catholic faith, and the lovers were united. He was excommunicated and degraded, of course; but he insisted on his right to retain his secular dominions and privileges, and refused to resign the electorate, which the emperor, meantime, had awarded to Ernest of Bavaria, Bishop of Liege. The contest became desperate. The whole of that beautiful and fertile plain, from the walls of Cologne to the Godesberg, grew "familiar with bloodshed as the morn with dew;" and Gerard displayed qualities which showed him more fitted to win and wear a bride than to do honour to any priestly vows of sanctity and temperance. Attacked on all sides,—by his subjects, who had learned to detest him as an apostate, by the infuriated clergy, and by the Duke of Bavaria, who had brought an army to enforce his brother's claims,—he carried on the struggle for five years; and at last, reduced to extremity, threw himself, with a few

* Or Gebhard, for so the name is spelt in the German histories.

faithful friends, into the castle of Godesberg. After a brave defence, the castle was stormed and taken by the Bavarians, who left it nearly in the state we now see it—a heap of ruins.

Gerard escaped with his wife, and fled to Holland, where Maurice, Prince of Orange, granted him an asylum. Thence he sent his beautiful and devoted wife to the court of Queen Elizabeth, to claim a former promise of protection, and supplicate her aid, as the great support of the Protestant cause, for the recovery of his rights. He could not have chosen a more luckless ambassadress; for Agnes, though her beauty was somewhat impaired by the persecutions and anxieties which had followed her ill-fated union, was yet most lovely and stately, in all the pride of womanhood; and her misfortunes and her charms, as well as the peculiar circumstances of her marriage, excited the enthusiasm of all the English chivalry. Happily, the Earl of Essex was among the first to espouse her cause with all the generous warmth of his character; and his visits to her were so frequent, and his admiration so indiscreet, that Elizabeth's jealousy was excited even to fury. Agnes was first driven from the court, and then ordered to quit the kingdom. She took refuge in the Netherlands, where she died soon afterward; and Gerard, who never recovered his dominions, retired to Strasbourg, where he died. So ends this sad eventful history, which, methinks, would make a very pretty romance. The tower of Godesberg, lasting as their love and ruined as their fortunes, still remains one of the most striking monuments in that land, where almost every hill is crowned with its castle, and every castle has its tale of terror or of love.*

Another beautiful picture, which, merely as a picture, has dwelt on my remembrance, was the city of Coblentz and the fort of Ehrenbreitstein, as viewed from the bridge of boats under a cloudless moon. The city, with its fantastic steeples and masses of building, relieved against the clear deep blue of the summer sky—the lights which sparkled in the windows reflected in the broad river, and the various forms and tall masts of the craft anchored above and opposite—the huge hill, with its tiara of fortifications, which, in the sunshine and in the broad day, had disappointed me by its formality, now seen under the soft moonlight, as its long lines of architecture and abrupt angles were projected in brightness or receded in shadow,

* For the story of Archbishop Gebhard and Agnes de Mansfeld, see Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War, and Coxe's History of the House of Austria.

had altogether a most sublime effect. But *apropos* to moonlight and pictures—of all the enchanted and enchanting scenes ever lighted by the full round moon, give me Heidelberg! Not the Colosseum of Rome—neither in itself, nor yet in Lord Byron's description, and I have both by heart—can be more grand; and in moral interest, in poetical associations, in varying and wondrous beauty, the castle of Heidelberg has the advantage. In the course of many visits, Heidelberg became to me familiar as the face of a friend, and its remembrance still "haunts me as a passion." I have known it under every changeful aspect which the seasons, and the hours, and the changeful moods of my own mind could lend it. I have seen it when the sun, rising over the Geisberg, first kindled the vapours as they floated away from the old towers, and when the ivy and the wreathed verdure on the walls sparkled with dewy light: and I have seen it when its huge black masses stood against the flaming sunset; and its enormous shadow, flung down the chasm beneath, made it night there, while daylight lingered around and above. I have seen it when mantled in all the bloom and foliage of summer, and when the dead leaves were heaped on the paths, and choked the entrance to many a favourite nook. I have seen it when crowds of gay visiters flitted along its ruined terraces,* and music sounded near; and with friends, whose presence endeared every pleasure; and I have walked alone round its desolate precincts, with no companions but my own sad and troubled thoughts. I have seen it when clothed in calm and glorious moonlight. I have seen it when the winds rushed shrieking through its sculptured halls, and when gray clouds came rolling down the mountains, folding it in their ample skirts from the view of the city below. And what have I seen to liken to it by night or by day, in storm or in calm, in summer or in winter! Then its historical and poetical associations—

Medon.—There, now!—will you not leave the picture, perfect as it is, and not for ever seek in every object something more than is there?

Alda.—I do not seek it—I find it. You will say—I have *heard* you say—that Heidelberg wants no beauty unborrowed of the eye; but if history had not clothed it in recollections, fancy must have invested it in its own dreams. It is true, that it is a mere modern edifice compared with all the classic, and

* The gardens and plantations round the castle are a favourite promenade of the citizens of Heidelberg, and there are in summer bands of music, &c.

most of the gothic ruins; yet over Heidelberg there hangs a terror and a mystery peculiar to itself: for the mind which acquiesces in decay recoils from destruction. Here ruin and desolation makes mock with luxurious art and gay magnificence. Here it is not the equal, gradual power of time, adorning and endearing what yet it spares not, which has wrought this devastation, but savage war and elemental rage. Twice blasted by the thunderbolt, three times consumed by fire, ten times ravaged, plundered, desecrated by foes, and at last dismantled and abandoned by its own princes, it is still strong to endure and mighty to resist all that time, and war, and the elements may do against it—and, mutilated rather than decayed, may still defy centuries. The very anomalies of architecture and fantastic incongruities of this fortress-palace are to me a fascination. Here are startling and terrific contrasts. That huge round tower—the tower of Frederic the Victorious—now "deep trenched with thunder fires,"—looks as if built by the Titans or the Huns; and those delicate sculptures in the palace of Otho-Henry, as if the genius of Raffaelle or Correggio had breathed on the stone. What flowing grace of outline! what luxuriant life! what endless variety and invention in those half-defaced fragments! These are the work of Italian artists, whose very names have perished: all traces of their existence and of their destinies so utterly lost, that one might almost believe, with the peasantry, that these exquisite remains are not the work of mortal hands, but of fairies and spirits of air, evoked to do the will of an enchanter. The old palatines, the lords of Heidelberg, were a magnificent and magnanimous race. Louis III., Frederic the Victorious, Frederic II., Otho-Henry, were all men who had stepped in advance of their age. They could think as well as fight, in days when fighting, not thinking, was the established fashion among potentates and people. A liberal and enlightened spirit, and a love of all the arts that humanize mankind, seem to have been hereditary in this princely family. Frederic I. lay under the suspicion of heresy and sorcery, in consequence of his tolerant opinions, and his love of mathematics and astronomy. His personal prowess, and the circumstance of his never having been vanquished in battle, gave rise to the report that he was assisted by evil demons; and for years, both before and after his accession, he was under the ban of the secret tribunal. Heidelberg was the scene of some of the mysterious attacks on his life, but they were constantly frustrated by the fidelity of his friends, and the watchful love of his wife.

It was at Heidelberg this prince celebrated a festival, renowned in German history; and for the age in which it occurred, most extraordinary. He invited to a banquet all the factious barons whom he had vanquished at Seckingen, and who had previously ravaged and laid waste great part of the palatinate. Among them were the Bishop of Metz and the Margrave of Baden. The repast was plentiful and luxurious, but there was no bread. The warrior guests looked round with surprise and inquiry. "Do you ask for bread?" said Frederic, sternly; "you, who have wasted the fruits of the earth, and destroyed those whose industry cultivates it? There is no bread. Eat, and be satisfied; and learn henceforth mercy to those who put the bread into your mouths." A singular lesson from the lips of an iron-clad warrior of the middle ages.

It was Frederic II. and his nephew Otho-Henry, who enriched the library, then the first in Europe next to the Vatican, with treasures of learning, and who invited painters and sculptors from Italy to adorn their noble palace with the treasures of art. In less than one hundred years those beautiful creations were defaced or utterly destroyed, and all the memorials and records of their authors are supposed to have perished at the time when the ruthless Tilly stormed the castle; and the archives and part of the library of precious MSS. were taken to litter his dragoons' horses, during a transient scarcity of straw.* —You groan!

Medon.—The anecdote is not new to me; but I was thinking, at the moment, of a pretty phrase in the letters of the Prince de Ligne, "la guerre—c'est un malheur—mais c'est le plus beau des malheurs."

Alda.—O, if there be any thing more terrific, more disgusting, than war and its consequences, it is that perversion of all human intellect—that depravation of all human feeling—that contempt or misconception of every Christian precept, which has permitted the great, and the good, and the tender-hearted, to admire war as a splendid game—a part of the poetry of life —and to defend it as a glorious evil, which the very nature and passions of man have ever rendered, and will ever render, necessary and inevitable! Perhaps the idea of human suffering

* When Gustavus Adolphus took Mayence, during the same war, he presented the whole of the valuable library to his chancellor, Oxenstiern; the chancellor sent it to Sweden, intending to bestow it on one of the colelges; but the vessel in which it was embarked foundered in the Baltic Sea, and the whole went to the bottom.

—though when we think of it in detail it makes the blood curdle—is not so bad as the general loss to humanity, the interruption to the progress of thought in the destruction of the works of wisdom or genius. Listen to this magnificent sentence out of the volume now lying open before me—"Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss: and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse; therefore we should be wary how we spill the seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books."

Medon.—"Methinks we do know the fine Roman hand." Milton, is it not?

Alda.—Yes; and after this, think of Milton's Areopagitica, or his Paradise Lost, under the hoofs of Tilly's dragoon horses, or feeding the fishes in the Baltic! It might have happened had he written in Germany instead of England.

Medon.—Do you forget that the cause of the thirty years' war was a woman?

Alda.—A woman and religion; the two best or worst things in the world, according as they are understood and felt, used and abused. You allude to Elizabeth of Bohemia, who was to Heidelberg what Helen was to Troy?

One of the most interesting monuments of Heidelberg, at least to an English traveller, is the elegant triumphal arch raised by the Palatine Frederic V. in honour of his bride—this very Elizabeth Stuart. I well remember with what self-complacency and enthusiasm our chef walked about in a heavy rain, examining, dwelling upon every trace of this celebrated and unhappy woman. She had been educated at his country-seat, and one of the avenues of his magnificent park yet bears her name. On her fell a double portion of the miseries of her fated family. She had the beauty and the wit, the gay spirits, the elegant tastes, the kindly disposition of her grandmother, Mary of Scotland. Her very virtues as a wife and a woman, not less than her pride and feminine prejudices, ruined herself, her husband, and her people. When Frederic hesitated to accept the crown of Bohemia, his high-hearted wife exclaimed—"Let me rather eat dry bread at a king's table than feast at the board of an elector;" and it seemed as if some avenging demon hov-

ered in the air, to take her literally at her word, for she and her family lived to eat dry bread—ay, and to beg it before they ate it; but she *would* be a queen. Blest as she was in love, in all good gifts of nature and fortune, in all means of happiness, a kingly crown was wanting to complete her felicity, and it was cemented to her brow with the blood of two millions of men. And who was to blame? Was not her mode of thinking the fashion of her time, the effect of her education? Who had

> "Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
> Of golden sovereignty?"

For how many ages will you men exclaim against the mischiefs and miseries caused by the influence of women; thus allowing the influence, yet taking no thought how to make that influence a means of good instead of an instrument of evil!

Elizabeth had brought with her from England some luxurious tastes, as yet unknown in the palatinate; she had been familiarized with the dramas of Shakspeare and Fletcher, and she had figured in the masques of Ben Jonson. To gratify her, Frederic added to the castle of Heidelberg the theatre and banqueting-room, and all that beautiful group of buildings at the western angle, the ruins of which are still called the *English palace.* She had inherited from her grandmother, or had early imbibed from education, a love of nature and of amusements in the open air, and a passion for gardening; and it was to please her, and under her auspices, that Frederic planned those magnificent gardens, which were intended to unite within their bounds all that nature could contribute or art devise; had they been completed, they would have rendered Heidelberg a pleasure-palace, fit for fairy-land. Nor were those designs unworthy of a prosperous and pacific sovereign, whose treasury was full, whose sway was just and mild, whose people had long enjoyed in tranquillity the fruits of their own industry. When I had the pleasure of spending a few days with the Schlossers, at their beautiful seat on the Necker (Stift Neuburg), I went over the ground with Madame de Schlosser, who had seen and studied the original plans. Her description of the magnitude and the sumptuous taste of these unfinished designs, while we stood together amid a wilderness of ruins, was a commentary on the vicissitudes of this world, worth fifty moral treatises, and as many sermons.

> "For in the wreck of IS and WAS,
> Things incomplete and purposes betray'd,
> Make sadder transit's o'er Truth's mystic glass,
> Than noblest objects utterly decay'd."

Close to the ruins of poor Elizabeth's palace, there where the effigies of her handsome husband and his bearded ancestor Louis V. look down from the ivy-mantled wall, you remember the beautiful terrace towards the west? It is still,—after four centuries of changes, of disasters, of desolation,—the garden of Clara. When Frederic the Victorious assumed the sovereignty, in a moment of danger and faction, he took, at the same time, a solemn vow never to marry, that the rights of his infant nephew, the son of the late palatine, should not be prejudiced, nor the peace of the country endangered by a disputed succession. He kept his oath religiously, but at that very time he loved Clarra Dettin de Wertheim, a young girl of plebeian origin, and a native of Augsburg, whose musical talents and melody of voice had raised her to a high situation in the court of the late princess-palatine. Frederic, with the consent of his nephew, was united to Clara by a left-hand marriage, an expedient still in use in Germany, and, I believe, peculiar to its constitution; such a marriage is valid before God and man, yet the wife has no acknowledged rights, and the offspring no supposed existence. Clara is celebrated by the poets and chroniclers of her time, and appears to have been a very extraordinary being in her way. In that age of ignorance, she had devoted herself to study—she could sympathize in her husband's pursuits, and share the toils of government—she collected around her the wisest and most learned men of the time—she continued to cultivate the beautiful voice which had won the heart of Frederic, and her song and her lute were always ready to sooth his cares. Tradition points out the spot where it is said she loved to meditate, and looking down upon the little hamlet, on the declivity of the hill, to recall her own humble origin; that little hamlet, embowered in foliage, and the remembrance of Clara, have survived the glories of Heidelberg. Her descendants became princes of the empire, and still exist in the family of Lowenstein.

Then, for those who love the marvellous, there is the wild legend of the witch Jetta, who still flits among the ruins, and bathes her golden tresses in the Wolfsbrunnen; but why should I tell you of these tales—you, whose head is a sort of black-letter library?

MEDON.—True; but it is pleasant to have one's old recollections taken down from their shelves and dusted, and placed in a new light; only do not require, even if I again visit Heidelberg, that I should see it as you have beheld it with your quick spirit of association, and clothed in the hues of your own individual mind. While you speak, it is not so much the places and objects you describe, as their reflection in your own fancy, which I see before me; and every different mind will reflect them under a different aspect. Then, where is truth? you say. If we want information as to mere facts—the situation of a town, the measurement of a church, the date of a ruin, the catalogue of a gallery—we can go to our dictionaries and our *guides des voyageurs*. But if, besides form and outline, we must have colouring too, we should remember that every individual mind will paint the scene with its own proper hues; and if we judge of the mind and the objects it represents relatively to each other, we may come at the truth, not otherwise. I would ask nothing of a traveller but accuracy and sincerity in the expression of his opinions and feelings. I have then a page out of the great book of human nature—the portrait of a particular mind; when that is fairly before me I have a standard by which to judge: I can draw my own inferences. Will you not allow that it is possible to visit Heidelberg, and to derive the most intense pleasure from its picturesque beauty, without dreaming over witches and warriors, palatines and princes? Can we not admire and appreciate the sculpture in the palace of Otho-Henry, without losing ourselves in vague, wondering reveries over the destinies of the sculptors?

ALDA.—Yes; but it is amusing, and not less instructive, to observe the manner in which the individual character and pursuits shall modify the impressions of external things; only we should be prepared for this, as the pilot makes allowance for the variation of the needle, and directs his course accordingly. It is a mistake to suppose that those who cannot see the imaginative aspect of things, see, therefore, the only true aspect; they only see one aspect of the truth. *Vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse*, is as applicable to travellers as to every other species of egotist.

Once, in an excursion to the north, I fell into conversation with a Sussex farmer, one of that race of sturdy, rich, and independent English yeomen, of which I am afraid few specimens remain: he was quite a character in his way. I must sketch him for you; but only Miss Mitford could do him jus-

tice. His coat was of the finest broad-cloth; his shirt-frill, in which was stuck a huge agate pin, and his neckcloth were both white as the snow; his good beaver shone in all its pristine gloss, and an enormous bunch of gold seals adorned his watch chain; his voice was loud and dictatorial, and his language surprisingly good and flowing, though tinctured with a little coarseness and a few provincialisms. He had made up his mind about the Reform Bill—the Catholic Question—the Corn Laws—and about things in general, and things in particular; he had doubts about nothing: it was evident that he was accustomed to lay down the law in his own village—that he was the tyrant of his own fireside—that his wife was "his horse, his ox, his ass, his any thing," while his sons went to college, and his daughters played on the piano. London was to him merely a vast congregation of pestilential vapours—a receptacle of thieves, cut-throats and profligates—a place in which no sensible man, who had a care for his life, his health, or his pockets, would willingly set his foot; he thanked God that he never spent but two nights in the metropolis, and at intervals of twenty-seven years: the first night he had passed in the streets, in dread of fire and vermin; and on the last occasion, he had not ventured beyond Smithfield. What he did not know, was to him not worth knowing; and the word *French*, which comprised all that was foreign, he used as a term, expressing the most unbounded abhorrence, pity, and contempt. I should add, that though rustic, and arrogant, and prejudiced, he was not vulgar. We were at an inn, on the borders of Leicestershire, though which we had both recently travelled; my farmer was enthusiastic in his admiration of the country. "A fine country, madam—a beautiful country—a splendid country!"

"Do you call it a fine country?" said I, absently, my head full of the Alps and Appenines, the Pyrenean, and the river Po.

"To be sure I do; and where would you see a finer?"

"I did not see any thing very picturesque," said I.

"*Picturesque!*" he repeated, with some contempt; "I don't know what *you* call picturesque; but *I* say, give me a soil, that when you turn it up you have something for your pains; the fine soil makes the fine country, madam!"

SKETCHES OF ART, LITERATURE, AND CHARACTER.

II.

MEDON.—I OBSERVED the other evening that, in making a sort of imaginative bound from Coblentz to Heidelberg, you either skipped over Frankfort, or left it on one side.

ALDA.—Did I?—if I had done *either*, in my heart or my memory, I had been most ungrateful; but I thought you knew Frankfort well.

MEDON.—I was there for two days, on my way to Switzerland, and it rained the whole time from morning till night. I have a vision in my mind of dirty streets, chilly houses, dull shops, dingy-looking Jews, dripping umbrellas, luxurious hotels, and exorbitant charges,—and this is all I can recollect of Frankfort.

ALDA.—Indeed!—I pity you. To me it was associated only with pleasant feelings, and, in truth, it *is* a pleasant place. Life, there, appears in a very attractive costume: not in a half-holyday, half-beggarly garb, as at Rome and Naples; nor in a thin undress of superficial decency, as at Berlin; nor in a court domino, hiding we know not what—as at Vienna and Munich; nor half-motley, half-military, as at Paris; nor in rags and embroidery, as in London; but at Frankfort all the outside at least is fair, substantial, and consistent. The shops vie in splendour with those of London and Paris; the principal streets are clean, the houses spacious and airy, and there is a general appearance of cheerfulness and tranquillity, mingled with the luxury of wealth and the bustle of business, which, after the misery, and murmuring, and bitterness of faction we had left in London, was really a relief to the spirits. It is true that, during my last two visits, this apparent tranquillity concealed a good deal of political ferment. The prisons were filled with those unfortunate wretches who had endeavoured to excite a popular tumult against the Prussian and

Austrian governments. The trials were going forward every day, but not a syllable of the result transpired beyond the walls of the Römer Saal. Although the most reasonable and liberal of the citizens agreed in condemning the rashness and folly of these young men, the tide of feeling was evidently in their favour: for instance, it was not the *fashion* to invite the Prussian officers, and I well remember that when Goëthe's Egmont was announced at the theatre, it was forbidden by the magistracy, from a fear that certain scenes and passages in that play might call forth some open and decided expression of the public feeling; in fact, only a few evenings before, some passages in the Masaniello had been applied and applauded by the audience, in a manner so *ill-bred*, that the wife of the Prussian minister rose and left her box, followed by some other old women,—male and female. The theatre is rather commodious than splendid; the established company, both for the opera and the regular drama, excellent, and often varied by temporary visits of great actors and singers from the other theatres of Germany. On my first visit to Frankfort, which was during the fair of 1829, Paganini, then in the zenith of his glory, was giving a series of concerts: but do not ask me any thing about him, for it is a worn-out subject, and you know I am not one of the enthusiastic, or even the orthodox, with regard to his merits.

Medon.—You do not mean—you will not tell me—that with all your love of music, you were insensible to the miraculous powers of that man?

Alda.—I suppose they were miraculous, as I heard every one say so round me; but I listened to him as to any other musician, for the sake of the pleasure to be derived from music, not for the sake of wondering at difficulties overcome, and impossibilities made possible—they might have remained impossibilities for me. But insensible I was *not* to the wondrous charm of his tone and expression. I was thrilled, melted, excited, at the moment, but it left no relish on the palate, if I may use the expression. To throw me into such *convulsions* of enthusiasm as I saw this man excite here and on the continent, I must have the orchestra with all its various mingling world of sound, or the *divine* human voice breathing music and passion together; but this is a matter of feeling, habit, education, like all other tastes in art.

I think it was during our third visit to Frankfort that Madame Haitsinger-Neumann was playing the *gast-rolles*, for so they courteously denominated the parts filled by occasional visiters, to whom, as guests, the precedence is always given.

Madame Haitsinger is the wife of Haitsinger, the tenor singer, who was in London, and sung in the Fidelio, with Madame Devrient-Schrœder. She is one of the most celebrated actresses in Germany for light comedy, if any comedy in Germany can be called light, in comparison with the same style of acting in France or England. Her figure is rather large—

Medon.—Like most of the German actresses—for I never yet saw one who had attained to celebrity, who was not much too *enbonpoint* for our ideas of a youthful or sentimental heroine—

Alda.—Not Devrient-Schrœder?

Medon.—Devrient is all impassioned grace; but I think that in time even *she* will be in danger of becoming a little—how shall I express it with sufficient delicacy?—a *little* too substantial.

Alda.—No, not if a soul of music and fire, informing a feverish, excitable temperament, which is to the mantling spirit within what the high-pitched instrument is to the breeze which sweeps over its chords,—not if these can avert the catastrophe; but what if you had seen Mademoiselle Lindner, with a figure like Mrs. Liston's—all but spherical—enacting Fenella and Clärchen?

Medon.—I should have said, that only a German imagination could stand it! It is one of Madame de Staël's clever aphorisms, that on the stage, "Il faut menager les caprices des yeux avec le plus grand scrupule, car ils peuvent detruire, sans appel tout effet sérieux;" but the Germans do not appear to be subject to these *caprices des yeux;* and have not these fastidious scruples about corporeal grace; for them sentiment, however clumsy, is still sentiment. Perhaps they are in the right.

Alda.—And Mademoiselle Lindner *has* sentiment; she must have been a fine actress, and is evidently a favourite with the audience. But to return to Madame Haitsinger;—she is handsome, with a fair complexion, and no very striking expression; but there is a heart and soul, and mellowness in her acting, which is delicious. I could not give you an idea of her manner by a comparison with any of our English actresses, for she is essentially German; she never aimed at making points; she was never broadly arch or comic, but the general effect was as rich as it was true to nature. I saw her in some of her favourite parts: in the comedy of "Stille Wasser sind tiefe" (our Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, admirably adapted to the Ger-

man stage by Schrœder), in the "Mirandolina" (the famous Locandiera of Goldoni), and in the pretty lively vaudeville composed for her by Holtei, "Die Wiener in Berlin," in which the popular waltzes and airs, sung in the genuine national spirit, and enjoyed by the audience with a true national zest, delighted us *foreigners*. Herr Becher is an excellent actor in tragedy and high comedy. Of their singers I could not say so much—there were none I should account first-rate, except Dobler, whom you may remember in England.

One of the most delightful peculiarities of Frankfort, one that most struck my fancy, is the public garden, planted on the site of the ramparts; a girdle of verdure and shade—of trees and flowers circling the whole city; accessible to all and on every side,—the promenade of the rich, the solace of the poor. Fifty men are employed to keep it in order, and it is forbidden to steal the flowers, or to kill the singing birds which haunt the shrubberies.

Medon.—And does this prohibition avail much in a population of sixty thousand persons?

Alda.—It does generally. A short time before we arrived, some mischievous wretch had shot a nightingale, and was caught in the fact. His punishment was characteristic; his hands were tied behind him, and a label setting forth his crime was fixed on his breast: in this guise, with a police officer on each side, he was marched all round the gardens, and made the circuit of the city, pursued by the hisses of the populace and the abhorrent looks of the upper classes; he was not otherwise punished, but he never again made his appearance within the walls of the city. This was the only instance which I could learn of the infraction of a law which might seem at least nugatory.

Of the spacious, magnificent, well-arranged cemetery, its admirable apparatus for restoring suspended animation, and all its beautiful accompaniments and memorials of the dead, there was a long account published in London, at the time that a cemetery was planned for this great overgrown city; and in truth I know not where we could find a better model than the one at Frankfort; it appeared to me perfection.

The institutions at Frankfort, both for charity and education, are numerous, as becomes a rich and free city; and those I had an opportunity of examining appeared to me admirably managed. Besides the orphan schools, and the Burger schule, and the school for female education, established and maintained by

the wives of the citizens, there are several infant schools, where children of a year old and upwards are nursed, and fed, and kept out of mischief and harm, while their parents are at work. These are also maintained by subscription among the ladies, who take upon them in turns the task of daily superintendence; and I shall not easily forget the gentle-looking, elegant, well-dressed girl, who, defended from the encroachments of dirty little paws by a large apron, sat in the midst of a swarm of thirty or forty babies (the eldest not four years old), the very personification of feminine charity! But the hospital for the infirm poor—Das Versorgung Haus—pleased me particularly; 'tis true, that the cost was not a third—what do I say? not a sixth of the expense of some of our institutions for the same purpose. There was no luxury of architecture, no huge gates shutting in wretchedness, and shutting out hope; nor grated windows; nor were the arrangements on so large a scale as in that splendid edifice, the Hôpital des Vieillards, at Brussels;—a house for the poor need not be either a prison or a palace. But here, I recollect, the door opened with a latch; we entered unannounced, as unexpected. Here there was perfect neatness, abundance of space, of air, of light, of water, and also of occupation. I found that, besides the inmates of the place, many poor old creatures, who could not have the facilities or materials for work in their own dwellings, or whose relatives were busied in the daytime, might find here employment of any kind suited to their strength or capacity,—for which, observe, they were paid; thus leaving them to the last possible moment the feeling of independence and usefulness. I observed that many of those who seemed in the last stage of decrepitude, had hung round their beds sundry little prints and pictures, and slips of paper, on which were written legibly texts from Scripture, moral sentences, and scraps of poetry. The ward of the superannuated and the sick was at a distance from the working and eating rooms; and all around breathed that peace and quiet which should accompany old age, instead of that "life-consuming din" I *have* heard in such places. On the pillow of one bed there was laid by some chance a bouquet of flowers.

In this ward there was an old man nearly blind and lethargic; another old man was reading to him. I remarked a poor bed-ridden woman, utterly helpless, but not old, and with good and even refined features; and another poor woman, seated by her, was employed in keeping the flies from settling on her face. To one old woman, whose countenance struck me, I said a few words in English—I could speak no German,

unluckily. She took my hand, kissed it, and turning away, burst into tears. No one asked for any thing even by a look, nor apparently wanted any thing; and I felt that from the unaffected good-nature of the lady who accompanied us, we had not so much the appearance of coming to look at the poor inmates as of paying them a kind visit;—and this was as it should be. The mild, open countenances of the two persons who managed the establishment pleased me particularly; and the manner of the matron superintendent, as she led us over the rooms, was so simple and kind, that I was quite at ease: I experienced none of that awkward shyness and reluctance I have felt when ostentatiously led over such places in England, —feeling ashamed to stare upon the misery I could not cure. In such cases I have probably attributed to the sufferers a delicacy or a sensibility, long blunted, if ever possessed; but I was in pain for them and for myself.

One thing more: there was a neat chapel; and we were shown with some pride the only piece of splendour in the establishment. The communion-plate of massy silver was the gift of two brothers, who had married on the same day two sisters; and these two sisters had died nearly at the same time—I believe it was actually on the same day. The widowed husbands presented this plate in memory of their loss and the virtues of their wives; and I am sorry I did not copy the simple and affecting inscription in which this is attested. There was also a silver vase, which had been presented as an offering by a poor miller whom an unexpected legacy had raised to independence.

I might give you similar sketches of other institutions, here and elsewhere, but I did not bestow sufficient attention on the practical details, and the comparative merits of the different methods adopted, to render my observations useful. Though deeply interested, as any feeling, thinking being must be on such subjects, I have not studied them sufficiently. There are others, however, who are doing this better than I could;—blessings be on them, and eternal praise! My general impression was, pleasure from the benevolence and simplicity of heart with which these institutions were conducted and superintended, and wonder not to be expressed at their extreme cheapness.

The day preceding my visit to the Versorgung Haus, I had been in a fever of indignation at the fate of poor R——, one of the conspirators, who had become insane from the severity of his confinement. I had descanted with great complacency on

our open tribunals, and our trials by jury; and yet I could not help thinking to myself, "Well, if *we* have not their state-prisons, neither have *they* our poor-houses!"

MEDON.—It is plain that the rich, charitable, worldly prosperous, self-seeking Frankfort, would be your chosen residence after all!

ALDA.—No—as a fixed residence I should not prefer Frankfort. There is a little too much of the pride of purse—too much of the aristocracy of wealth—too much dressing and dinnering—and society is too much broken up into sets and circles to please me: besides, it must be confessed, that the arts do not flourish in this free imperial city.

The Städel Museum was opened just before our last visit to Frankfort. A rich banker of that name bequeathed, in 1816, his collection of prints and pictures, and nearly a million and a half of florins, for the commencement and maintenance of this institution, and they have certainly begun on a splendid scale. The edifice in which the collection is arranged is spacious, fitted up with great cost, and generally with great taste, except the ceilings, which, being the glory and admiration of the good people of Frankfort, I must endeavour to describe to you particularly. The elaborate beauty of the arabesque ornaments, their endless variety, and the vivid colouring and gilding, reminded me of some of the illuminated manuscripts; but I was rather amused than pleased, and rather surprised to see art and ornament so misplaced—invention, labour, money, time, lavished to so little purpose. No effect was aimed at—none produced. The strained and wearied eye wandered amid a profusion of unmeaning forms and of gorgeous colours, which never harmonized into a whole: and after I had half-broken my neck by looking up at them through an opera-glass, in order to perceive the elegant interlacing of the minute patterns and exquisite finish of the workmanship, I turned away laughing and provoked, and wondering at such a strange perversion, or rather sacrifice, of taste.

MEDON.—But the collection itself?—

ALDA.—It is not very interesting. It contains some curious old German pictures: Städel having been, like others, smitten with the mania of buying Van Eyks, and Hemlings, and Schoréels. Here, however, these old masters, as part of a school or history of art, are well placed. There are a few fine Flemish paintings; and, in particular, a wondrous portrait by Flinck, which you must see. It is a lady in black, on the left side of the door—of—I forget which room—but you cannot

miss it: those soft eyes will look out at you, till you will feel inclined to ask her name, and wonder the lips do not unclose to answer you. Of first-rate pictures there are none—I mean none of the historical and Italian schools: the collection of casts from the antique is splendid and well-selected.

Medon.—But Bethmann, the banker, had already set an example of munificent patronage of art: when he shamed kings, for instance, by purchasing Dannecker's Ariadne—one of the chief lions of Frankfort, if fame says true.

Alda.—How! have you not seen it?

Medon.—No—unhappily. The weather, as I have told you, was dreadful. I was discouraged—I procrastinated. That flippant observation I had read in some English traveller, that "Dannecker's Ariadne looked as if it had been cut out of old Stilton cheese," was floating in my mind. In short, I was careless, as we often are, when the means of gratifying curiosity appear secure, and within our reach. I repent me now. I wish I had settled to my own satisfaction, and with mine own eyes, the disputed merits of this famous statue; but I will trust to you. It ought to be something admirable. I do not know much of Dannecker, or his works, but by all accounts he has not to complain of the want of patronage. To him cannot be applied the pathetic commonplace, so familiar in the mouths of our young artists, about "chill penury," the struggle to live, the cares that "freeze the genial current of the soul," the efforts of unassisted genius, and so forth. Want never came to him since he devoted himself to art. He appears to have had leisure and freedom to give full scope to his powers, and to work out his own creations.

Alda.—Had he? Had he, indeed? His own story would be different, I fancy. Dannecker, like every patronized artist I ever met with, would execrate patronage, if he dared. Good old man! The thought of what he might have done, and could have done, breaks out sometimes in the midst of all his self-complacent *naïve* exultation over what he *has* done. I will endeavour to give you a correct idea of the Ariadne, and then I will tell you something of Dannecker himself. His history is a good commentary upon royal patronage.

I had heard so much of this statue, that my curiosity was strongly excited. A part of its fame may be owing to its situation, and the number of travellers who go to visit Bethmann's museum, as a matter of course. I used to observe that all travellers, who were on the road to Italy, praised it; and all who were on their way home, criticised it. As I ascended the

steps of the pavilion in which it is placed, the enthusiasm of expectation faded away from my mind: I said to myself, "I shall be disappointed!" Yet I was not disappointed.

The Ariadne occupied the centre of a cabinet, hung with a dark-gray colour, and illuminated by a high lateral window, so that the light and shade, and the relief of the figure were perfectly well managed and effective. Dannecker has not represented Ariadne in her more poetical and picturesque character, as, when betrayed and forsaken by Theseus, she stood alone on the wild shore of Naxos, "her hair blown by the winds, and all about her expressing desolation." It is Ariadne, immortal and triumphant, as the bride of Bacchus. The figure is larger than life. She is seated, or rather reclined, on the back of a panther. The right arm is carelessly extended: the left arm rests on the head of the animal, and the hand supports the drapery, which appears to have just dropped from her limbs. The head is turned a little upwards, as if she already anticipated her starry home; and her tresses are braided with the vine leaves. The grace and ease of the attitude, so firm, and yet so light; the flowing beauty of the form, and the position of the head, enchanted me. Perhaps the features are not sufficiently *Greek;* for, though I am not one of those who think all beauty comprised in the antique models, and that nothing can be orthodox but the straight nose and short upper lip, still to Ariadne the pure *classical* ideal of beauty, both in form and face, is properly in character. A cast from that divine head, the Greek Ariadne, is placed in the same cabinet, and I confess to you that the contrast being immediately brought before the eye, Dannecker's Ariadne seemed to want refinement, in comparison. It is true, that the moment chosen by the German sculptor required an expression altogether different. In the Greek bust, though already circled by the viny crown, and though all heaven seems to repose on the noble arch of that expanded brow, yet the head is declined, and a tender melancholy lingers round the all-perfect mouth, as if the remembrance of a mortal love—a mortal sorrow—yet shaded her celestial bridal hours, and made pale her immortality. But Dannecker's Ariadne is the flushed Queen of the Bacchante, and in the clash of the cymbals and the mantling cup, she has already forgotten Theseus. There is a look of life, an individual truth in the beauty of the form, which distinguishes it from the long-limbed vapid pieces of elegance called nymphs and Venuses, which

"Stretch their white arms, and bend their marble necks,"

in the galleries of our modern sculptors. One objection struck me, but not till after a second or third view of the statue. The panther seemed to me rather too bulky and ferocious. It is true, it is not a natural, but a mythological panther, such as we see in the antique basso-relievos and the arabesques of Herculaneum; yet, methinks, if he appeared a little more conscious of his lovely burthen, more tamed by the influence of beauty, it would have been better. However, the sculptor may have had a design, a feeling, in this very point, which has escaped me: I regret now that I did not ask him. One thing is certain, that the extreme massiveness of the panther's limbs serves to give a firmness to the support of the figure, and sets off to advantage its lightness and delicacy. It is equally certain that if the head of the animal had been ever so slightly turned, the pose of the right-arm, and with it the whole attitude, must have been altered.

The window of the cabinet is so contrived, that by drawing up a blind of stained glass, a soft crimson tint is shed over the figure, as if the marble blushed. This did not please me: partly from a dislike to all trickery in art; partly because, to my taste, the pale, colourless purity of the marble is one of the beauties of a fine statue.

It is true that Dannecker has been unfortunate in his material. The block from which he cut his figure is imperfect and streaky; but how it could possibly have suggested the idea of *Stilton cheese* I am at a loss to conceive. It is not worse than Canova's Venus, in the Pitti palace, who has a terrible black streak across her bosom. M. Passavant,* who was standing by when I paid my last visit to the Ariadne, assured me, that when the statue was placed on its pedestal, about sixteen years ago, these black specks were scarcely visible, and that they seemed to multiply and grow darker with time. This is a lamentable, and, to me, an unaccountable fact.

Medon.—And, I am afraid, past cure: but now tell me something of the sculptor himself. After looking on a grand work of art, we naturally turn to look into the mind which conceived and created it.

Alda.—Dannecker, like all the great modern sculptors, sprung from the people. Thorwaldson, Flaxman, Chantrey, Canova, Schadow, Rauch—I believe we may go farther back,

* M. Passavant is a landscape-painter of Frankfort, an intelligent, accomplished man, and one of the few German artists who had a tolerably correct idea of the state of art in England. He is the author of "Kunstreise durch England und Belgium."

to Cellini, Bandinelli, Bernini, Pigalle—all I can at this moment recollect, were of plebeian origin. When I was at Dresden, I was told of a young count, of noble family, who had adopted sculpture as a profession. This, I think, is a solitary instance of any person of noble birth devoting himself to this noblest of the arts.

MEDON.—Do you forget Mrs. Damer and Lady Dacre?

ALDA.—No; but I do not think that either the exquisite modelling of Lady Dacre, or the meritorious *attempts* of Mrs. Damer, come under the head of sculpture in its grand sense. By-the-bv. when Horace Walpole said that Mrs. Damer was the first female sculptor who had attained any celebrity, he forgot the Greek girl, Lala,* and the Properzia Rossi of modern times.

Dannecker was born at Stuttgard in 1758. On him descended no hereditary mantle of genius; it was the immediate gift of Heaven, and apparently heaven-directed. His father was a groom in the duke's stable, and appears to have been merely an ill-tempered, thick-headed boor. How young Dannecker picked up the rudiments of reading and writing, he does not himself remember; nor by what circumstances the bent of his fancy and genius was directed to the fine arts. Like other great men, who have been led to trace the progress of their own minds, attributed to his mother the first promptings to the fair and good, the first softening and elevating influences which his mind acknowledged. He had neither paper nor pencils; but next door to his father there lived a stone-cutter, whose blocks of marble and free-stone were every day scrawled over with rude imitations of natural objects in chalk or charcoal—the first essays of the infant Dannecker. When he was beaten by his father for this proof of idleness, his mother interfered to protect or to encourage him. As soon as he was old enough, he assisted his father in the stable; and while running about the precincts of the palace, ragged and bare-foot, he appears to have attracted, by his vivacity and alertness, the occasional notice of the duke himself.

Duke Charles, the grandfather of the present king of Wirtemburg, had founded a military school, called the Karl Schüle (Charles' school), annexed to the hunting palace of the Solitude. At this academy, music and drawing were taught as well as military tactics. One day, when Dannecker was about thirteen,

* She was cotemporary with Cleopatra (B. C. 33), and was particularly celebrated for her busts in ivory. The Romans raised a statue to her honour, which was in the Guistiniani collection.—V. PLINY.

his father returned home in a very ill-humour, and informed his family that the duke intended to admit the children of his domestics into his new military school. The boy, with joyful eagerness, declared his intention of going immediately to present himself as a candidate. The father, with a stare of astonishment, desired him to remain at home, and mind his business; on his persisting, he resorted to blows, and ended by locking him up. The boy escaped by jumping out of the window; and, collecting several of his comrades, he made them a long harangue in praise of the duke's beneficence, then placing himself at their head, marched them up to the palace, where the whole court was assembled for the Easter festivities. On being asked their business, Dannecker replied, as spokesman, —"Tell his highness the duke we want to go to the Karl schule." One of the attendants, amused, perhaps, with this juvenile ardour, went and informed the duke, who had just risen from table. He came out himself and mustered the little troop before him. He first darted a rapid scrutinizing glance along the line, then selecting one from the number, placed him on his right-hand; then another, and another, till only young Dannecker and two others remained on his left. Dannecker has since acknowledged that he suffered for a few moments such exquisite pain and shame at the idea of being rejected, that his first impulse was to run away and hide himself; and that his surprise and joy, when he found that he and his two companions were the accepted candidates, had nearly overpowered him. The duke ordered them to go the next morning to the Solitude, and then dismissed them. When Dannecker returned home, his father, enraged at losing the services of his son, turned him out of the house, and forbade him ever more to enter it; but his mother (mother-like) packed up his little bundle of necessaries, accompanied him for some distance on his road, and parted with him with blessings and tears, and words of encouragement and love.

At the Karl-schule Dannecker made but little progress in his studies. Nothing could be worse managed than this royal establishment. The inferior teachers were accustomed to employ the poorer boys in the most servile offices, and in this, so called, academy he was actually obliged to learn by stealth: but here he formed a friendship with Schiller, who, like himself, was an ardent genius pining and writhing under a chilling system; and the two boys, thrown upon one another for consolation, became friends for life. Dannecker must have been about fifteen when the Karl-schule was removed from the Sol-

étude to Stuttgard. He was then placed under the tuition of Grubel, a professor of sculpture, and in the following year he produced his first original composition. It was a Milo of Crotona, modelled in clay, and was judged worthy of the first prize. Dannecker was at this time so unfriended and little known, that the duke, who appears to have forgotten him, learned with astonishment that this nameless boy, the son of his groom, had carried off the highest honours of the school from all his competitors. For a few years he was employed in the duke's service in carving cornices, Cupids, and caryatides, to ornament the new palaces at Stuttgard and Hohenheim; this task-work, over which he often sighed, may possibly have assisted in giving him that certainty and mechanical dexterity in the use of his tools for which he is remarkable. About ten years were thus passed; he then obtained permission to travel for his improvement, with an allowance of three hundred florins a year from the duke. With these slender means Dannecker set off for Paris on foot. There, for the first time, he had opportunities of studying the living model. His enthusiasm for his art enabled him to endure extraordinary privations of every kind, for out of his little pension of 23*l.* a year he had not only to feed and clothe himself, but to purchase all the materials for his art and the means of instruction; and this in an expensive capital, surrounded with temptations which an artist and an enthusiastic young man finds it difficult to withstand. He told me himself, that day after day he has studied in the Louvre dinnerless, and dressed in a garb which scarce retained even the appearance of decency. He left Paris, after a two years' residence, as simple in mind and heart as when he entered it, and considerably improved in his knowledge of anatomy, and in the technical part of his profession. The treasures of the Louvre, though far inferior to what they now are, had let in a flood of ideas upon his mind, among which (as he described his own feelings) he groped as one bewildered and intoxicated, amazed rather than enlightened.

Medon.—But Dannecker must have been poor in spirit as in pocket—simple indeed, if he did not profit by the opportunities which Paris afforded of studying human nature, noting the passions and their physiognomy, and gaining other experiences most useful to an artist.

Alda.—There I differ from you. Would you send a young artist—more particularly a young sculptor—to study the human nature of London or Paris?—to seek the ideal among shop-

girls and opera-dancers? Or the sublime and beautiful among the frivolous and degraded of one sex, the money-making or the brutalized of the other? Is it from the man who has steeped his youthful prime in vulgar dissipation, by way of "seeing life," as it is called, who has courted patronage at the convivial board, that you shall require that union of lofty enthusiasm and patient industry, which is necessary, first to conceive the grand and the poetical, then consume long years in shaping out his creation in the everlasting marble?

Medon.—But how is the sculptor himself to live during those long years? It must needs be a hard struggle. I have heard young artists say, that they have been forced on a dissipated life merely as a means of "getting on in the world," as the phrase is.

Alda.—So have I. It is so base a plea, that when I hear it, I generally regard it as the excuse for dispositions already perverted. The men who talk thus are doomed; they will either creep through life in mediocrity and dependence to their grave; or, at the best, if they have parts, as well as cunning and assurance, they may make themselves the fashion, and make their fortune; they may be clever portrait-painters and bust-makers, but when they attempt to soar into the historical and ideal department of their art, they move the laughter of gods and men; to them the higher, holier fountains of inspiration are thenceforth sealed.

Medon.—But think of the temptations of society!

Alda.—I think of those who have overcome them. "Great men have been among us," though they be rare. Have we not had a Flaxman? But the artist must choose where he will worship. He cannot serve God and Mammon. That man of genius who thinks he can tamper with his glorious gifts, and for a season indulge in social excesses, stoop from his high calling to the dregs of earth, abandon himself to the stream of common life, and trust to his native powers to bring him up again;—O, believe it, he plays a desperate game!—one that in nearly ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is fatal.

Medon.—I begin to see your drift; but you would find it difficult to prove that the men who executed those works, on which we now look with wonder and despair, lived like anchorites, or were unexceptionable moral characters.

Alda.—Will you not allow that they worked in a different spirit? Or do you suppose that it was by the possession of some sleight-of-hand that these things were performed?—that it was by some knack of chiselling, some secret of colouring

now lost, that a Phidias or a Correggio still remains unapproached, and, as people will tell you, unapproachable?

MEDON.—They had a different nature to work from.

ALDA.—A different modification of nature, but not a different nature. Nature and truth are one, and immutable, and inseparable as beauty and love. I do maintain that, in these latter times, we have artists who, in genius, in the power of looking at nature, and in manual skill are not beneath the great ancients, but their works are found wanting in comparison; they have fallen short of the models their early ambition set before them; and why?—because, having genius, they want the moral grandeur that should accompany it, and have neglected the training of their own minds from necessity, or from dissipation, or from pride, so that, having imagination and skill, they have yet wanted the materials out of which to work. Recollect that the great artists of old were not mere painters, or mere sculptors, who were nothing except with the pencil or the chisel in their hand. They were philosophers, scholars, poets, musicians, noble beings whose eyes were not ever on themselves, but who looked above, before, and after. Our modern artists turn coxcombs, and then fancy themselves like Rafaelle; or they are greedy of present praise, or greedy of gain; or they will not pay the price for immortality; or they have sold their glorious birthright of fame for a mess of pottage.

Poor Dannecker found his mess of pottage bitter now and then, as you shall hear. He set off for Italy, in 1783, with his pension raised to four hundred florins a year, that is, about thirty pounds. He reached Rome on foot, and he told me that, for some months after his arrival, he suffered from a terrible depression of spirits, and a painful sense of loneliness; like Thorwaldson, when he too visited that city some years afterward a friendless youth, he was often home-sick and heart-sick. At this time he used to wander about among the ruins and relics of almighty Rome, lost in the sense of their grandeur, depressed by his own vague aspirations—ignorant, and without courage to apply himself. Luckily for him, Herder and Goëthe were then residing at Rome; he became known to them, and their conversation directed him to higher sources of inspiration in his art than he had yet contemplated—to the very well-heads and mother-streams of poetry. They showed him the distinction between the *spirit* and the *form* of ancient art. Dannecker felt, and afterward applied some of the grand revelations of these men, who were at once profound critics and inspired poets. He might have grasped at more, but that his early nurture was here against him, and

his subsequent destinies as a court sculptor seldom left him sufficient freedom of thought or action to follow out his own conceptions. While at Rome he also became acquainted with Canova, who, although only one year older than himself, had already achieved great things. He was now at work on the monument of the Pope Ganganelli. The courteous, kind-hearted Italian would sometimes visit the poor German in his studio, and cheer him by his remarks and encouragement.

Dannecker remained five years at Rome; he was then ordered to return to Stuttgard. As he had already greatly distinguished himself, the Duke of Wurtemburg received him with much kindness, and promised him his protection. Now, the protection and the patronage which a sovereign accords to an artist generally amount to this:—he begins by carving or painting the portraits of his patron, and of some of the various members of his patron's family. If these are approved of, he is allowed to stick a riband in his button-hole, and is appointed professor of fine arts, with a certain stipend, and thenceforth his time, his labour, and his genius belong as entirely to his master as those of a hired servant; his path is marked out for him. It was thus with Dannecker; he received a pension of eight hundred florins a year and his professorship; and upon the strength of this he married Henrietta Rapp. From this period his life has passed in a course of tranquil and uninterrupted occupation, yet, though constantly employed, his works are not numerous; almost every moment being taken up with the duties of his professorship, in trying to teach what no man of genius can teach, and in making drawings and designs after the fancies of the grand duke. He was required to compose a basso-relievo for the duke's private cabinet. The subject which he chose was as appropriate as it was beautifully treated—Alexander pressing his seal upon the lips of Parmenio. He modelled this in bas-relief, and the best judges pronounced it exquisite; but it did not please the duke, and, instead of receiving an order to finish it in marble, he was obliged to throw it aside, and to execute some design dictated by his master. The original model remained for many years in his studio; but a short time before my last visit to him he had presented it as a birth-day gift to a friend. The first great work which gave him celebrity as a sculptor was the mausoleum of Count Zeppelin, the duke's favourite, in which the figure of Friendship has much simplicity and grace: this is now at Louisberg. While he was modelling this beautiful figure, the first idea of the Ariadne was suggested to his fancy, but some years elapsed before it came into form. At

this time he was much employed in executing busts, for which his fine eye for living nature and manly simplicity of taste peculiarly fitted him. In this particular department of his art he has neither equal nor rival, except our Chantrey. The best I have seen are those of Schiller, Gluck, and Lavater. Never are the fine arts, never are great artists, beter employed, than when they serve to illustrate and to immortalize each other! About the year 1808, Dannecker was considered, beyond dispute, the first sculptor in Germany; for as yet, Rauch, Tieck, and Schwanthaler had not worked their way up to their present high celebrity. He received, in 1811, an intimation, that if he would enter the service of the King of Bavaria, he should be placed at the head of the school of sculpture at Munich, with a salary three times the amount of that which he at present enjoyed.—

MEDON.—Which Dannecker declined?

ALDA.—He did.

MEDON.—I could have sworn to it—*extempore!* What is more touching in the history of men of genius than that deep and constant attachment they have shown to their early patrons! Not to go back to the days of Horace and Mecænas, nor even to those of Ariosto and Tasso and the family of Este, or Cellini and the Duke of Florence, or Lucas Kranach and the Elector John Frederic*—do you remember Mozart's exclamation, when he was offered the most magnificent remuneration if he would quit the service of Joseph II. for that of the Elector of Saxony—"Shall I leave my good Emperor?" In the same manner Metastasio rejected every inducement to quit the service of Maria Theresa—

ALDA.—Add Goëthe and the Duke of Weimar, and a hundred other instances. The difficulty would be to find *one*, in which the patronage of the great has not been repaid ten thousand fold in gratitude and fame. Dannecker's love for his native city, and his native princes, prevailed over his self-interest; his decision was honourable to his heart; but it is not less certain that at Munich he would have found more enlightened patronage, and a wider scope for his talents. Frederic, the late King of Wurtemburg, who had married our princess-royal, was a man of a coarse mind and profligate habits. Napoleon had gratified his vulgar ambition by making him a king, and thereupon he stuck a huge, tawdry gilt crown on the top

* Lucas Kranach (1472) was one of the most celebrated of the old German painters; from a principle of gratitude and attachment, he shared the imprisonment of the elector John Frederic, during five years.

of his palace, the impudent sign of his subservient *majesty*. I never looked at it without thinking of an overgrown child and its new toy; he also, to commemorate the acquisition of his kingly titles, instituted the order of the Wurtemburg crown, and Dannecker was gratified by this new order of merit, and a bit of riband in his button-hole.

But in the mean time the model of the Ariadne remained in his studio, and it was not till the year 1809 that he could afford to purchase a block of marble, and begin the statue on speculation. It occupied him for seven years, but in the interval he completed other beautiful works. The king ordered him to execute a Cupid in marble, for which he gave him the design. It was a design which displeased the pure mind and high taste of Dannecker; he would not so desecrate his divine art: "c'etait travailler pour le diable!" said he to me, in telling the story. He therefore only half fulfilled his commission; and, changing the purpose and sentiment of the figure, he represented the Greek Cupid at the moment that he is waked by the drop of burning oil from Psyche's lamp. An English general, I believe Sir John Murray, saw this charming statue, in 1814, and immediately commanded a work from the sculptor's hands: he wished, but did not absolutely require, a duplicate of the statue he so admired. Dannecker, instead of repeating himself, produced his Psyche, whom he has represented—not as the Greek allegorical Psyche, the bride of Cupid, "with lucent fans, fluttering"—but as the abstract personification of the human soul; or, to use Dannecker's own words, "Ein rein, sittlich, sinniges Wesen,"—a pure, moral, intellectual being. As he had an idea that Love had become moral and sentimental after he had been waked by the drop of burning oil, so I could not help asking him whether this was Psyche, grown reasonable after she had beheld the wings of Love? He has not in this beautiful statue quite accomplished his own idea. It has much girlish grace and simplicity, but it wants elevation; it is not sufficiently ideal, and will not stand a comparison either with the Psyche of Westmacott or that of Canova. The Ariadne was finished in 1816, but the sculptor was disappointed in his hope that this, his masterpiece, would adorn his native city. The king showed no desire to possess it, and it was purchased by M. Bethmann, of Frankfort, for a sum equal to about one thousand pounds. Soon after the Ariadne was finished, Dannecker conceived, in a moment of pious enthusiasm, his famous statue of the Redeemer, which has caused a great deal of discussion in Germany. This was standing in

his work-room when we paid our first visit to him. He told me what I had often heard, that the figure had visited him in a dream three several times; and the good old man firmly believed that he had been divinely inspired, and predestined to the work. While the visionary image was fresh in his imagination, he first executed a small clay model, and placed it before a child of five or six years old;—there were none of the usual emblematical accompaniments—no cross—no crown of thorns to assist the fancy—nothing but the simple figure roughly modelled; yet the child immediately exclaimed, "The Redeemer!" and Dannecker was confirmed in his design. Gradually the completion of this statue became the one engrossing idea of his enthusiastic mind: for eight years it was his dream by night, his thought by day; all things else, all the affairs and duties of life, merged into this. He told me that he frequently felt as if pursued, excited by some strong, irresistible power, which would even visit him in sleep, and impel him to rise from his bed and work. He explained to me some of the difficulties he encountered, and which he was persuaded that he had perfectly overcome only through divine aid, and the constant study of the Scriptures. They were not few nor trifling. Physical power, majesty, and beauty, formed no part of the character of the Saviour of the world: the glory that was around him was not of this earth, nor visible to the eye; "there was nothing in him that he should be desired;" therefore to throw into the impersonation of exceeding humility and benignity a superhuman grace, and from material elements work out a manifestation of abstract moral grandeur—this was surely not only a new and difficult, but a bold and sublime enterprise.

You remember Michael Angelo's statue of Christ in the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva at Rome?

Medon.—Perfectly; and I never looked at it without thinking of Neptune and his trident.

Alda.—The same thought occurred to me, and must inevitably have occurred to others. Dannecker is not certainly so great a man as Michael Angelo, but here he has surpassed him. Instead of emulating the antique models, he has worked in the antique spirit—the spirit of faith and enthusiasm. He has taken a new form in which to clothe a grand poetical conception. Whether the being he has represented be a fit subject for the plastic art, has been disputed; but it appears to me that Dannecker has more nearly approached the Christian ideal than any of his predecessors; there is nothing to be compared to it, except Titian's Christo della Moneta, and that

is a head merely. The sentiment chosen by the sculptor is expressed in the inscription on the pedestal: "Through me, to the Father." The proportions of the figure are exceedingly slender and delicate; the attitude a little drooping; one hand is pressed on the bosom, the other extended; the lips are unclosed, as in the act to speak. In the head and facial line, by carefully throwing out every indication of the animal propensities, and giving added importance and development to all that indicates the moral and intellectual faculties, he has succeeded in imbodying a species of ideal, of which there is no other example in art. I have heard (not from Dannecker himself) that, when the head of the Jupiter Tonans was placed beside the Christ, the merely physical grandeur of the former, compared with the purely intellectual expression of the latter, reminded every one present of a lion's head erect and humanized.

MEDON.—But what were your own impressions? After all this eulogium, which I believe to be just, tell me frankly, were you satisfied yourself?

ALDA.—No—not quite. The expression of the mouth in the last finished statue (he has repeated the subject three times) is not so fine as in the model, and the simplicity of the whole bordered on meagerness. This, I think, is a general fault in all Dannecker's works. He has, of course, avoided nudity, but the flowing robe, which completely envelopes the figure, is so managed as to disclose the exact form of the limbs. One little circumstance will give you an idea of the attention and accuracy with which he seized and imbodied every touch of individual character conveyed in holy writ. In the original model he had made the beard rather full and thick, and a little curled, expressing the prime of manhood; but recollecting that in the gospel the Saviour is represented as sinking under the weight of the cross, which the first man they met accidentally was able to carry, he immediately altered his first conception, and gave to the beard that soft, flowing, downy texture which is supposed to indicate a feeble and delicate temperament.

I shall not easily forget the countenance of the good and gifted old man, as, leaning on the pedestal, with his cap in his hand, and his long gray hair waving round his face, he looked up at his work with a mixture of reverence and exultation, saying, in his imperfect and scarce intelligible French, "Oui, quand on a fait comme cela, on reste sur la terre!" meaning, I suppose, that this statue had insured his immortality on earth.

He added, "They ask me often where are the models after which I worked? and I answer, *here*, and *here*;" laying his hand first on his head, then on his heart.

I remember that when we first entered his room he was at work on one of the figures for the tomb of the late Queen Catherine of Wurtemburg. You perhaps recollect her in England when only Duchess of Oldenburg?

MEDON.—Yes; I remember, as a youngster, joining the mob who shouted before the windows of the Pulteney-hotel, and hailed her and her brother Alexander as if they had been a newly descended Jupiter and Juno! O verily, times are changed!

ALDA.—But in that woman there were the elements of a fine nature. She had the talents, the strength of mind, and far-reaching ambition of her grandmother, Catherine of Russia, but was not so perverted. During her short reign as Queen of Wurtemburg, the influence of her active mind was felt through the whole government. She founded, among other institutions, a school for the daughters of the nobility connected with the court,—in plain English, a charity-school for the nobility of Wurtemburg, who are among the most indigent and most ignorant of Germany. There are a few, very few brilliant exceptions. One lady of rank said to me, "As to an English governess, *that* is an advantage I never can hope to have for my daughters. The princesses have an English governess, but *we* cannot dream of such a thing." The late queen really deserved the regrets of her people. The king, whose sluggish mind she ruled or stimulated, is now devoted to his stables and hunting. He has married another wife, but he has erected to the honour of Catherine a splendid mausoleum, on the peak of a high hill, which can be seen from almost every part of the city; and on the summer evenings when the red sunset falls upon its white columns, it is a beautiful object. The figure on which Dannecker was occupied, represented prayer, or what he called, "La triomphe de la Prière;" it recalled to my mind Flaxman's lovely statue of the same subject,—the "Our Father which art in heaven," but suffered by the involuntary comparison. On the rough base of the statue he had tried to spell the name of Chantrey, but not very successfully. I took up a bit of chalk and wrote underneath in distinct characters, FRANCIS CHANTREY.

"I grow old," said he, looking from his work to the bust of the late queen, which stood opposite. "I have carved the effigies of three generations of poets, and as many of princes,

Twenty years ago I was at work on the tomb of the Duke of Oldenburg, and now I am at work upon *hers* who gave me that order. All die away: soon I shall be left alone. Of my early friends none remain but Goöthe. I shall die before him, and perhaps he will write my epitaph." He spoke with a smile, not foreseeing that he would be the survivor.

Three years after* I again paid Dannecker a visit, but a change had come over him; his feeble, trembling hand could no longer grasp the mallet or guide the chisel; his eyes were dim; his fine benevolent countenance wore a childish, vacant smile, now and then crossed by a gleam of awakened memory or thought—and yet he seemed so perfectly happy! He walked backwards and forwards, from his Christ to his bust of Schiller, with an unwearied self-complacency, in which there was something mournful, and yet delightful. While I sat looking at the magnificent head of Schiller, the original of the multifarious casts and copies which are dispersed through all Germany, he sat down beside me, and taking my hands between his own, which trembled with age and nervous emotion, he began to speak of his friend. "Nous etions amis dès l'enfance; aussi j'y ai travaillé avec amour, avec douleur—on ne peut pas plus faire." He then went on—"When Schiller came to Louisberg, he sent to tell me that he was very ill—that he should not live very long, and that he wished me to execute his bust. It was the first wish of my own heart. I went immediately. When I entered the house, I found a lady sitting on the *canapé*—it was Schiller's wife, and I did not know her; but she knew me. She said, 'Ah! you are Dannecker! —Schiller expects you;' then she ran into the next room, where Schiller was lying down on a couch, and in a moment after he came in, exclaiming as he entered, 'Where is he? where is Dannecker?' That was the moment—the expression I caught—you see it here—the head raised, the countenance full of inspiration, and affection, and bright hope! I told him that to keep up this expression he must have some of his best friends to converse with him while I took the model, for I could not talk and work too. O if I could but remember what glorious things then fell from those lips! Sometimes I stopped in my work—I could not go on—I could only listen." And here the old man wept; then suddenly changing his mood, he said—"But I must cut off that long hair; he never wore it so; it is not in the fashion, you know!" I begged him for

* In September, 1833.

Heaven's sake not to touch it; he then, with a sad smile, turned up the sleeve of his coat and showed me his wrist, swollen with the continual use of his implements—"You see I *cannot!*" And I could not help wishing, at the moment, that while his mind was thus enfeebled, no transient return of physical strength might enable him to put his wild threat in execution. What a noble bequest to posterity is the effigy of a great man, when executed in such a spirit as this of Schiller! I assure you I could not look at it without feeling my heart "overflow in silent worship" of moral and intellectual power, till the deification of great men in the old times appeared to me rather religion than idolatry. I have been affected in the same manner by the busts of Goëthe, Scott, Homer, Milton, Howard, Newton; never by the painted portraits of the same men, however perfect in resemblance and admirable in execution.

Meldon.—Painting gives us the material, sculpture the abstract, ethical aspect of the man. In the bust, whatever is commonplace, familiar, and actual, is thrown out or kept down: in a picture it is not only retained, but in most cases it is necessarily obtrusive. Goëthe, in a blue coat and metal buttons, and a white neckcloth, would not recall the author of the "Iphigenia;" still less does that wrinkled, decrepit-looking face in the gallery at Hardwicke portray Boyle the philosopher.

Alda.—Dannecker told me that he first modelled the head of Schiller the exact size of life, and conscientiously rendered each, even the slightest, individual trait; yet this head appeared to every one smaller than nature, and to himself almost *mesquin.** He was in despair. He repeated the bust in colossal size; and the development of the intellectual organization on a larger scale immediately gave what was wanting:—it appeared to the eye or to the mind's eye as only the size of life. He showed me a beautiful basso-relievo of the Muse of Tragedy, listening with an inspired look to the revelations of the Muse of History. This admirable little group struck me the more, because long ago I had clothed nearly the same idea in imperfect words.

I took leave of Dannecker with emotion: I shall never see him again! But he is one of those who cannot die; to use his own expression—"Quand on a fait *comme cela*, on reste sur la terre." When Canova, then a melancholy invalid, paid

* His own expression.

him a visit, he was struck by the child-like simplicity, the pure unworldly nature, the genuine goodness, and lively happy temperament of the German sculptor, that he gave him the surname of *il Beato;* and if the epithet *blessed* can, with propriety, be bestowed on any mortal, it is on him whose long life has been one of labour and of love; who has left behind him lasting memorials of his genius; who has never profaned the talents which God has given him to any unworthy purpose:—but in the midst of all the beautiful and exciting influences of poetry and art, has kept from youth to age a soul serene, a conscience and a life pure in the sight of God and man. Such was our own Flaxman—such is Dannecker!

Medon.—Who are now the principal sculptors in Germany?

Alda.—Rauch, of Berlin; Christian Frederic Tieck, the brother of the celebrated poet and critic, Ludwig Tieck; and Schwanthaler, of Munich. Rauch is the court sculptor of Berlin. He has, like Dannecker,* his professorship, his order of merit,† and, I believe, one or two places under the government, besides constant employment in his art. He works *by the piece*, as the labourers say. But though he too has yoked his genius to the car of power and patronage, he has done great things. The statue of the late queen of Prussia is reckoned his *chef-d'œuvre*, and is not, perhaps, exceeded in modern sculpture. It was conceived and worked out in all the inspiration of love and grief; as Dannecker would say, "Mit Lieb und Schmerzen." He had been attached to the queen's personal service, and shared, in an intense degree, the enthusiastic, devoted affection with which all her subjects regarded that beautiful and amiable woman. This statue he executed at Carrara; and a living eagle, which had been taken captive among the Appenines, was the original of that magnificent eagle he has placed at her feet:—nothing, you see, like going at once to nature! In the course of twenty-five years, Rauch has executed sixty-nine busts, of which twenty are colossal. Among his numerous other works, designed or executed within the same time, there is the colossal statue of Blucher, now at Breslau; this is in bronze, upon a granite pedestal. There is another statue of Blucher at Berlin, of which the pedestal, rich with bas-reliefs, is also in bronze. Rauch has been employed for

* Dannecker has been ennobled; his proper titles run thus—Johan Hienrich von Dannecker, Hofrath (court counsellor), knight of the orders of the Wurtemburg crown, and of Wladimar, and professor of sculpture at Stuttgard.

† Rauch is knight of the Red Eagle, and member of the senate.

the last twenty years in modelling field-marshals and generals, and has devoted his best powers to vanquish the difficulties presented by monotonous faces, drilled figures, military uniforms, and regimental boots and buttons; and all that man *can* do, I am told, he has done. I have seen some of his busts, which are quite admirable. At Peterstein, near Munich, I saw his statue of a little girl, about ten years old, which, in its simplicity, truth, and elegance, reminded me of Chantrey's Lady Louisa Russell, though in conception and *manner* as distinct as possible. The full length of Goëthe, in his dressing-gown, of which there is such an infinitude of casts and copies throughout Germany, is also by Rauch.

Christian Tieck is the old and intimate friend of Rauch. They live, or did live, under the same roof, and it is not known that a moment of jealousy or rivalship ever disturbed the union between these two celebrated and gifted men, who, starting nearly at the same time,* have run their brilliant career together in the self-same path, and, whatever judgment the world or posterity may form of their comparative merits, seem determined to enter the temple of immortality hand in hand. Tieck's works are dispersed from one end of Germany to the other. His statue of Neckar, his busts of Madame de Staël, of her second husband Rocca, of the Duke and Duchess de Broglie, and of A. W. Schlegel, I have seen; and all, particularly the busts of Rocca and Schlegel, are exceedingly fine. At Munich, at Dresden, and at Weimar, I saw many of his works; and at Manheim the bust of Madame de Heygendorf,†

* Christian Rauch was born in 1777, and Christian Frederic Tieck in 1776.

† Formerly Madame Jageman, the principal actress of the theatre at Weimar. Her talents were developed under the auspices of Goëthe and Schiller. She was the original Thekla of the Wallenstein, and the original Princess Leonora of the Tasso. In these two characters she has never yet been equalled. The quietness, amounting to passiveness, in the *external* delineation of the princess in Tasso, affords so little *material* for the stage, that Madame Wolff, then the first actress, preferred the character of Leonora Sanvitale, and Madame Jageman was supposed to derogate in accepting that of the Princess. Such is the consummate but evanescent delicacy of the conception, that Goëthe never expected to see it developed on the stage; and at the rehearsal he threw himself back in his chair and shut his eyes, that the image which lived in his imagination might not be profaned by any tasteless exaggeration of action or expression. He soon opened them, however, and before the rehearsal was finished, started off the chair, and nearly embraced the actress. She looked and felt the part as only a woman of exceeding taste and delicacy would have done; the very tone of her mind, and the character of her

full of beauty, and life, and expression. At Berlin, Tieck has been employed for many years in designing and executing the sculptured ornaments of the new theatre. There is a colossal Apollo; a Pegasus, striking the fountain of Helicon from the rock, colossal Muses, and a variety of other heathen perpetrations—all (as I am assured) exceedingly fine in their way. I believe his seated statue of Iffland (the Garrick of Germany) is considered one of his *chef-d'œuvres*. He also, like Rauch, has been much employed in modelling generals, and trophies in memory of the late war.

Schwanthaler, the son of a statuary of Munich, is still a young man; his works first began to create a sensation in Germany in the year 1823. In spirit and fire, and creative talent, in a fine classic feeling for his art, he appeared to me to be treading in the steps of Flaxman, and, like *him*, he is a profound and accomplished scholar, who has sought inspiration at the very fountain of Greek poetry. His basso relievo of the battle of the ships in the Iliad, his games of Greece, his designs from the theogony of Hesiod, and a variety of other works which I have seen, appeared to me full of imagination, and in a pure and vigorous style of art. Of him, and some other sculptors, you will find more particulars in the note-book I kept at Munich; we will look over it together one of these days.

MEDON.—Thank you; but I must needs ask you a question. In the works you have enumerated, nothing has struck me as new, or in a new spirit, except perhaps the Christ of Dannecker, and the statue of the Queen of Prussia. Now, why should not sculpture have its Gothic (or romantic) school, as well as its antique or classical school?

ALDA.—And has it not?

MEDON.—If you allude to the sculpture of the middle ages, *that* has not become a school of art, like their architecture and their painting: yet can it be true that there is something in our modern institutions, our northern descent, our Christian faith, inimical to the spirit of sculpture?—and, while poetry in every other form is regenerate around us, that in sculpture alone we are doomed to imitate, never to create?—doomed to the servile reproduction of the same ideas? that this alone, of all the fine arts, is to belong to some peculiar mode of existence, some peculiar mode of thinking, feeling, and believing? "Qui me

beauty, fitted her to represent the fair, gentle, fragile, but dignified Leonora.

delivrera des Grecs et des Romains?"—who will deliver me from gods and goddesses, and from all these

> "Repetitions, wearisome of sense,
> Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no place?"

ALDA.—You are little better than a heretic in these matters. But I will admit thus much—that the classical and mythological sculpture of our modern artists is to the ancient marbles what Racine's tragedies are to those of Sophocles; that we are so far condemned to the "repetition wearisome of *forms*," from which the ancient spirit has evaporated; but that is not the fault of the subjects, but the manner of treating them, for never can the beautiful mythology of ancient Greece, which has woven itself into our earliest dreams of poetry, become a "creed outworn." Its forms, and its symbols, and its imagery have mingled with every branch of art, and become a universal language. It is the deification of the material world; and therefore that art, which in its perfection may be called the apotheosis of form, finds there its proper region and element.

MEDON.—You do not suppose that, with all my Gothic tastes, I am such a Goth as not to feel the truth of what you say? But I am an enemy to the exclusive in every thing; and—pardon me—your worship of the Elgin marbles and the Niobe is, I think, a little too exclusive. All I ask is, that modern sculpture should be allowed, like painting and poetry, to have its romantic as well as its classical school.

ALDA.—It has been otherwise decided.

MEDON.—But it has not been otherwise proved. There has been much theoretical eloquence and criticism expended on the subject, but I deny that the experiment has been fairly and practically brought before us. I know very well you are ready with a thousand instances of attempt and failure, but may we not seek the cause in the mistaken application of certain classical, or I should say pedantic, ideas on the subject? If I ask for Milton's Satan, standing like a tower in his spiritual might, his thunder-scarred brow wreathed with the diadem of hell, why am I to be presented with an Athlete, or an Achilles? Why would Canova give us for the head of Dante's Beatrice that of a muse, or an Aspasia? and for Petrarch's Laura, a mere *tête de nymphe?* I contend, that to apply the forms suggested by the modern poetry demands a different spirit from that of classic art. How to apply or modify the example bequeathed to us by the great masters of old, Flaxman has shown us in his

Dante. And why should we not have in sculpture a Lear as well as a Laocoon? a Constance as well as a Niobe? a Gismunda as well as a Cleopatra?

Alda.—Or a Tam O'Shanter as well as a laughing Faun?

Medon.—When I am serious and poetical, which is not often, I will not allow you to be perverse and ironical!

Alda.—See, here is a passage which I have just found among Mrs. Austin's beautiful specimens of translation: "The critic of art ought to keep in view, not only the capabilities, but the proper objects of art. Not all that art can accomplish ought she to attempt. It is from this cause alone, and because we have lost sight of these principles, that art among us has become more extensive and difficult, and less effective and perfect."*

Medon.—Very well,—and very true: but who shall bring a rule and compass to measure the capabilities of art, and define its proper objects? May there not exist in the depths or heights of philosophy and art truths yet to be revealed, as there are stars in heaven whose light has not yet reached the naked eye? and why should not criticism have its telescope for truth, as well as its microscope for error? Art may be finite; but who shall fix its limits, and say, "Thus far shalt thou go?" There are those who regard the distant as the unattainable, the unknown as the unexisting, the actual as the necessary; —are you one of such, O you of little faith! For my own part, I look forward to a new era in sculpture. I believe that the purely natural and the purely ideal are *one*, and susceptible of forms and modifications as yet untried. For Nature, the infinite, sits within her tabernacle not made by human hands, and Genius and Love are the cherubim, to whom it is permitted to look into her unveiled eyes and reflect their light; Art is the priestess of her divine mysteries, and Criticism, the door-keeper of her temple, should be Janus-headed, looking forward as well as backward. Reason estimates what has been done; Imagination alone divines what *may* be done. But I am losing myself in these reveries. To attempt something new,—perfectly new in style and conception—and spend, like Dannecker, eight years in working out that conception—and then perhaps eight years more waiting for a purchaser, and this in a country where one must eat and pay taxes—truly, it is not easy.

* Lessing.

SKETCHES OF ART, LITERATURE, AND CHARACTER.

III.

MEDON.—You have been frowning and musing in your chair for the last half-hour, with your forefinger between the leaves of your book—where were your thoughts?

ALDA.—They were far—very far! I am afraid that I appear very stupid!

MEDON.—O not at all! you know there are stars which appear dim and fixed to the eye, while they are taking flights and making revolutions, which imagination cannot follow nor science compute.

ALDA.—Upon my word, you are very sublimely ironical—my thoughts were not quite so far.

MEDON.—May one beg or borrow them?—What is your book?

ALDA.—Mrs. Austin's "Characteristics of Goëthe." I came upon a passage which sent back my thoughts to Weimar. I was again in his house; the faces, the voices of his grandchildren were around me; the room in which he studied, the bed in which he slept, the old chair in which he died,—and, above all, *she* in whose arms he died—from whose lips I heard the detail of his last moments—

* * * * *

MEDON.—What! all this emotion for Goëthe?

ALDA.—For Goëthe!—I should as soon think of weeping because the sun set yesterday, which now is pouring its light around me! Our tears are for those who suffer, for those who die, for those who are absent, for those who are cold or lost—not for those who cannot die, who cannot suffer,—who must be, to the end of time, a presence and an existence among us! No.

But I was reading here among the Characteristics of Goëthe, who certainly "knew all qualities, with a learned spirit in human

dealings," that he was not only the quick discerner and most cordial hater of all affectation; but even the unconscious affectation—the *nature de convention*,—the taught, the artificial, the acquired in manner or character, though it were meritorious in itself, he always detected, and it appeared to impress him disagreeably. Stay, I will read you the passage—here it is.

"Even virtue, laboriously and painfully acquired, was distasteful to him. I might almost affirm, that a faulty but vigorous character, if it had any real native qualities as its basis, was regarded by him with more indulgence and respect than one which, at no moment of its existence, is genuine; which is incessantly under the most unamiable constraint, and consequently imposes a painful constraint on others. 'Oh,' said he, sighing, on such occasions, 'if they had but the heart to commit some absurdity, that would be something, and they would at least be restored to their own natural soil, free from all hypocrisy and acting: wherever that is the case, one may entertain the cheering hope that something will spring from the germ of good which nature implants in every individual. But on the ground they are now upon, nothing can grow.' 'Pretty dolls,' was his common expression when speaking of them. Another phrase was, 'That's a piece of nature' (literally, *das ist eine Natur*, that is a nature), which from Goëthe's lips was considerable praise."*

This last phrase threw me back upon my remembrances, I thought of the daughter-in-law of the poet,—the trusted friend, the constant companion, the devoted and careful nurse of his last years. It accounted for the unrivalled influence which apparently she possessed—I will not say *over* his mind—but *in* his mind, in his affections; for in her he found truly *eine Natur*—a piece of nature, which could bear even *his* microscopic examination. All other beings who approached Goëthe either were, or had been, or might be more or less modified by the action of that universal and master spirit. Consciously or unconsciously, in love or in fear, they bowed down before him, and gave up their individuality, or forgot it, in his presence; they took the bent he chose to impress, or the colour he chose to throw upon them. Their minds, in presence of his, were as opaque bodies in the sun, absorbing in different degrees, reflecting in various hues, his vital beams; but HERS was, in comparison, like a transparent medium, through which the rays of that luminary passed,—pervading and enlightening, but leaving

* Characteristics of Goëthe, vol. i. p. 29.

no other trace. Conceive a woman, a young, accomplished, enthusiastic woman, who had qualities to attach, talents to amuse, and capacity to appreciate GOETHE; who, for fourteen or fifteen years, could exist in daily, hourly communication with that gigantic spirit, yet retain, from first to last, the most perfect simplicity of character, and this less from the strength than from the purity and delicacy of the original texture. Those oft-abused words, *naïve*, *naïveté*, were more applicable to her in their fullest sense than to any other woman I ever met with. Her conversation was the most untiring I ever enjoyed, because the stores which fed that flowing eloquence were all native and unborrowed: you were not borne along by it as by a torrent—*bongré*, *malgré*,—nor dazzled as by an artificial *jet d'eau* set to play for your amusement. There was the obvious wish to please—a little natural *coquetterie*—vivacity without effort, sentiment without affectation, exceeding mobility, which yet never looked like caprice; and the most consummate refinement of thought, and feeling, and expression. From that really elegant and highly-toned mind nothing flippant or harsh could ever proceed; slander died away in her presence; what was evil she would not hear of; what was malicious she would not understand; what was ridiculous she would not see. Sometimes there was a wild, artless fervour in her impulses and feelings, which might have become a feather-cinctured Indian on her savannah; then, the next moment, her bearing reminded you of the court-bred lady of the bed-chamber. Quick in perception, yet femininely confiding, uniting a sort of restless vivacity with an indolent gracefulness, she appeared to me by far the most poetical and genuine being of my own sex I ever knew in highly-cultivated life: one to whom no wrong could teach mistrust; no injury, bitterness; one to whom the commonplace realities, the vulgar necessary cares of existence, were but too indifferent;—who was, in reality, all that other women try to appear, and betrayed, with a careless independence, what they most wish to conceal. I draw from the life,—now, what would you say to such a woman if you met with her in the world?

MEDON.—I should say—she had no business there.

ALDA.—How?

MEDON.—I repeat, that the woman you have just portrayed is hardly fit for the world.

ALDA.—Say, rather, the world is not fitted for her. As the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath, so the

world was made for man, not man for the world—still less woman.

MEDON.—Do you know what you mean?

ALDA.—I think I do, though I am afraid I can but ill explain myself. By the world I mean that system of social life, in all its complicate bearings, by which we are surrounded; which was, I suppose, devised at first with a reference to the wants, the happiness, and the benefit of men, but for which no *man* was specifically created; his being has a high and individual purpose beyond the world. Now, it seems to me one reason of the low average of what we call *character*, that we judge a human soul, not as it is abstractedly, but simply in relation to others, and to the circumstances around it. If it be in harmony with the world, and worldly, we praise it—it is a very respectable soul; if so constituted that it is in discord with a world (which, observe, all our philosophers, our pastors, and our masters unite to assure us, is a sad wicked place, and must be reformed or renounced forthwith), then—I pray your attention to this point—*then* the fault, the bitter penalty, lies, not upon this said wicked world,—O no!—but on that unlucky "piece of nature," which, in its power, its goodness, its purity, its truth, its faith, and its tenderness, stands aloof from it. Is it not so?

MEDON.—Do you apply this personally?

ALDA.—No, generally; but I return to her who suggested the thought, and whom I ought not, perhaps, to have made the subject of such a conversation as this: it is against all my principles, contrary to my custom; and, in truth, I speak of one in whom there is so much to love that we cannot praise without being accused of partiality, and so much to admire that we could not censure without being suspected of envy. I might as well be silent therefore. Yet shall such a woman bear such a name, and hold such a position as the mother of Goëthe's posterity;*—shall she be rendered by both a mark for observation from one end of Europe to the other;—shall she be "condemned to celebrity," and shall it be allowed to ignorance, or ill-nature, or vanity to prate of her;—and shall it be forbidden to friendship even to speak?—that were hardly just. Of those effusions of her creative and poetical talents which charm her friends I say nothing, because in all probability

* I believe it was in allusion to this distinction, and her own noble birth, that her father-in-law used to call her playfully, "*die kleine Ahnfrau*" (the little ancestress).

neither you nor the public will ever benefit by them. I met with several other women in Germany who possessed striking poetical genius, and whose compositions were equally destined to remain unknown, except to the circle of their immediate friends and relatives.

MEDON.—Mr. Hayward, in his notes to his translation of Faust, remarks on the strong prejudice against female authorship which still exists in Germany; but he has hopes that it will not endure, and that something may be done "to unlock the stores of fancy and feeling which the Ottilies and the Adèles have hived up." Tell me—did you find this prejudice entertained by the women themselves, or existing chiefly on the part of the men?

ALDA.—It was expressed most strongly by the women, but it must have originated with the men. All your prejudices you instil into us; and then we are not satisfied with adopting them, we exaggerate them—we mix them up with our fancies and affections, and transmit them to our children. You are "the mirrors in which we dress ourselves."

MEDON.—For which you dress yourselves!

ALDA.—Psha!—I mean that your minds and opinions are the mirrors in which we form our own. You legislate for us, mould us, form us as you will. If you prefer slaves and playthings to companions and helpmates, is that our fault? In Germany I met with some men who, perhaps out of compliment, descanted with enthusiasm on female talent, and in behalf of female authorship; but the women almost uniformly spoke of the latter with dread, as something formidable; or with contempt, as of something beneath them: what is an unworthy prejudice in your sex becomes, when transplanted into ours, a *feeling*;—a mistaken, but a genuine, and even a generous feeling. Many women, who have sufficient sense and simplicity of mind to rise above the mere *prejudice*, would not contend with the *feeling:* they would not scruple to encounter the public judgment in a cause approved by their own hearts, but they have not courage to brave or to oppose the opinions of friends and kindred—

MEDON.—Or risk the loss of a lover. You remember the axiom of that clever Frenchman,* who certainly spoke the existing opinions of his country only a few years ago, when he said —"Imprimer, pour une femme de moins de cinquante ans c'est

* M. Besle, otherwise the Comte de Stendhal, and, I believe, he has half a dozen other *aliases*.

mettre son bonheur à la plus terrible des lotteries; si elle a un amant elle commencera par le perdre."

ALDA.—I really believe that in Germany the latter catastrophe would be in most cases inevitable; and where is the woman who knowingly would risk it?

MEDON.—All, however, have not lovers to lose, or husbands to displease, or friends to affront; and if the women, in compliance with our self-revolving egotism, affect to prostrate themselves, and undervalue one another—do the men allow it to this extent? Do not the Germans most justly boast, that in their land arose the first feeling of veneration for women, the result of the Christian dispensation, grafted on the old German manners? Do they not point to their literature and their institutions, as more favourable to your sex than any other? Does not even Madame de Staël exalt the fine earnestness of the German feeling towards you, infinitely above the system of French gallantry?—that flimsy veil of conventional good-breeding, under which we seek to disguise the demoralization of one sex, and the virtual slavery of the other? Have I not heard you say, that it is the present fashion among the poets, artists, and writers of Germany to defer in all things to the middle ages? Are not the maxims and sentiments of chivalry ready on their lips, the forms and symbols of the old chivalrous times to be traced in every department of literature and art among them?

ALDA.—All this is true; and I will believe that all this is something more than mere theory, when I see the Germans less slovenly in their interior, and less egotistical in their domestic relations. The theme is unwelcome, unpleasant, ungraceful,—in fact, I can scarcely persuade myself to say one word against those high-minded, benevolent, admirable, and "most-thinking people;" so I will not dwell upon it: but I must confess that the personal negligence of the men, and the forbearance of the women on this point, astonished me. I longed to remind these worshippers of the age of chivalry of that advice of St. Louis to his son—"Il faut être toujours propre et bien proprement habillé, afin d'être *mieux aimé de sa femme*;" the really good-natured and well-bred Germans will, I am sure, forgive this passing remark, and allow its truth: they *did* at once agree with me, that the tavern-life of the men, more particularly the clever professional men in the south of Germany (another remnant, I presume, either of the age of chivalry, or the Bürschen-sitten—I know not which), was calculated to retard the social improvement and refinement of both sexes. And,

apropos to chivalry, the fact is, that the institutions of a generous but barbarous period, invented to shield our helplessness, when women were exposed to every hardship, every outrage, have been much abused, and must be considerably modified to suit a very different state of society. That affectation of poetical homage which your strength paid to our weakness, when the laws were not sufficient to defend us, we would now gladly exchange for more real honour, more real protection, more equal rights. I speak thus, knowing that, however open to perversion these expressions may be, *you* will not misapprehend me; you know that I am no vulgar, vehement arguer about the "rights of women;" and, from my habitual tone of feeling and thought, the last to covet any of your masculine privileges.

MEDON.—I do perfectly understand you; but, pray, what are our strictly masculine privileges, that you should covet them? Fighting! getting drunk! and keeping a mistress!—I beg your pardon if I shock your delicacy; but certainly, upon the score of masculine privileges, the less that is said the better: there are nations in which it is a masculine privilege to sit and smoke, while women draw the plough. It was some time ago,—and now, in some countries, it *is* still a masculine privilege to cultivate the mind at all; and in Germany, apparently, it is still a masculine privilege to publish a book without losing *caste* in society; whereas here, in England, we have fallen into the opposite extreme; female authorship is in danger of becoming a fashion,—which Heaven avert! I should be sorry to see you women taking the pen you have hitherto so honoured, in the same spirit in which you used to make filligree, cobble shoes, and paint velvet.

ALDA.—It is too true that mere vanity and fashion have lately made some women authoresses;—more write for money, and by this employment of their talents earn their own independence, add to the comforts of a parent, or supply the extravagance of a husband. Some, who are unhappy in their domestic relations, yet endowed with all that feminine craving after sympathy which was intended to be the charm of our sex, the blessing of yours, and somehow or other has been turned to the bane of both, look abroad for what they find not at home; fling into the wide world the irrepressible activity of an overflowing mind and heart, which can find no other unforbidden issue,—and to such "fame is love disguised." Some write from the mere energy of intellect and will; some few from the pure wish to do good, and to add to the stock of happiness

and the progress of thought; and many from all these motives combined in different degrees.

Medon.—And have none of these motives produced authoresses in Germany?

Alda.—Yes; but fashion, and vanity, and the love of excitement have not as yet tempted the German women to print their effusions; their most distinguished authoresses have become so, either from real enthusiasm or from necessity; and in the lighter departments of literature they boast at present some brilliant names. I will run over a few.

There is Helmina von Chezy—but before I speak of *her*, I should tell you of her famous grandmother, Anna Louisa Karshin, though *she* belonged to the last century. The Karshin was the daughter of a poor innkeeper and brewer, in a little village of Silesia. She spent her early years in herding cows. She learned to read by stealth, by stealth she became a poetess; was first married to a boorish sulky weaver, secondly to a drunken tailor, and suffered for years every extremity of poverty and misery; at one time she travelled about the neighbouring country, the first example of an itinerant poetess, declaiming her own verses, and always ready with an ode or a sonnet to celebrate a wedding or hail a birthday. In this strange profession she excited much astonishment—went through some singular, but not disreputable, adventures—and earned considerable sums of money, which her husband spent in drink and profligacy. Gifted with as much energy as genius, she struggled through all, and gradually became known to several of the critics and poets of the last century, particularly Count Stolberg and Gleim, and obtained the title of the German Sappho. She found means to reach Berlin, where she worked her way up to distinction, and supported herself, two children, and an orphan brother, by her talents. She was recommended to Frederic the Great as worthy of a pension, and —would you believe it?—that *munificent* patron of his country's genius sent her a gratuity of two dollars in a piece of paper. This extraordinary and spirited woman, who had probably subsisted for half her life on charity, instantly returned them to the niggardly despot, after writing in the envelope four lines impromptu, which are yet repeated in Germany. I am not quite sure that I remember them accurately, and it is no matter, for they have not much either of poetry or point:—

"Zwei Thaler sind zu wenig,
Zwei Thaler gibt kein König.

Zwei Thaler machen nicht mein Glück;
Fritz, hier sind sie zurück."

She died in 1791, and a selection of her poems was published in the following year.

The granddaughter of the Karshin, the more celebrated Helmina von Chezy, is likewise a poetess; her principal work is a tale of chivalry, in verse, *Die Drei Weissen Rosen* (The Three White Roses), which was published in 18—, and she wrote the opera of Euryanthe, for Weber to set to music. Her songs and lighter poems are, I am told, exceedingly beautiful.

Caroline Pichler, of Vienna, I need only mention. I believe her historical romances have been translated into half a dozen languages. The Siege of Vienna is reckoned her best.

Madame Schopenhaur, the daughter of a senator of Dantzic, is celebrated for her novels, travels, and works on art. She resided for many years at Weimar, where she drew round her a brilliant literary circle, which the talents of her daughter farther adorned. Since Goëthe's death she has fixed her residence at Bonn, where it is probable the remainder of her life will be spent. One of the best of her novels, "Die Tante," has been translated by Madame de Montolieu, under the title of "La Tante et la Nièce." Another very pretty little book of hers, "Ausflucht an dem Rhein," I should like to see translated. Besides being an elegant writer on art, Madame Schopenhaur is herself no mean artist. Moreover, she is a kind-hearted, excellent old lady, with a few old lady-like prejudices about England and the English, which I forgave her,—the more easily as I had to thank her in my own person for many and kind attentions.

Madame von Helvig, of Weimar (born Amalia von Imhoff), was the friend of Schiller, under whose auspices her first poems were published. Her rare knowledge of languages, her learning and critical taste in works of art, have distinguished her almost as much as her genius for poetry.

The first wife of the Baron de la Motte-Fouquet was a very accomplished woman, and the author of several poems and romances.

Frederica Brun (born Münter), the daughter of a learned ecclesiastic of Gotha, is celebrated for her prose writings, and particularly her travels in Italy, where she resided at different periods. Madame Brun was a friend of Madame de Staël, who mentions her in her De l'Allemagne, and describes the extraor-

dinary talents for classical pantomime possessed by her daughter Ida Brun.

Louisa Brachmann is, I believe, more renowned for her melancholy death than her poetical talents; both together have procured her the name of the "German Sappho." The wretched woman threw herself into the river at Halle, and perished, as it was said, for the sake of some faithless Phaon. This was in 1822, when she must have been between forty and fifty; and pray observe, I do not notice this fact of her age in ridicule. A woman's heart may overflow *inwardly* for long, long years, till at last the accumulated sorrow bursts the bounds of reason, and then all at once we see the result of causes to which none gave heed, and of secret agonies to which none gave comfort—in folly, madness, destruction. Whatever might have been the cause,—thus she died. Her works in prose and verse may be found in every bookseller's shop in Germany. There is also a life of this unhappy and gifted woman by Professor Schutz.

Fanny Tarnow is one of the most remarkable and most fertile of all the modern German authoresses. Her genius was developed by misfortune and suffering; while yet an infant, she fell from a window two stories high, and was taken up, to the amazement of the assistants, without any apparent injury, except a few bruises; but all the vital functions suffered, and during ten or twelve years she was extended on a couch, neither joining in any of the amusements of childhood, nor subjected to the usual routine of female education. She educated herself. She read incessantly; and, as it was her only pleasure, books of every description, good and bad, were furnished her without restraint. She was about eleven years old when she made her first *known* poetical attempt, inspired by her own feelings and situation. It was a dialogue between herself and the angel of death. In her seventeenth year she was sufficiently recovered to take charge of her father's family, after he had lost, by some sudden misfortune, his whole property. He held subsequently a small office under government, the duties of which were principally performed by his admirable daughter. Her first writings were anonymous, and for a long time her name was unknown. Her most celebrated novel, the "Thekla," was published in 1815; and from this time she has enjoyed a high and public reputation. Fanny Tarnow resides, or did reside, in Dresden.

I have yet another name here, and not the least interesting, —that of Johanna von Weissenthurn, one of the most popular

dramatic writers in Germany. She was educated for the stage, even from infancy, her parents and relations being, I believe, strolling players. She lived, for many years, a various life of toil, and adventure, and excitement; such, perhaps, as Goëthe describes in the Wilhelm Meister; a life which does sometimes blunt the nicer feelings, but is sure to develop talent where it exists. Johanna at length rose through all the grades of her profession, and became the first actress at the principal theatre at Vienna. She played in the "Phœdra," before Napoleon, when he occupied the Austrian capital in 1806, and the conqueror sent to her, after the performance, a complimentary message, and a gratuity of three thousand francs; but her lasting reputation is founded on her dramatic works, which are played in every theatre in Germany. The plots, which, I am told, are remarkable for fancy and invention, have been borrowed, without acknowledgment, both by French and English playwrights. I was quite charmed with one of her pieces which I saw at Munich (Die Erden—The Heirs), and with another which was represented at Frankfort. Johanna von Weissenthurn has also written poems and tales.

I have come to the end of my memoranda on this subject, and regret it much. I might easily give you more names and quote second-hand the opinions I heard of the merits and characteristics of these authoresses; but I speak of nothing but what I *know*, and not being able to form any judgment myself, I will give none. Only it appears to me that the Germans themselves assign to no female writer the same rank which here we proudly give to Joanna Baillie and Mrs. Hemans. I could hear of none who had ever exercised any thing like the moral influence possessed by Maria Edgeworth and Harriet Martineau, in their respective departments; nor could learn that any German woman had yet given *public* proof that the most feminine qualities were reconcileable with the highest scientific attainments—like Mrs. Marcet and Mrs. Somerville.

Medon.—You said, the other night, that you had not formed any opinion as to the moral and social position of the women in Germany; but you must have brought away some general impressions of manner and character;—frankly, were they favourable or unfavourable?

Alda.—Frankly, they were most favourable. Remember that I am not prepared with any general sweeping conclusions: I cannot assure you, from my own knowledge, that among my own sex the proportion of virtue and happiness is greater in Germany than in England. On the contrary—

———In every land
I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.

In every land I thought that, more or less,
The stronger, sterner nature overbore
The softer, uncontroll'd by gentleness,
And selfish evermore!*

—Why do you smile?

MEDON.—You amuse me with the perseverance with which you ring the changes on your favourite text, in prose and in verse; and yet, to adopt Voltaire's witty metaphor, *we* are the hammers and *you* the anvils all the world over. But is that all? You need not have gone to Germany to verify that!

ALDA.—No, sir; it is not *all*. In the first place, you know I have a sufficient contempt for our English intolerance with regard to manners--

MEDON.—Why, yes; with reason. The influence of mere *manner* among our fashionable people, and the stress laid upon it as a distinction, have become so vulgarized and abused, that I should be relieved even by a reaction which should throw us out of the insipidity of conventional manner into primeval rudeness.

ALDA.—No, no, no!—no extremes: but though so sensible to the ridicule of referring the social habits, opinions, customs of other nations, to the arbitrary standard of our own, still I could not help falling into comparisons; certain distinctions between the German and the English women struck me involuntarily. In the highest circles a stranger finds society much alike everywhere. A court-ball--the *soirée* of an ambassadress--a minister's dinner--present nearly the same physiognomy. It is in the second class of society, which is also everywhere, and in every sense, the best, that we behold the stamp of national character. I was not condemned to see my German friends always *en grande toilette;* I had better opportunities of judging and appreciating their domestic habits and manners than most travellers enjoy.

I thought the German women of a certain rank more *natural* than we are. The moral education of an English girl is, for the most part, *negative;* the whole system of duty is thus presented to the mind. It is not "this you must do;" but always "you must not do this--you must not say that—you

* Alfred Tennyson.

must not think so;" and if by some hardy, expanding nature the question be ventured, "Why?"—the mamma or the governess is ready with the answer—"It is not the custom—it is not lady-like—it is ridiculous!" But is it wrong?—why is it wrong?—and then comes answer, pat—"My dear, you must not argue—young ladies never argue."—"But, mamma, I was thinking—"—"My dear, you must not think—go write your Italian exercise;" and so on! The idea that certain passions, powers, tempers, feelings, interwoven with our being by our almighty and all-wise Creator, are to be put down by the fiat of a governess, or the edict of fashion, is monstrous. Those who educate us imagine that they have done every thing, if they have silenced controversy, if they have suppressed all external demonstration of an excess of temper or feeling; not knowing, or not reflecting, that unless our nature be self-governed and self-directed by an appeal to those higher faculties which link us immediately with what is divine, their labour is lost.

Now, in Germany, the women are less educated to suit some particular fashion; the cultivation of the intellect, and the forming of the manners, do not so generally supersede the training of the moral sentiments—the affections—the impulses; the latter are not so habitually crushed or disguised; consequently the women appeared to me more natural, and to have more individual character.

Medon.—But the English women pique themselves on being natural; at least they have the word continually in their mouths. Do you know that I once overheard a well-meaning mother instructing her daughter how to be natural? You laugh, but I assure you it is a simple fact. Now, I really do not object to natural insipidity, but I do object to conventional insipidity; I object to a rule of elegance which makes the negative the test of the natural. It seems hard that those who have hearts and souls must needs put them into a strait-waistcoat, in order to oblige those who choose to have none; and be guilty of the grossest affectation, to escape the imputation of being affected!

Alda.—I think there is less of this among the Germans; more of the individual character is brought into the daily intercourse of society—more of the poetry of existence is brought to bear on the common realities of life. I saw a freshness of feeling—a genuine (not a taught) simplicity, which charmed me. Sometimes I have seen affectation, but it amused me; it consisted in the exaggeration of what is in itself good, not in the mean renunciation of our individuality—the immolation

of our soul's truth to a mere fashion of behaviour. As Rochefoucauld called hypocrisy (that last extreme of wickedness), "*the homage which vice pays to virtue;*" so the *nature de convention*, that last and worst excess of affectation, is the homage which the artificial pays to the natural.

The German women are much more engrossed by the cares of housekeeping than women of a similar rank of life in England. They carry this too far in many instances, as we do the opposite extreme. In England, with our false, conventional refinement, we attach an idea of vulgarity to certain cares and duties in which there is nothing vulgar. To see the young and beautiful daughter of a lady of rank running about, busied in household matters, with the keys of the wine-cellar and the store-room suspended to her sash, would certainly surprise a young Englishwoman, who, meantime, is netting a purse, painting a rose, or warbling some "Dolce mio Bene," or "Soavi Palpiti," with the air of a nun at penance. The description of Werter's Charlotte, cutting bread and butter, has been an eternal subject of laughter among the English, among whom fine sentiment must be garnished out with something finer than itself; and no princess can be suffered to go mad, or even be in love, except in white satin. To any one who has lived in Germany, the union of sentiment and bread and butter, or of poetry with household cares, excites no laughter. The wife of a state minister once excused herself from going with me to a picture gallery, because on that day she was obliged to reckon up the household linen; she was one of the most charming, truly elegant, and accomplished women I ever met with. At another time, I remember that a very accomplished woman, who had herself figured in a court, could not do something or other—I forget what—because it was the "grösse wäsche" (the great wash); an event, by-the-way, which I often found very mal-apropos, and which never failed to turn a German household upside down. You must remember that I am not speaking of tradesmen and mechanics, but of people of my own, or even a superior, rank of life. It is true that I met with cases in which the women had, without necessity, sunk into mere domestic drudges—women whose souls were in their kitchen and their household stuff—whose talk was of dishes and of condiments; but then the same species of women in England would have been, instead of busy with the idea of being useful, frivolous and silly, without any idea at all.

MEDON.—And whether a woman put her soul into an apple

tart or a new bonnet signifies little, if there be no capacity there for any thing better. I hate mere fine ladies; but equally avoid those who seem born to "suckle fools and chronicle small beer." The accomplishments which embellish social life—the cultivation which raises you to a companionship with men—I cannot spare these to make mere nurses and housewives, as I conceive the generality of the German women aim to be, and which I have been told the opinions of the men approve.

Alda.—As to what we term accomplishments, there was certainly much less exhibition and parade of them in society; they formed less an established and necessary part of education than with us; but, of really accomplished, well-informed women, believe me I found no deficiency—far otherwise: if the inclination or the talent existed, means and opportunity were not wanting for mental culture of a very high species. I met with fewer women who drew badly, sang tolerably, or rather intolerably, scratched the harp, and quoted Metastasio; but I met with quite as many women who, without pretension, were finished musicians, painted like artists, possessed an extensive acquaintance with their own literature, and an uncommon knowledge of languages; and were, besides, very good housewives after the German fashion. More or less acquaintance with the French language was a matter of course, but English was preferred: everywhere I met with women who had cultivated with success, not our language merely, but our literature. Shakspeare, whether studied in English or in some of their excellent translations, I found a species of household god, whose very name was breathed with reverence, as if it were that of a supernatural being. Lord Byron, and Sir Walter Scott, and Campbell are familiar names. Wordsworth and Shelley are beginning to be known, but they are pronounced more difficult of comprehension than Shakspeare himself; yet I met with a German lady who could repeat Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" by heart. Of our great modern poets, Crabbe appeared the least understood and appreciated in Germany, for the obvious reason that his subjects and portraits are almost exclusively national. There are, however, several German editions of his works. The men read him as a study. The only German lady I met with who had read his works through pronounced them "not poetry." Bulwer is exceedingly popular among the women; so is Moore. Some of those who most admired the latter gave as one reason that "his English style was so easy."

MEDON.—Of all our poets, Moore should seem the least allied to a German taste. Shall I confess to you? He reminds me perpetually of Prince Potemkin's larder, in which you could always have *petits-patés* and champaign, *ad libitum*, but never a morsel of bread or a drop of water!

ALDA.—The simile is e'en too wickedly just; but I except his Irish ballads: by-the-way, I was pleased to find some of our beautiful Irish melodies almost naturalized in Germany, and sung either in Moore's words or German versions of them. I remember that at Stift-Neuberg I heard the air of Ally Croker sung to an excellent translation of Moore's words,* and with as much of the national spirit and feeling as if we had been on the banks of the Shannon instead of the banks of the Neckar. The singer, an amateur, and a most extraordinary musical genius, who had joined our circle from Heidelberg, did not understand, or at least did not speak, English; yet there was no Irish, or Scotch, or English air which he had not at the ends of his fingers; and when he struck up, "Of a noble race was Shenkin," it was as if all the souls of all the Welsh harpers since high-born Hoel had inspired him. This gifted person was, however, of your sex, and our discourse, at present, is of mine.

I heard an English lady, who had resided for some time in Germany, remark that the "German mothers *spoiled* their children terribly;" in other words, the children lived more habitually with the mothers, were under little restraint, and behaved in the drawing-room much as if they were in the nursery, and were treated, as they grew up, on more equal terms.

That high exterior polish, those brilliant conversational talents, which I have seen in many English and French women, must be rare among the Germans; they are too simple, and too much in earnest. The trifling of a polished French woman is often most graceful; the trifling of an English woman gracious and graceful; but the trifling of a German woman is, in comparison, heavy work; to use a common expression, it is not *in them*. I met with *one* satirical woman. You know I once ventured to assert that no woman is *naturally* satirical, and to touch upon the causes which foster this artificial vice—and here was a case in point. It was that of a mind which had originally been a piece of nature's noblest handiwork, first bruised, then gradually festered by the action of all evil influences.

MEDON.—And, "lilies that fester are far worse than weeds,"

* "Thro' Erin's isle to sport awhile," &c.

so singeth the poet; but do you make the cause also the excuse? How many minds have endured the most withering influences of misery and mischief, if not untouched, at least uninjured—unimbittered!

ALDA.—I grant you: but before we assume the power of judging, of computing the degree of virtue in the latter case, of vice in the former, we should look to the original conformation of the human being—the material exposed to these influences. Fire hardens the clay and dissolves the metal. This plate of tempered steel, on which I am going to etch, shall corrode, effervesce, be absolutely decomposed by the action of a few drops of nitric acid, which has no effect whatever on this lump of wax. Now, carry this analogy into the consideration of the human character—it will spare us a long argument.

As to the chapter of coquettes—

MEDON.—Ah! *glissez, mortel, n'appuyez pas!*

ALDA.—And why not?—Don't you know that I meditate, with the assistance of certain *professorins*, a complete Natural History of Coquettes (in quarto), which shall rival the famous Dutch treatise on butterflies, in heaven knows how many folio volumes? In the first part of this stupendous work, we intend to treat systematically of every known species, from the *coquetterie instinctive*, which may be termed the wild genus, indigenous in all females, up to the *coquetterie calculée et philosophique*, the most refined specimen reared in the hot-bed of artificial life. In the second part, we shall treat the whole history of *Coquetterie*, from that first pretty experiment of dear mamma Eve, when she turned away from Adam,

> "————————As conscious of her worth,
> That would be woo'd and not unsought be won,"

down to—to—how shall I avoid being personal?—down to the Lady Adeline Amundevilles of our own day. With some women *coquetterie* is an instinct; with others, an amusement; with others, a pursuit; with others, a science. With the German women it is a passion: they play the coquette as they do every thing else, with sentiment, with good faith, with enthusiasm.

MEDON.—Why then it is no longer *coquetterie*—it is love!

ALDA.—I beg your pardon; it is something very different. True, perhaps, "that thin partitions do the bounds divide;" but, to a nice observer, the division is not the less complete.

In short, you can imagine nothing more distinct than an English coquette and a German coquette; in the first case, one is reminded of Dryden's fanciful simile--

> "So cold herself, while she such warmth express'd,
> 'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream!"

But, in the latter case, it is Diana bending the bow and brandishing the darts of Cupid; and with an unsuspicious *gaucherie*, which now and then turns the point against her own bosom.

I observed, and I verified my own observations by the information of some intelligent medical men, that there is less ill-health among the superior rank of women in Germany than with us; all that class of diseases which we call nervous, which in England have increased, and are increasing in such a fearful ratio, are far less prevalent; doubtless, because the habits of social life are more natural. The use of noxious stimulants among the better class of women is almost unknown, and rare among the very lowest classes—would to heaven we could say the same! Nowhere, not even at Munich, one of the most profligate of the German capitals, was I ever shocked by the exhibition of female suffering and depravity in another form, as in the theatres and the streets of London.

I have been asked twenty times since my return to England, whether the German women are not very *exaltée*--very romantic? I could only answer, that they appeared to me less calculating, less the slaves of artificial manners and modes of thinking; more imaginative, more governed by natural feeling, more enthusiastic in love and religion, than with us. If this is what my English friends term *exaltée*, I certainly cannot think the German women would have reason to be offended by the application of the word to them, however satirically meant. Perhaps it may be from necessity that they are generally more simple in their tastes, and more frugal in their expenses; they had certainly a most formidable idea of the extravagance of fashionable English women, and of our luxurious habits. I believe that they are sometimes difficult of access, and apparently inhospitable, because they suspect us of scoffing at their simplicity, at the homeliness of their accommodations, and their housewively occupations. For my own part, I slipped so quietly and naturally into all their social and domestic habits, and cared so little about the differences and distinctions, which some of the English thought it fine to be always remarking and

lamenting, that my German friends used to express their surprise, by saying, "Savez vous, ma chère, que vous ne me faites pas du tout l'effet d'une Anglaise!"—an odd species of compliment, but certainly meant as such. It is true that I was sometimes a little tired of the everlasting knitting and cross-stitch; and it is true I may at times have felt the want of certain external luxuries, with which we are habitually pampered in this prodigal land, till they become necessaries; but I would be well content to exchange them all a thousand times over for the cheap mental and social pleasures—the easy intercourse of German life.

Medon.—Apropos to German romance. I met with a striking instance of it even in my short and rapid journey across part of the country. A lady of birth and rank, who had been *dame d'honneur* in the court of a sovereign princess (a princess, by-the-way, of very equivocal reputation), on the death of a lover, to whom she had been betrothed, devoted herself thenceforth to the service of the sick in the hospitals; she could not enter a religious order, being a Protestant, but she fulfilled all the offices of a vowed Sister of Charity. When she applied to the physician for leave to attend the hospital at ——, he used every endeavour to dissuade her from her undertaking —all in vain! Then he tried to disgust her, by imposing, in the first instance, duties the most fearful and revolting to a delicate woman; she stood this test, and persisted. It is now five years since I saw her; perhaps she may by this time be tired of her charitable, or rather her romantic self-devotion.

Alda.—No, *that* she is not. I know to whom you allude. She follows steadily and quietly the same pious vocation in which she has persevered for fifteen years, and in which she seems resolved to die.

Now, in return for your story, though I knew it all before, I will tell you another; but lest you should suspect me of absolute invention and romancing, I must tell you how I came by it.

I was travelling from Weimar to Frankfort, and had stopped at a little town one or two stages beyond Fulda; I was standing at the window of the inn, which was opposite to the post-house, and looking at a crowd of travellers who had just been disgorged from a huge Eil-wagen or post-coach which was standing there. Among them was one female, who, before I was aware, fixed my attention. Although closely enveloped in a winter dress from head to foot, her height, and the easy decision with which she moved, showed that her figure was

fine and well proportioned; and as the wind blew aside her black veil, I had a glimpse of features which still farther excited my curiosity. I had time to consider her, as she alighted and walked over to the inn alone. She entered at once the room —it was a sort of public saloon—in which I was; summoned the waiter, whom she addressed in a good-humoured but rather familiar style, and ordered breakfast; not a cup of chocolate or *caffee au lait*, as became a heroine, for you see I was resolved that she should be one, but a very substantial German breakfast—soup, a cutlet, and a pint (eine halbe flasche) of good wine: it was then about ten o'clock. While this was preparing, she threw off her travelling accoutrements; first a dark cloak, richly lined with fur; one or two shawls; a sort of pelisse, or rather surtout, reaching to the knees, with long loose sleeves, such as you may see in the prints of Tartar or Muscovite costumes; this was made of beautiful Indian shawl, lined with blue silk, and trimmed with sables: under these splendid and multifarious coverings she wore a dress of deep mourning Her figure, when displayed, excited my admiration: it was one of the most perfect I ever beheld. Her feet, hands, and head were small in proportion to her figure; her face was not so striking—it was pretty, rather than handsome; her small mouth closed firmly, so as to give a marked and singular expression of resolution and decision to a physiognomy otherwise frank and good-humoured. Her eyes, also small, were of a dark hazel, bright, and with long blonde eyelashes. Her abundant fair hair was plaited in several bands, and fastened on the top of her head in the fashion of the German peasant girls. Her voice would have been deemed rather high-pitched "for ears polite," but it was not deficient in melody; and though her expression was grave, and even sad upon our first encounter, I soon found that mirth, and not sadness, was the natural character of her mind, as of her countenance. When any thing ridiculous occurred, she burst at once into a laugh—such a merry, musical peal, that it was impossible not to sympathize in it. Her whole appearance and manner gave me the idea of a farmer's buxom daughter: nothing could be more distinct from our notions of the ladylike, yet nothing could be more free from impropriety, more expressive of native innocence and modesty; but the splendour of her dress did not exactly suit with her deportment—it puzzled me. I observed, when she drew off her glove, that she wore a number of silver rings of a peculiar fashion, and among them a fine diamond. She walked up and down while her breakfast was preparing, seemingly lost in painful medita-

tions; but when it appeared, she sat down and did justice to it, as one who had been many hours without food. While she was thus engaged, the conducteur of the Eil-wagen and one of the passengers came in, and spoke to her with interest and respect. Soon afterward came the mistress of the inn (who had never deigned to notice me, for it is not the fashion in Germany); she came with an offer of particular services, and from the conversation I gathered, to my astonishment, that this young creature—she seemed not more than two or three and-twenty—was on her way home, alone and unprotected, from—can you imagine?—even from the wilds of Siberia! But then what had brought her there? I listened in hopes of discovering, but they all spoke so fast that I could make out nothing more. Afterward, I had occasion to go over to a little shop to make some purchase. On my return, I found her crying bitterly, and my maid, also in tears, was comforting her with great volubility. Now, though my *having* in German, like Orlando's beard, was not considerable, and my heroine spoke still less French, I could not help assisting in the task of consolation—never, certainly, were my curiosity and interest more strongly excited! Subsequently we met at Frankfort, where she was lodged in the same hotel, and I was enabled to offer her a seat in my vehicle to Mayence. Thus I had opportunities of hearing her whole history, related at different times, and in parts and parcels: and I will now endeavour to give it to you in a connected form. I may possibly make some mistake with regard to the order of events, but I promise you faithfully, that where my recollection of names, or dates, or circumstances may fail me, I will not, like Mademoiselle de Montpensier, make use of my imagination to supply the defects of my memory. You shall have, if not the whole truth, at least as much of it as I can remember, and with no fictitious interpolations and improvements. Of the animation of voice and manner, the vivid eloquence, the graphic spirit, the quick transitions of feeling, and the grace and vivacity of gesture and action with which the relation was made to me by this fine untutored child of nature, I can give you no idea—it was altogether a study of character I shall never forget.

My heroine—truly and in every sense does she deserve the name—was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine merchant of Deuxponts.* She was one of five children, two much older

* In the German maps, Zweibrücken; the capital of those provinces of the kingdom of Bavaria which lie on the left bank of the Rhine.

and two much younger than herself. Her eldest brother was called Henri: he had early displayed such uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father was determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the university of Elangau, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him, perhaps with all a sister's partiality, as being not only the pride of his family, but of all his fellow-citizens, "tall, and handsome, and good," of a most benevolent enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the princes in the north of Germany, with whom he travelled, I believe, in the capacity of secretary. The name of the prince, and the particulars of this part of his life, have escaped me; but it appeared that, through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he became professor of theology in a university of Courland, I think at Riga, or somewhere near it, for the name of this city was continually recurring in her narrative. Henri was at this time about eight-and-twenty.

While here, it was his fate to fall passionately in love with the daughter of a rich Jew merchant. His religious zeal mingled with his love; he was as anxious to convert his mistress as to possess her—and, in fact, the first was a necessary preliminary to the second: the consequences were all in the usual style of such matters. The relations discovered the correspondence, and the young Jewess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover. They met in secret. What arguments he might use to convert this modern Jessica I know not, but they prevailed. She declared herself convinced, and consented to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silesia, to be baptized, and to become his wife.

Apparently their plans were not well arranged, or were betrayed; for they were pursued by her relations and the police, and overtaken before they reached the frontiers. The young man was accused of carrying off his Jewish love by force, and this, I believe, at Riga, where the Jews are protected, is a capital crime. The affair was brought before the tribunal, and the accused defended himself by declaring that the girl had fled with him by her own free will; that she was a Christian, and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or had gone through some similar ceremony. The father Jew

denied this on the part of his daughter, and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family made many difficulties, but by the order of the judge she was obliged to appear. She was brought into the court of justice, pale, trembling, and supported by her father and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos? She answered in a faint voice, "No." Had then violence been used to carry her off? "*Yes.*" Was she a Christian? "*No.*" Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband? "*No.*"

On hearing these replies, so different from the truth,—from all he could have anticipated, the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupified; then, as if seized with a sudden phrensy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented, he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became sullenly calm, offered not another word in his own defence, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of his family after the lapse of many months, but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and although one of his relations went to Riga for the purpose of obtaining some information—some redress—he returned without having effected either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died: his mother, who persisted in hoping, while all others despaired, lingered on in heart-wearing suspense. At length, in the beginning of last year (1833), a travelling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquired for the family of Ambos. He informed them that in the preceding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals, near the fortress of Barinska, in Siberia; who described himself as Henri Ambos, a pastor of the Lutheran church, unjustly condemned, and besought him with tears and the most urgent supplications to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and beseech them to use every means to obtain his liberation.

You must imagine—for I cannot describe as she described —the feelings which this intelligence excited. A family council was held, and it was determined at once that application should be made to the police authorities at St. Petersburgh, to ascertain beyond a doubt the fate of poor Henri—that a petition in his favour must be presented to the Emperor of Russia; but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children; the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then said that she would undertake the journey, and argued that as a woman she had more chance of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate and strong-minded girl set off alone on her long and perilous journey. "When my mother gave me her blessing," said she, "I made a vow to God and my own heart that I would not return alive without the pardon of my brother. I feared nothing; I had nothing to live for. I had health and strength, and I had not a doubt of my own success, because I was *resolved* to succeed; but ah! *liebe madame!* what a fate was mine! and how am I returning to my mother!—my poor old mother!" Here she burst into tears, and threw herself back in the carriage; after a few minutes she resumed her narrative.

She reached the city of Riga without mischance. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St. Petersburgh, where she arrived safely in the beginning of June, 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particularly with one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm, by the title of M. le Pasteur. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, &c.; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these, and with the assistance of her good friend the pastor, she drew up a petition to the emperor. With this she waited on the minister of the interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition. She threw

herself on her knees, and added tears to entreaties; but he was inexorable, and added brutally, "Your brother was a *mauvais sujet;* he *ought* not to be pardoned, and if I were the emperor I would not pardon him." She rose from her knees, and stretching her arms towards heaven, exclaimed with fervour, "I call God to witness that my brother was innocent! and I thank God that you are not the emperor, for I can still hope!" The minister, in a rage, said, "Do you dare to speak thus to me! Do you know who I am?"—"Yes," she replied; "you are his excellency the minister C——; but what of that? you are a cruel man! but I put my trust in God and the emperor: and then," said she, "I left him, without even a courtesy, though he followed me to the door, speaking very loud and very angrily."

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers (for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardship of the case, still refused to interfere, or deliver her petition), she resolved to do what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance—to appeal to the emperor in person: but it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers; in vain she beset the imperial suite, at reviews, at the theatre, on the way to the church: invariably beaten back by the guards or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening—threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials—Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex. Among some ladies of rank who became interested in her story, and invited her to their houses, was a Countess Elise something or other, whose name I am sorry I did not write down. One day, on seeing her young *protegée* overwhelmed with grief, and almost in despair, she said, with emotion, "I cannot dare to present your petition myself; I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished the court; but all I can do I will. I will lend you my equipage and servants. I will dress you in one of my robes; you shall drive to the palace the next levee day, and obtain an audience under my name; when once in the presence of the emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk thus much, will you venture the rest?"—"And what," said I, "was your answer?"—"Oh!" she replied, "I could not answer; but I threw myself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown!" I asked her whether she had not feared to risk the safety of her generous friend? She replied, "That thought did

strike me--but what would you have?--I cast it from me. I was *resolved* to have my brother's pardon--I would have sacrificed my own life to obtain it—and, God forgive me, I thought little of what it might cost another."

This plan was soon arranged, and at the time appointed my resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laced lackeys in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise ——, who supplicated a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few minutes she was in the presence of the emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but suddenly started back.

Here I could not help asking her, whether in that moment she did not feel her heart sink?

"No," said she, firmly; "on the contrary, I felt my heart beat quicker and higher!--I sprang forward and knelt at his feet, exclaiming, with clasped hands, 'Pardon, imperial majesty!--Pardon!'"--"Who are you?" said the emperor; astonished; "and what can I do for you?" He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers; and overcome even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears, and said, "May it please your imperial majesty, I am not Countess Elise ——, I am only the sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. O pardon!--pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. O imperial majesty!--pardon my poor brother!" I held out the petition and the papers, and at the same time, prostrate on my knees, I seized the skirt of his embroidered coat, and pressed it to my lips. The emperor said, "Rise—rise!" but I would not rise; I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them. At last the emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand towards me, and took the papers with the other, saying, "Rise, mademoiselle—I command you to rise." I ventured to kiss his hand, and said, with tears, "I pray of your majesty to read that paper." He said, "I will read it." I then rose from the ground, and stood watching him while he unfolded the petition and read it. His countenance changed, and he exclaimed once or twice, "Is it possible!—This is dreadful!" When he had finished, he folded the paper, and without any observation, said at once, "Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned." The words rung in my ears, and I again flung myself at his feet, saying--and yet I scarce know what I said —"Your imperial majesty is a god upon earth; do you in-

deed pardon my brother? Your ministers would never suffer me to approach you; and even yet I fear—!" He said, "Fear nothing: you have my promise." He then raised me from the ground, and conducted me himself to the door. I tried to thank and bless him, but could not; he held out his hand for me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room. "Ach ja! the emperor is a good man,—ein schöner, feiner, Mann! but he does not know how cruel his ministers are, and all the evil they do, and all the justice they refuse, in his name!"

I have given you this scene as nearly as possible in her own words. She not only related it, but almost acted it over again; she imitated, alternately, her own and the emperor's voice and manner; and such was the vivacity of her description that I seemed to hear and behold both, and was more profoundly moved than by any scenic representation I can remember.

On her return she received the congratulations of her benefactress, the Countess Elise, and of her good friend the pastor, but both advised her to keep her audience and the emperor's promise a profound secret. She was the more inclined to this, because, after the first burst of joyous emotion, her spirits sank. Recollecting the pains that had been taken to shut her from the emperor's presence, she feared some unforeseen obstacle, or even some knavery on the part of the officers of government. She described her sufferings during the next few days as fearful; her agitation, her previous fatigues, and the terrible suspense apparently threw her into a fever, or acted on her excited nerves so as to produce a species of delirium, though, of course, she would not admit this. After assuring me very gravely that she did not believe in ghosts, she told me that one night, after her interview with the emperor, she was reading in bed, being unable to sleep; and on raising her eyes from her book, she saw the figure of her brother standing at the other end of the room; she exclaimed, "My God, Henri! is that you!" but without making any reply, the form approached nearer and nearer to the bed, keeping its melancholy eyes fixed on hers till it came quite close to the bedside, and laid a cold heavy hand upon her.

Medon.—The nightmare, evidently.

Alda.—Without doubt; but her own impression was as of a reality. The figure, after looking at her sadly for some minutes, during which she had no power either to move or speak, turned away; she then made a desperate effort to call out to the daughter of her hostess, who slept in the next room—"Luise! Luise!" Luise ran in to her. "Do you not see

my brother standing there?" she exclaimed, with horror, and pointing to the other end of the room, whither the image conjured up by her excited fancy and fevered nerves appeared to have receded. The frightened, staring Luise, answered, "Yes."—"You see," said she, appealing to me, "that though I might be cheated by my own senses, I could not doubt those of another. I thought to myself, *then*, my poor Henri is dead, and God has permitted him to visit me. This idea pursued me all that night, and the next day; but on the following day, which was Monday, just five days after I had seen the emperor, a *lackey*, in the imperial livery, came to my lodging, and put into my hands a packet, with the 'emperor's *compliments* to Mademoiselle Ambos.' It was the pardon for my brother, with the emperor's seal and signature: then I forgot every thing but joy!"

Those mean official animals who had before spurned her now pressed upon her with offers of service, and even the minister C—— offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia, *in order to save her trouble;* but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands: she determined to carry it herself—to be herself the bearer of glad tidings:—she had resolved that none but herself should take off those fetters, the very description of which had entered her soul; so, having made her arrangements as quickly as possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days. According to her description, the town in Siberia, to the governor of which she carried an official recommendation, was nine thousand versts beyond Moscow; and the fortress to which the wretched malefactors were exiled was at a great distance beyond that. I could not well make out the situation of either, and, unluckily, I had no map with me but a road map of Germany, and it was evident that my heroine was no geographer. She told me that, after leaving Moscow, she travelled post seven days and seven nights, only sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights.

Medon.—Alone?

Alda.—Alone! and wholly unprotected, except by her own innocence and energy, and a few lines of recommendation, which had been given to her at St. Petersburgh. The roads were everywhere excellent, the post-houses at regular distances, the travelling rapid; but often, for hundreds of miles, there were no accommodations of any kind—scarce a human habitation. She even suffered from hunger, not being prepared to travel for so many hours together without meeting

with any food she could touch without disgust. She described, with great truth and eloquence, her own sensations as she was whirled rapidly over those wide, silent, solitary, and apparently endless plains. "Sometimes," said she, "my head seemed to turn—I could not believe that it was a waking reality—I could not believe that it was myself. Alone, in a strange land,—so many hundred leagues from my own home, and driven along as if through the air, with a rapidity so different from any thing I had been used to, that it almost took away my breath."

"Did you ever feel fear?" I asked.

"Ach ja! when I waked sometimes in the carriage, in the middle of the night, wondering at myself, and unable immediately to collect my thoughts. Never at any other time."

I asked her if she had ever met with insult? She said she had twice met with "wicked men;" but she had felt no alarm —she knew how to protect herself; and as she said this, her countenance assumed an expression which showed that it was not a mere boast. Altogether, she described her journey as being *grausam* (horrible), in the highest degree, and, indeed, even the recollection of it made her shudder; but at the time there was the anticipation of an unspeakable happiness, which made all fatigues light, and all dangers indifferent.

At length, in the beginning of August, she arrived at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy, too great to be restrained, almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and took, she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last he stammered out, "I am sorry—but the Henri Ambos mentioned in this paper—*is dead!*" Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

When she reached this part of her story, she burst into a fresh flood of tears, wrung her hands, and for some time could utter nothing but passionate exclamations of grief. "Ach! liebe Gott! was für ein schrecklich shichsal war das meine!" "What a horrible fate was mine! I had come thus far to find —not my brother—*nur ein grab!*" (only a grave!) she repeated several times with an accent of despair. The unfortunate man had died a year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused an ulcer in his leg, which he neglected, and, after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. The task-work, for nearly five years, of this accomplished and even learned man, in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors.

In giving you, thus conscientiously, the mere outline of this story, I have spared you all comments. I see, by those indignant strides majestical, that you are making comments to yourself; but sit down and be quiet, if you can: I have not much more to tell!

She found, on inquiry, that some papers and letters, which her unhappy brother had drawn up by stealth, in the hope of being able at some time to convey them to his friends, were in the possession of one of the officers, who readily gave them up to her; and with these she returned, half broken-hearted, to St. Petersburgh. If her former journey, when hope cheered her on the way, had been so fearful, what must have been her return? I was not surprised to hear that, on her arrival, she was seized with a dangerous illness, and was for many weeks confined to her bed.

Her story excited much commiseration, and a very general interest and curiosity were excited about herself. She told me that a great many persons of rank invited her to their houses, and made her rich presents, among which were the splendid shawls, and the ring which had caught my attention, and excited my surprise, in the first instance. The emperor expressed a wish to see her, and very graciously spoke a few words of condolence. "But they could not bring my brother back to life!" said she, expressively. He even presented her to the empress. "And what," I asked, "did the empress say to you?"—"*Nothing;* but she looked *so*,"— drawing herself up.

On receiving her brother's pardon from the emperor, she had written home to her family; but she confessed that since that time she had not written—she had not courage to inflict a blow which might possibly affect her mother's life; and yet the idea of being obliged to *tell* what she dared not write, seemed to strike her with terror.

But the strangest event of this strange story remains to be told; and I will try to give it in her own simple words.

She left St. Petersburgh in October, and proceeded to Riga, where those who had known her brother received her with interest and kindness, and sympathized in her affliction. "But," said she, "there was one thing I had resolved to do which yet remained undone. I was resolved to see the woman who had been the original cause of all my poor brother's misfortunes. I thought if once I could say to her, 'Your falsehood has done this!' I should be satisfied; but my brother's friends dissuaded me from this idea. They said it was better not,—that it could do my poor Henri no good,—that it was wrong,—

that it was unchristian,—and I submitted. I left Riga with a voiturier. I had reached Pojer, on the Prussian frontiers, and there I stopped at the Douane, to have my packages searched. The chief officer looked at the address on my trunk, and exclaimed, with surprise, 'Mademoiselle Ambos! Are you any relation of the Professor Henri Ambos?'—'I am his sister.'—'Good God! I was the intimate friend of your brother! What has become of him?' I then told him all I have now told you, liebe madame!—and when I came to an end, this good man burst into tears, and for some time we wept together. The kutscher (driver), who was standing by, heard all this conversation, and when I turned round, he was crying too. My brother's friend pressed on me offers of service and hospitality, but I could not delay; for, besides that my impatience to reach home increased every hour, I had not much money in my purse. Of three thousand dollars, which I had taken with me to St. Petersburgh, very little remained, so I bade him farewell, and I proceeded. At the next town, where my kutscher stopped to feed his horses, he came to the door of my calèche, and said, 'You have just missed seeing the Jew lady whom your brother was in love with; that calèche which passed us by just now, and changed horses here, contained Mademoiselle S——, her sister, and her sister's husband!' Good God! imagine my surprise! I could not believe my fortune: it seemed that Providence had delivered her into my hands, and I was resolved that she should not escape me. I knew they would be delayed at the custom-house. I ordered the man to turn, and drive back as fast as possible, promising him a reward of a dollar if he overtook them. On reaching the custom-house, I saw a calèche standing at a little distance. I felt myself tremble, and my heart beat so—but not with fear. I went up to the calèche—two ladies were sitting in it. I addressed the one who was the most beautiful, and said, 'Are you Mademoiselle Emilie S——?' I suppose I must have looked very strange, and wild, and resolute; for she replied, with a frightened manner, 'I am; who are you, and what do you want with me?' I said, 'I am the sister of Henri Ambos, whom you murdered!' She shrieked out; the men came running from the house; but I held fast the carriage-door, and said, 'I am not come to hurt you, but you are the murderess of my brother, Henri Ambos. He loved you, and your falsehood has killed him. May God punish you for it! May his ghost pursue you to the end of your life!' I remember no more. I was like one mad. I have just a recollection of her ghastly,

terrified look, and her eyes wide open, staring at me. I fell into fits; and they carried me into the house of my brother's friend, and laid me on a bed. When I recovered my senses, the calèche and all were gone. When I reached Berlin, all this appeared to me so miraculous—so like a dream—I could not trust to my own recollection, and I wrote to the officer of customs, to beg he would attest that it was really true, and what I had said when I was out of my senses, and what *she* had said; and at Leipsic I received his letter, which I will show you." And at Mayence she showed me this letter, and a number of other documents; her brother's pardon, with the emperor's signature; a letter of the Countess Elise ——; a most touching letter from her unfortunate brother (over this she wept much); and a variety of other papers, all proving the truth of her story, even to the minutest particulars. The next morning we were to part. I was going down the Rhine, and she was to proceed to Deuxponts, which she expected to reach in two days. As she had travelled from Berlin almost without rest, except the night we had spent at Frankfort, she appeared to me ready to sink with fatigue; but she would not bid me farewell that night, although I told her I should be obliged to set off at six the next morning; but kissing my hand, with many expressions of gratitude, she said she would be awake, and visit me in my room to bid me a last adieu. As there was only a very narrow passage between the two rooms, she left her door a little open that she might hear me rise. However, on the following morning she did not appear. When dressed, I went on tip-toe into her room, and found her lying in a deep calm sleep, her arm over her head. I looked at her for some minutes, and thought I had never seen a finer creature. I then turned, with a whispered blessing and adieu, and went on my way.

This is all I can tell you. If at the time I had not been travelling *against* time, and with a mind most fully and painfully occupied, I believe I should have been tempted to accompany my heroine to Deuxponts—at least I should have retained her narrative more accurately. Not having made any memoranda till many days afterward, all the names have escaped my recollection; but if you have any doubts of the general truth of this story, I will, at least, give you the means of verifying it. Here is her name, in her own handwriting, on one of the leaves of my pocket-book—you can read the German character:

Betty Amhos von Zweibruken.

SKETCHES OF ART, LITERATURE, AND CHARACTER.

PART II.

MEMORANDA AT MUNICH, NUREMBERG, AND DRESDEN.

SKETCHES OF ART, LITERATURE, AND CHARACTER.

I.

MEMORANDA AT MUNICH.

Sept. 28th.—A week at Munich! and nothing done! nothing seen! My first *excursions* I made to-day—from my bed to the sofa—from the sofa to the window. Every one told me to be prepared against the caprices of the climate, but I did not imagine that it would take a week or a fortnight to be *acclimatée*.

What could induce the princes of Bavaria to plant their capital in the midst of these wide, marshy, bleak, barren plains, and upon this rough, unmanageable torrent,—"the Isar rolling rapidly,"—when they might have seated themselves by the majestic Danube? The Tyrolean Alps, stretching south and west, either form a barrier against the most genial airs of heaven, or if a stray zephyr find his way from Italy, his poor little wings are frozen to his back among the mountain snows, and he drops shivering among us, wrapt in a misty cloud. I never saw such fogs: they are as dense and as white as a fleece, and look, and feel too, like rarefied snow;—but as no one else complains, I think it must be indisposition which makes me so peevish and so chilly. Sitting at the window being my best amusement, I do not like to find the only objects which are to give me a foretaste of the splendour of Munich quite veiled from sight, and shrouded in mist, even for a few morning hours.

I am lodged in the Max-Joseph's-Platz, opposite to the theatre: a situation at once airy, quiet, and cheerful.

The theatre is in itself a beautiful object; the portico, of the Corinthian order, is supported by eight pillars; the ascent is by a noble flight of steps, with four gigantic bronze candelabras at the corners; and nothing, at least to my unlearned eyes, could be more elegant—more purely classical and Greek, than the

whole, were it not for the hideous roof *upon the roof*,—one pediment, as it were, riding on the back of the other. Some internal arrangement of the theatre may render this deformity necessary, but it *is* a deformity, and one that annoys me whenever I look at it.

On the right I have the new palace, which forms one side of the square: a long range of plain, almost rustic, architecture; altogether a striking, but rather a pleasing, contrast to the luxuriant grace of the theatre. Just now, when I looked out, what a beautiful scene! The full moon, rising over the theatre, lights up half the white columns, and half are lost in shade. The performances are just over (half-past nine!); crowds of people, emerging from the portico into the brilliant moonshine (many of them military, in glittering accoutrements), descend the steps, and spread themselves through the square, single, or in various groups; carriages are drawing up and drawing off,—and all this gay confusion is without the least noise or tumult. Except the occasional low roll of the carriage-wheels over the well-gravelled road, I hear no sound, though within a few yards of the spot. It looks like some lovely optical or scenic illusion; a moving picture, magnified.

Oct. 4th.—To my great consternation—summoned in form before the police, and condemned to pay a fine of ten florins for having omitted to fill up specifically a certain paper which had been placed in my hands on my arrival. In the first place, I did not understand it; secondly, I never thought about it; and thirdly, I had been too ill to attend to it. I made a show of resistance, but it was all in vain, of course;—my permission to reside here is limited to six weeks, but may be renewed.

Last night I was induced, but only upon great persuasion, to venture over to the theatre. I had been tantalized *so* long by looking at the exterior! Then it was a pleasant evening—broad daylight; and the whole theatre being heated by stoves to an even regulated warmth according to the season, I was assured that once within the doors there would be no danger of fresh indisposition from draughts or cold.

Entering the box, my first glance was of course at the stage. The drop-scene, or curtain, a well painted copy of Guido's Aurora, pleased me infinitely more than the beautiful drop-curtain at Manheim: *that* was very elegant, but this is more than elegant. It harmonized with the place, and in my own mind it touched certain chords of association which had long been silent. It was as if the orchestre had suddenly welcomed me with some delicious, often-heard, and well-remem-

bered piece of music: the effect upon the senses was similar —nor can I describe it;—but, surprised and charmed, I kept my eyes fixed for some minutes upon the picture: the light being thrown full upon it, while the rest of the theatre was comparatively in deep shade, as in all the foreign theatres, rendered it more effective. The rest of the decorations corresponded in splendour; the two colossal muses, as Caryatides supporting the king's state box, the noble columns of white and gold, and the Caryatides on each side of the proscenium, were all in fine taste. The size and proportions of the interior seemed most happily calculated for seeing and hearing. On the whole, I never beheld a theatre which so entirely *satisfied* me—no one more easily pleased, and no one less easily satisfied.

When I looked down on the *parterre*, I beheld a motley assemblage in various costumes: there were a great number of the military; there were the well-dressed daughters of people of some condition, in the French fashion of two or three years back; there were girls in the Tyrolean costume, with their scarlet boddices and silver chains; and the women of Munich, with their odd little two-horned caps of rich gold or silver brocade,—forming altogether a singular spectacle. As for the scenery, it was very well, but would bear no comparison to Stanfield's glorious illusions.

The inducement held out to me to-night was to see Ferdinand Eslair play the Duke of Alva in "Egmont." Eslair, formerly one of the first actors at Manheim, when Manheim boasted the first theatre in Germany, is esteemed the finest tragedian here, and the Duke of Alva is one of his best characters. It appeared to me a superb piece of acting; so quietly stern, so fearfully hard and composed: it was a fine conception cast in bronze:—in this consisted its beauty and truth as a whole. Some of his *silent* passages, and his by-play, were admirable. He gave us, in the scene with Egmont, an exact living transcript of Titian's famous picture of the Duke of Alva; the dress, the attitude, the position of the helmet and the glove on the table beside him, every thing was so well calculated, at once so unobtrusive and so unexpected, that it was like a recognition. Egmont was well played by Racke, but did not strike me so much. Mademoiselle Schöller, who plays the young heroines here, is a pupil of Madame Schröder (the German Siddons), and promises well; but she wants development; she wants the power, the passion, the tenderness, the energy of Clärchen. Clärchen is a plebeian girl,

but an impassioned and devoted woman—she is a sort of Flemish Juliet. There is the same truth of nature and passion, the same impress of intense and luxuriant life—but then it is a different life—it is a Rubens compared to a Titian—and such Clärchen ought to be. Now to give all the internal power and poetry, yet preserve all the external simplicity and homeliness, of the character,—to give all the *abandon*, yet preserve all the delicacy,—to give the delicacy, yet keep clear of all super-refinement, and in the concentrated despair of her last scene (where she poisons herself) to be calm without being cold, and profoundly tragic without the usual tragedy airs, must be difficult—exceedingly difficult; in short, to play Clärchen, as I conceive the character ought to be played, would require a young actress, uniting sufficient genius to conceive it aright, with sufficient delicacy and judgment not to colour it too highly: there was no danger of the latter mistake with Mademoiselle Schöller, in whose hands Clärchen became a mere pretty affectionate girl. In that lovely scene with Egmont in the third act, which might be contrasted with Juliet's balcony scene, as a test of the powers of a young actress, Mademoiselle Schöller was timid even to feebleness; the change of manner, when Clärchen substitutes the tender familiarity of the second person singular (Du) for the tone of respect in which she before addressed her lover, should have been felt and marked, so as to have been *felt* and *remarked:* but this was not the case. In short, I was disappointed by this scene.

The Flemish costumes were correct and beautiful. The Prince of Orange, in particular, looked as if he had just walked out of one of Vandyke's pictures.

After seeing this fine tragedy—surely enough for one evening's amusement—I was at home and in bed by half-past ten. They manage these things better here than in England.

Friday.—Dinner at the French ambassador's, *five* o'clock. I mark this, because extraordinarily late at Munich. The plebeian dinner hour is twelve or earlier; the general hour, one; the genteel hour, two; the fashionable hour, *three;* but five is super-elegant—in the very extreme of finery—like a nine o'clock dinner in London. There were present the Princess Schwartzenburg and her sister the Princess Dietrichstein, the British Secretary of Legation, a young Englishman, Lord H. F., M. de Klenze, and four or five other gentlemen with stars and ribands, names unknown. The Princess Schwartzenburg is a famous Austrian beauty, and on any other occasion I might have been sensible of her pretensions, but in the same room

with Madame de Vaudreuil, this was scarcely possible, so entirely did the greater glory dim the less. But the person who fixed my attention was Leo von Klenze, the celebrated architect, and deservedly a favourite of the king, who has, I believe, bestowed on him the superfluous honours of nobility. With the others I had no sympathies--with him a thousand, though he knew it not. I looked at him with curiosity—with interest. I liked his plain, but marked and clever countenance, and his easy manners. I felt an unconscious desire to be agreeable, and longed to make him talk; but I knew that this was not the place or the moment for us to see each other to the greatest advantage. We had, however, some little conversation—a kind of beginning. He told me at dinner that the Glypthothek (the gallery of sculpture here) was planned and built by the present king, when only prince royal, and the expenses liquidated from his private purse, out of his yearly savings. He spoke with modesty of himself--with gratitude and admiration of the king, of whose talent, vivacity, impatience, and enthusiasm for art and artists I had already heard some characteristic anecdotes.

After coffee, part of the company dispersed to the opera, or elsewhere; others remained to lounge and converse. After the opera, we reassembled with additions, and then tea, and cards, and talk, till past eleven. Madame de Vaudreuil receives almost every evening, and this seems to be the general routine.

Oct. 6.—They are now celebrating here the *Volksfest* (literally the "*people's feast*"), or annual fair of Munich, and this has been a grand day of festivity. There have been races, a military review, &c.; but, except the race-horses in their embroidered trappings, which were led past my window, and a long cavalcade of royal carriages and crowds of people, in gay and grotesque costumes, hurrying by, I have seen nothing, being obliged to keep my room; so I listened to the firing of the cannon, and the shouts of the populace, and thought

* * * * * *

Oct. 8.—First visit to the Glypthothek—just returned—my imagination still filled with "the blaze, the splendour, and the symmetry,"—excited as I never thought it could be again excited after seeing the Vatican; but this is the Vatican in miniature. Can it be possible that this glorious edifice was planned by a young prince, and erected out of his yearly savings? I am wonder-struck! I was not prepared for any thing so spacious, so magnificent, so perfect in taste and arrangement.

I do not yet know the exact measurement of the building;

but it contains twelve galleries, the smallest about fifty, and the largest about one hundred and thirty feet in length. It consists of a square, built round an open central court, and the approach is by a noble portico of twelve Ionic columns, raised on a flight of steps. As it stands in an open space, a little out of the town, with trees planted on either side, the effect is very imposing and beautiful. There are no exterior windows, they all open into the central court.

From the portico we enter a hall paved with marble. Over the principal door are the name of the king and the date of the erection. Two side doors lead to the galleries. Over the door on the left there is an inscription to the honour of Leo von Klenze, the architect of the building. Over the door on the right is the name of Peter Cornelius, the painter, by whom the frescoes were designed and chiefly executed. Thus the king, with a noble magnanimity, uniting truth and justice, has associated in his glory those to whom he chiefly owes it—and this charmed me. It is in much finer feeling, much higher taste than those eternal (no, not *eternal!*) great N's of that imperial egotist Napoleon, whose vulgar appetite for vulgar fame would allow no participation.

I walked slowly through the galleries, so excited by the feeling of admiration that I could make no minute or particular observations. The floors are all paved with marbles of various colours—the walls, to a certain height, are stuccoed in imitation of gray or dark green marble, so as to throw out the sculpture, and give it the full effect. The utmost luxury of ornament has been lavished on the walls and ceilings, some in painting, some in relief; but in each, the subjects and ornaments are appropriate to the situation, and as each gallery has been originally adapted to its destination, everywhere the effect to be produced has been judiciously studied. The light is not too great, nor too generally diffused—it is poured in from high semicircular windows on one side only, so as to throw the sculpture into beautiful relief. Two lofty and spacious halls are richly painted in fresco, with subjects from the Greek mythology, and the whole building would contain, I suppose, six times, or ten times the number of works of art now there; at the same time all are so arranged that there appears no obvious deficiency. The collection was begun only in 1808, and since that time the king has contrived to make some invaluable acquisitions. I found here many of the most far-famed relics of ancient art, many that I had already seen in Italy; for instance, the Egina marbles, the Barberini Faun, the Barberini

Muse or Apollo, the Leucothoë, the Medusa Rondanini, above all, the Ilioneus; but I cannot now dwell on these. I must go again and again before I can methodise my impressions and recollections.

Oct. 11.—Yesterday and to-day, at the Glypthothek, where the cushioned seats, though rather more comfortable than classical, enabled me to lounge away the time, unwearied in body as in mind.

The arrangement of the galleries is such as to form, not only a splendid exhibition and school of art, but a regular progressive history of the rise and decline of sculpture. Thus we step from the vestibule into the Egyptian gallery, of which the principal treasure is the colossal Antinous of Rossoantico, with the attributes of Osiris.

I admired in this room the exquisite beauty and propriety of the basso-relievo over the door, designed and modelled by Schwanthaler. It is of course intended to be symbolical of the birth of art among the Egyptians. Isis discovers the body of her lost husband Osiris concealed in a sarcophagus: she strikes it with the mystic wand, and he stands revealed, and restored to her. The imitation of the Egyptian style is perfect.

From the Egyptian we step into the Etruscan gallery, of which the ceiling is painted in the most vivid and beautiful colours. The third room contains the famous Egina marbles, which I had seen at Rome when Thorwaldson was engaged in restoring them. To appreciate the classical beauty and propriety of the arrangement of these singular relics, we must call to mind their history, their subject, and their original destination. Thus Æacus, the first king of the island of Ægina, was the son of Jupiter, or rather Zeus (for the Greek designations are infinitely more elegant and expressive than the Roman). The temple was dedicated to Zeus, and the groups which adorned the pediments represented the history of the two branches of the Æacidæ, descended from Telamon and Peleus, sons of Æacus. On two long tables or stands of marble, supported by griffins, imitated from those which originally ornamented the temple, are ranged the two groups of figures: neither group is quite entire. Of that which represents the fight of Telamon and Hercules with Laomedon, King of Troy, there are only five figures remaining; and of the other group, the conflict for the body of Patroclus, there are ten figures. Along the walls, on tables of marble, are ranged a variety of fragments from the same temple, which

must have been splendidly rich in sculpture, within and without. On the ceiling of this room the four Æacidæ, Æacus, Peleus, Achilles, and Neoptolemus, are represented in relief, by Schwanthaler. There is also a small model of the western front of the temple restored, and painted as it is proved to have been originally; for instance, the field of the Tympanum was of a sky blue. This model is fixed in the wall opposite to the window. It is extremely curious and interesting, but I thought not well placed as an ornament.*

I remember asking W——, who has been in every part of the world, what was the most beautiful scene he had ever beheld, taking natural beauty and poetical associations together? He replied, after a little thought, "A sunset from the temple of Ægina;" and I can conceive this. Lord Byron introduces it into his Grecian sunset—but as an object—

> "On old Ægina's steep and Idra's isle,
> The god of gladness sheds his parting smile."

From the Ægina gallery we enter the Hall of Apollo. The ceiling of this room, splendidly decorated in white and gold, represents the emblems of the four principal cities of Greece, viz., the Athenian owl, the winged horse of Corinth, the chimera of Sicyon, and the wolf of Argos.

The chief glory of this apartment is that celebrated colossal statue once known as the Barberini muse, now considered by antiquarians as an Apollo, and supposed to be the work of Ageladas, the master of Phidias. It is certainly older than the sculptures of the Parthenon. In its severe massy grandeur there is something of the heaviness and formality of the most ancient Greek school, and in point of style it forms a link between the Ægina marbles and the Elgin marbles. It should seem that the eyes of this statue were once represented by gems—the orifices remain, surrounded by a ring of bronze.

In the same room are those two sublime busts which almost take away one's breath—the colossal head of Pallas, resem-

* The entire grouping of these figures is from the design of Mr. Robert Cockerell, one of the original discoverers, who, in ascertaining their relative position, has been guided in some measure by the situation in which their fragments were found strewed in front of the temple, and overwhelmed with masses of the frieze and pediment; but has been much more indebted to his own artist-like feeling and architectural skill. He is of opinion that the western pediment contained several other figures besides the ten which have been restored.

bling that of the Minerva of Velletri, now in the Vatican, and the Achilles.

The next room is the Hall of Bacchus. The ceiling is richly ornamented with all the festive emblems of the god, in white and gold relief. In the centre we have that wondrous statue, the gigantic Sleeping Satyr, called by some the Barberini Faun. Antiquaries and connoisseurs refer this work either to Scopas or Praxiteles, and from the situation in which it was discovered, suppose it to have once ornamented the tomb of Adrian. I cannot tell how this may be, but here we behold with astonishment the grotesque, the elegant, and the sublime mingled together, and each in perfection: *how*, I know not; but I feel it is so. I once saw a drawing of this statue, which gave me the idea of something coarse and heavy; whereas, in the original, the delicate beauty of the workmanship, and the inimitable sleepy abandonment of the attitude, soften the effect of the colossal forms. I would place this statue immediately after the Elgin marbles; it is, with all its excellence, a degree lower in style.

In this gallery I found the famous head of the laughing faun, called, from the greenish stain on the cheek, the fauno colla macchia, and also a sarcophagus, representing, in the most exquisite sculpture, the marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne. The blending of the idea of death with the fulness of life, and even with the most luxuriant and festive associations of life, is common among the Greeks, and, from one or two known instances, appears to have been carried to an extreme which makes one shrink; still, any thing rather than our detestable death's head and cross-bones! In nature and in poetry, death is beautiful. It is the diseases and vices of artificial life which have rendered it lamentable, terrible, disgusting.

Fixed in the wall, opposite to the window, there is a bas relief of amazing beauty—the marriage of Neptune and Amphitrite. It is a piece of lyric poetry.

The Hall of Niobe contains few objects; but among them some of the most perfect specimens of Grecian art; and first, the Ilioneus.

It was because the Grecian sculptors were themselves poets and creators, that "marble grew divine" beneath their hands, and became so instinct with the indestructible spirit of life, that their half-defaced ruins retain their immortality: else how should we stand shivering with awe before those tremendous fragments—the sister Fates in the Elgin marbles! Or how should I, who am incapable of estimating the technical perfec-

tion of art, stand entranced—as to-day I stood—before the Ilioneus? It was not merely admiration; it was the overpowering sentiment of harmonious and pathetic beauty running along every nerve—such a feeling as music has sometimes awakened. I suppose the Ilioneus stands alone, like the Torso of the Vatican—the *ne plus ultra* of grace, as the latter is of grandeur.

The first time I ever saw a cast of this divine statue was in the vestibule of Goëthe's house, at Weimar. It immediately fixed my attention. Afterward I saw another in Dannecker's studio, and from him I learned its history. It was discovered about ten years ago at Prague, in the possession of a stonemason, and is supposed to have formed part of the collection of ancient works of art which the Emperor Rodolph collected in Italy about 1600.* A certain Dr. Barth purchased it for a trifle, and brought it to Vienna, where Dannecker happened to be at that time, and was called upon with others to pronounce on its merits and value. It was once attributed to the hand either of Praxiteles or Scopas, and on farther and minute examination, the style, the proportions, and the evident purport of the figure have decided that it belongs to the group of Niobe and her children. It has obtained the appellation of Ilioneus, which Ovid gives to the youngest of her sons. It represents a youth kneeling. The head and arms are wanting; but the supplicatory expression of the attitude, the turn of the body, so deprecating, so imploring; the bloom of adolescence, which seems absolutely shed over the cold marble, the unequalled delicacy and elegance of the whole, touched me unspeakably.

The King of Bavaria is said to have paid for this exquisite relic 15,000 florins—a large sum for a little potentate; but for the object itself, its value is not to be computed by money. Its weight in gold were poor in comparison.

In the same room is the Medusa Rondanini, the common model of almost all the Medusa heads, but certainly not equal to the sublime colossal mask at Cologne. There are also an antique duplicate of the Mercury of the Belvedere; another of the Venus of Cnidos; another (most beautiful) of one of the sons of Niobe, recumbent, lifeless; and some other master-pieces.

* The character of the Emperor Rodolph would be one of the most interesting speculations in philosophical history. He was evidently a fine artist, degraded into a bad sovereign—a man whose constructive and imaginative genius was misplaced upon a throne. The melancholy and incipient madness which hovered over him were possibly the result of the natural faculties suppressed or perverted.

These six rooms occupy one side of the building, and contain altogether one hundred and forty-seven specimens of ancient art.

I do not quite understand Flaxman's division of ancient art into three periods—the heroic age, the philosophic age, and the age of perfection. Perhaps if he had lived to correct his essays, he would have made this more clear. According to his distinction, would not the group of the Niobe belong to the age of perfection?—and the Parthenon to the philosophic age? which, allowing his definition of the two styles, I cannot grant. I suppose these six galleries include a period of about seven hundred years (putting the dateless antiquity of some of the Egyptian relics out of the question). We begin with the heavy motionless forms, "looking tranquillity," which yet have often a certain dignity; then the stiff, hard, elaborate figures of the earliest Greek school, with their curled heads and perpendicular draperies, in some of which dawns the first feeling of vigour and grace, as in the Ægina marbles; the next is the union of grandeur and elegance; and the next is the utmost poetical refinement. I recollect that somewhere in Boswell's Life of Johnson, a conversation is recorded as taking place at the table of Sir Joshua Reynolds; in the course of which Sir Joshua remarked, that it was impossible to conceive what the ancient writers meant, when they represented sculpture as having passed its zenith when the Apollo and the Laocoon were produced. None of the great scholars or artists then present could explain the mystery—now no longer a mystery. When Sir Joshua made this remark, the Elgin marbles were unknown in England.

Between this range of galleries and a corresponding range on the opposite side are two immense halls, called the Fest-Saale, or banqueting-halls, and as yet containing no sculpture. Here the painter Cornelius has found "ample space and verge enough" for his grand conceptions, and the subjects are appropriate to the general destination of the whole building. The frescoes in the first hall (Götter-Saal, or hall of the gods) present a magnificent view of the whole Greek mythology.

Whatever may be thought of the conception and execution of certain parts, on minute examination, the grand yet simple arrangement of the whole design addresses itself to the understanding, while the splendour of colour and variety of the grouping seize on the imagination: certainly, when we look round, the first feeling is not critical. But this beautiful, pro-

gressive, and pictorial development of the old mythology, as it must have been the result of profound learning and study, ought to be considered methodically to understand all its merit; for instance, in the centre of the roof we have the primeval god, Eros, in four compartments; first, with the dolphin representing water; secondly, with the eagle, representing light or fire; thirdly, with the peacock, representing air; and lastly, with Cerberus, representing earth. Disposed around these primeval elements, we have the seasons of the year, and the day. The spring, as Psyche, is followed by the history of Aurora (the morning), in four compartments. The summer, as Ceres, is followed by the noon, i. e. the history of Helios or Apollo, in four compartments. The autumn, as Bacchus; and then evening, expressed in the history of Diana. Winter, as Saturn, and the history of night, and the divinities which preside over it. These twenty-four compartments, of various forms and sizes, compose the ceiling, intermingled with ornaments of rich and rare device, and appropriate arabesques, combining, with much fancy and invention, all the classical emblems and allegories, such as satyrs, fauns, syrens, dryads, Graces, Furies, &c. &c.

But the grand summary is reserved for the walls. On one side is represented the kingdom of Olympus, with Jove in his state, the assemblage of the gods, and the apotheosis of Psyche. The opposite side represents the domain of Pluto, with the infernal gods, and the story of Orpheus. The third side, over-against the window, is the triumph of Neptune and Amphitrite, surrounded by the sea-gods.

The figures in these three frescoes are colossal, about eight feet in height. The colouring of the flesh is a little too red and dingy, and in some of the attitudes I thought that the energy was strained into contortion; but through the whole there is a grand poetic feeling. All the designs are by Peter Cornelius, executed by himself, with the aid of Professor Zimmermann, Schlotthauer, Heinrich Hess, and a number of pupils and assistants.

There are also along the frieze some beautiful bas-reliefs; and over the two doors are two alto-relievos by Schwanthaler, the one representing Cupid and Psyche in each other's arms, the symbol of immortal love; the other, the reunion of Ceres and Proserpine, emblematical of eternal life after death. This is all I can remember, except that the painting of this hall occupied six years, and was finished in 1826.

Oct. 11.—A small vestibule divides the two great halls.

This is painted with the history of Prometheus and Pandora; but, owing to the unavoidable disposition of the light, much of the beauty is lost.

From this vestibule we enter the second great banqueting-hall, or the Hall of the Trojans, painted like the former in fresco, and on the same enormous scale, but with a different distribution of the parts. It represents chiefly the history of those demigods and heroes who contended in the Trojan war. Thus, in the centre of the ceiling, we have first the original cause of the war, the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, and the appearance of the goddess of Discord, with her fatal apple. Around this are the twelve gods who were present at the feast, modelled in relief by Schwanthaler. Then follow twelve compartments, containing the most striking scenes of the Iliad, divided and adorned by the most rich and fanciful arabesques, combining the exploits or histories of the Grecian heroes which are not included in the Iliad. The figures in these compartments are the size of life. On the walls we have the three principal incidents of the Trojan war; first, the wrath of Achilles; secondly, opposite to the window, the fight for the body of Patrocles, and Achilles shouting to the warriors. There is wonderful energy and movement in this picture. The third is the destruction of Troy. The figure of Hecuba sitting in motionless horror and despair, with her dishevelled gray hair, her daughters clinging to her; the beautiful attitudes of Polyxena and Cassandra; the silent remorse of Helen; the wild fury of the conquerors, and the vigour and splendour of the whole painting, render this composition exceedingly striking:—I did not quite like the figure of Priam. All these designs are by Cornelius, and executed partly by him, and partly under his direction by Zimmermann, Schlotthauer, and their pupils. The arabesques are by Eugene Neurather: and there are two admirable and spirited bas-reliefs by Schwanthaler—one representing the battle of the ships, and the other the combat of Achilles with the river-gods.

The paintings in this hall were finished in 1830.

We then enter the range of galleries devoted to the later Greek and the Roman sculpture. The first, corresponding in size and situation with the Hall of Niobe, contains nothing peculiarly interesting, except the famous figure of the young warrior anointing himself after the bath, and called the Alexander.

The next gallery is the Roman Hall, about one hundred and thirty feet in length, and forms a glorious *coup d'œil*. The

utmost luxury of architectural decoration has been lavished on the ceilings; and the effect of the marble pavement, with the disposition of the busts, candelabræ, altars, as seen in perspective, is truly and tastefully magnificent. I particularly admired the ceiling, which is divided into three domes, adorned with bas-reliefs, taken from the Roman history and manners: these were designed by Schwanthaler. I cannot remember any thing remarkable in this gallery; or rather there were too many things deserving of notice for me to note all. The standing Agrippina has, however, dwelt on my mind; and an exceedingly fine bust of Octavius Cæsar, crowned with the oak leaves.

A small room contains the sculpture in coloured marble, porphyry, and bronze; and the last is the hall of modern sculpture. In the centre of the ceiling is a phœnix, rising from its ashes, and around it are the heads of four distinguished sculptors—Nicolo da Pisa, the restorer of the art in the fourteenth century, Michael Angelo, Canova, and Thorwaldsen.

Two of the most celebrated productions of modern sculpture are here:—the Paris of Canova, and the Adonis of Thorwaldsen. As they are placed near to each other, and the aim is alike in both to exhibit the utmost perfection of youthful and effeminate beauty, the merits of the two artists were fairly brought into comparison. Thorwaldsen's statue reminded me of the Antinous; Canova's recalled the young Apollo. I hardly know which to prefer as a conception; but the material and workmanship of the Paris pleased me most. The marble of Thorwaldsen's statue, though faultless in purity of tint, has a coarse *gritty* grain, and glitters disagreeably in certain lights, as if it were spar or lump-sugar; whereas the smooth, close, compact grain of Canova's marble, which is something of a creamy white, seemed to me infinitely preferable to the eye. This, however, is hyper-criticism: in both, the feeling is classically and beautifully true. The soft melancholy of the countenance and attitude of Adonis, as if anticipative of his early death, and the languid self-sufficiency of Paris, appeared to me equally admirable. There are also in this room a duplicate by Canova of his Venus, in the Pitti palace; a girl tying her sandal, by Rodolph Schadow—a pendant, I presume, to his charming Filatrice, now at Chatsworth; and some fine busts. I looked round in vain for a single specimen of English art. I thought it just possible that some work of Flaxman, or Chantrey, or Gibson might have found its way hither—but no!

Oct. 12.—Last night to the opera with a pleasant party; but, tired and over-excited with my morning at the Glypthothek, I wanted soothing, and was not in a humour for the noisy florid music of Wilhelm Tell. It is an opera which, as it becomes familiar, tires, and does not attach—just like some clever people I have met with. Pellegrini (not the Pelligrini we had in England, but a fixture here, and their best male singer—a fine *basso cantante*) acted Tell. I say *acted*, because he did not merely sing his part—he acted it, and well; so well, that I once felt my eyes moisten. Madame Spitzeder sang in Matilda von Hapsburg tolerably. Their first tenor, Bayer, I do not like; his intonation is defective. The decorations and dresses are beautiful. As for the dancing, it is not fair to say any thing about it. Unfortunately, the first bars of the Tyrolienne brought Taglioni before my mind's eye, and who or what could stand the comparison? How she leaped like a stag! bounded like a young faun! floated like the swan-down on the air! Yet even Taglioni, though she makes the nearest approach to it, does not complete my idea of a poetical dancer; but as *she* improved upon Herbelet, we may find another to improve upon *her*. One more such *artist*—I use the word in the general and German sense, not in the French meaning—one more such artist, who should bring modesty, and sense, and feeling into this lovely and most desecrated art, might do something to retrieve it—might introduce the necessity for dancers having heads as well as heels, and in time revolutionize the whole *corps de ballet*.

Wednesday.—This morning, M. Herman Stuntz, the king's chapel-master, called on me. I had heard of him as a fine composer, and also much of his opera, produced for the Scala at Milan, the Costantino il Grande. I was pleased to find him not a musician only, like most musicians, but intelligent and enthusiastic on other subjects, and with that childlike simplicity of mind and manner so often combined with talent. We touched upon every thing from the high sublime to the deep absurd—ran round the whole circle of art in a sort of touch-and-go style, and his *naïveté* and originality pleased me more and more. He said some true and delightful things about music; but would insist that of all languages the English is the most difficult to ally to musical sounds—infinitely worse than German. He complained of the shut mouth, the *claquement des dents*, and the predominance of aspirates in our pronunciation. I objected to the guttural sounds, and the open mouths, and the *yaw yaw* of the Germans. Then followed an

animated discussion on vocal sounds and musical expression; and we parted, I believe, mutually pleased.

The father of Stuntz is a Swiss—a man of letters, an enthusiast, a philosopher, an artist; in short, a most extraordinary and eccentric character. He entirely educated his two children, of whom the son, Herman Stuntz, takes a high rank as a composer; and the daughter is a distinguished female artist, but, being nobly married, she now only paints pictures to give them away, and those who possess them are, with reason, extremely proud of the possession.

In the evening, Madame Meric, *prima-donna aus London*, as the play-bills set forth, made her first appearance in the Gazza Ladra. She is engaged here for a limited time, and takes the *gast-rolles*—that is, she plays the first parts as a matter of course—in short, she is a STAR. The regular prima-donna is Madame Scheckner-Wagen. Meric has talent, voice, style, and unwearied industry; but she has not *genius*, neither is her organ first-rate. Comparisons in some cases are unjust as well as odious. Yet was it my fault that I remembered in the same part the syren Sontag, and the enchantress Malibran? Meric, besides being a fine singer, is an amiable woman;—married to an extravagant, dissipated husband, and working to provide for her child—a common fate among the women of her profession.

* * * * *

—— Sat up late reading, for the third or fourth time, a chance volume of Madame Roland's works. What a complete French woman! but then what a mind! how large in capacity! how stored with knowledge! how strong in conscious truth! how finely toned! how soft, and yet how firm! What wonderful industry united to the quickest talent! Some things written at eighteen and twenty have most surprised me; some passages in the "Vie privée," and the "Appel," have most charmed me. She is not very eloquent, and I should think had not a playful or poetic fancy. There is an almost total want of imagery in her style; but great power, unaffected elegance, with a sort of negligence at times, which adds to its beauty. Then, to remember that all I have just read was written in a prison, in daily, hourly expectation of death! but *that* excites more interest than surprise, for a situation of strong excitement of mind and passion, with external repose and solitude, must be favourable to this development of the faculties, where there is character as well as talent. Some of her disclosures are a little too *naïve*. I am amused by the quantity of feminine

vanity which is mixed up with all this loftiness of spirit, this real independence of soul. Madame de Staël had not *more* vanity, whatever they may say; but it was less balanced by self-esteem—it required more sympathy. Then we have those two admirable women * * and * *. What exquisite feminine vanity is there! Yet, happily, in both instances how far removed from all ill-nature and presumption, and how unconsciously betrayed! I should think Joanna Baillie, among our great women, must be most exempt from this failing, perhaps, because, of all the five, she has the most profound sense of religion. Lavater said, that "the characteristic of *every* woman's physiognomy was vanity." A phrenologist would say that it was the characteristic of every woman's head. How far, then, may a woman be vain with a good grace, and betray it without ridicule? By vanity, I mean *now*, a great wish to please, mingled with a consciousness of the powers of pleasing, and not what Madame Roland describes,—"cette ambition constante, ce soin perpetuel d'occuper de soi, et de paraitre autre ou meilleur que l'on n'est en effet," for this is diseased vanity.

* * * * *

Dr. Martius* lent me two pretty little volumes of "Poems, by Louis I. king of Bavaria," the present king—the first royal author we have had, I believe, since Frederic of Prussia—the best since James I. of Scotland. These poems are chiefly lyrical, consisting of odes, sonnets, epigrams. Some are addressed to the queen, others to his children, others to different ladies of the court, whom he is said to have particularly admired, and a great number were composed during his tour in Italy in 1817. Of the merit of these poems I cannot judge; and when I appealed to two different critics, both accomplished men, one assured me they were admirable; the other shrugged up his shoulders—"Que voulez vous? c'est un Roi!" The earnest feeling and taste in some of these little poems pleased me exceedingly—of that alone I could judge: for instance, there is an address to the German artists, which contains the following beautiful lines: he is speaking of art—

> In der Stille muss es sich gestalten,
> Wenn es kräftig wirkend soll ersteh'n;
> Aus dem Herzen nur kann sich entfalten,
> Das was wahrhaft wird zum Herzen geh'n.

* The celebrated traveller, natural philosopher, and botanist. He has the direction of most of the scientific institutions at Munich.

Ja ! ihr nehmet es aus reinen Tiefen,
Fromm und einfach, wie die Vorwelt war,
Weckend die Gefühle, welche schliefen,
Ehrend zeugt's von Euch und immerdar.

Sklavisch an das Alte euch zu halten,
Eures Strebens Zweck ist dieses nicht
Seyd gefasst von himmlischen Gewalten,
Dringet rastlos zu dem hehren Licht !"

Which may be thus literally rendered :—

"To rise into vigorous, active influence, it (art) must spring up and develop itself in secrecy and in silence; out of the heart alone can that unfold itself which shall truly go to the heart again.

"Yes, pious and simple as the old world was, ye draw it (art) from the same pure depths, awakening the feelings which slumber; and it shall bear honourable witness of ye—and for ever !

"Slavishly to cling to antiquity, this is not the end of your labours ! Be ye, therefore, upheld by heavenly power; press on, and rest not, to the high and holy light !"

Methinks this magnificent prince deserves, even more than his ancestor Maximilian I., to be styled the Lorenzo de' Medici of Bavaria. The power to patronise, the sentiment to feel, the genius to celebrate art, are rarely united, even in individuals. He must be a noble being,—a genius *born in the purple*, on whose laurels there rests not a blood-stain, perhaps not even a tear !

This is a holyday. I was sitting at my window, translating some of these poems, when I saw a crowd round the doors of the new palace, for it is a day of public admission. Curiosity tempted me to join this crowd; no sooner thought than done. I had M. de Klenze's general order for admittance in my pocket-book, but wished to see how this was managed, and mingled with the crowd, which was waiting to be admitted, *en masse*. I was at once recognised as a stranger, and every one with simple civility made way for me. Groups of about twenty or thirty people were admitted at a time, at intervals of a quarter of an hour, and each group placed under the guidance of one of the workmen as cicerone. He led them through the unfinished apartments, explaining to his open-mouthed auditors the destination of each room, the subjects of the pictures on the walls and ceilings, &c. &c. There were peasants from the south, in their singular dresses, mechanics and girls of Munich, soldiers, travelling students. I was much

amused. While the cicerone held forth, some merely wondered with foolish faces, some admired, some looked intelligent, and asked various questions, which were readily answered —all seemed pleased. Every thing was done in order, two groups were never in the same apartment; but as one went out another entered. Thus many hundreds of these poor people were gratified in the course of the day. It seemed to me a wise as well as benevolent policy in the king thus to appeal to the sympathy and gratify the pride of his subjects of all classes, by allowing them—inviting them, to take an interest in his magnificent undertakings, to consider them *national* as well as royal. I am informed that these works are carried on without any demands on the Staatskasse (the public treasury), and without any additional taxes; so far from it, that the Bavarian House of Representatives curtailed the supplies by 300,000 florins only last year, and refused the king an addition to the civil list, which he had requested for the travelling expenses of two of his sons. The king is said to be economical in the *extreme* in his domestic expenses, and not very generous in money to those around him—unlike his open-hearted, open-handed father, Max-Joseph; in short, there are grumblers here as elsewhere, but strangers and posterity will not sympathize with them.

This is the fourth time I have seen this splendid and truly royal palace, but will make no memoranda till I have gone over the whole with Leo von Klenze. He has promised to be my cicerone himself, and I feel the full value of the compliment. Count V—— told me last night, that he (De Klenze) has made for this building alone upwards of seven hundred drawings and designs with his own hands.

Oct. 13.—Called on my English friends, the C**s, and found them pleasantly settled in a beautiful furnished lodging near the Hofgarten, for which they pay twenty-four florins (or about two pounds) a month. We had some conversation about music (they are all musicians), and the opera, and Malibran, whom they have lately seen in Italy; and Pasta, whom they had visited at Como; and they confirmed what Mr. J. M. Stuntz and M. K. had all told me of her benevolence and excellent character. I could not find that any new genius had arisen in Italy to share the glory of our three queens of the lyrical drama,—Pasta, Malibran, and Schröder Devrient. Other singers have more or less talent and feeling, more or less compass of voice, facility, or agility; but these three women possess *genius*, and stamp on every thing they do their

own individual character. Of the three, Pasta is the grandest and most finished artist; Malibran the most versatile in power and passion; while Schröder Devrient has that energy of heart and soul—that capacity for exciting, and being excited, which gives her such unbounded command over the feelings and senses of her audience.* So far we were agreed; but as the conversation went on, I was doomed to listen to a torrent of commonplace and sarcastic criticism on the private habits of these and other women of the same profession: one was accused of vulgarity, another of bad temper, and another of violence and caprice: one was suspected of a *penchant* for porter, another had been heard to swear, or—something very like it. Even pretty lady-like Sontag was reproached with some trifling breach of mere conventional manner,—she had used her fingers where she should have taken a spoon, or some such nonsense. My God! to think of the situation of these women! and then to look upon *those* women, who, fenced in from infancy by all the restraints, the refinements, the comforts, the precepts of good society,—the one arranging a new cap, the other embroidering a purse, the third reading a novel, all satisfied with petty occupations and amusements, "far, far removed from want and grief and fear," now sitting in judgment, and passing sentence of excommunication on others of their sex, who have been steeped in excitement from childhood, their nerves for ever in a state of tension between severest application and maddening flattery; cast on the world without chart or compass—with energies misdirected, passions uncontrolled, and all the inflammable and imaginative part of their being cultivated into excess as a part of their profession—of their material! O when will there be charity in the world? When will human beings, women especially, show mercy and justice to each other, and not judge of results without a reference to causes? and when will reflection upon these causes lead to their removal? They are evils which press upon few, but are reflected on many, inasmuch as they degrade art and the pursuit of art: but all can sneer, and few can think

* * * * *

I begin at length to feel my way among the pictures here. Hitherto I have been bewildered. I have lounged away morning after morning at the gallery of the Hofgarten, at Schleiss-

* I remember Madame Devrient, in describing the effect which music had upon herself, pressing her hand upon her bosom, and saying, with simple but profound feeling, "*Ah! cela use la vie!*"

heim, and at the Duc de Leuchtenberg's; and returned home with dazzled eyes and a mind overflowing, like one "oppressed with wealth, and with abundance sad," unable to recall or to methodise my own impressions.

Professor Zimmermann tells me that the King of Bavaria possesses upwards of three thousand pictures: of these about seventeen hundred are at Schleissheim, nine hundred in the Munich gallery, and the rest distributed through various palaces. The national gallery, or Pinakothek, which is now building under the direction of Leo von Klenze, is destined to contain a selection from these multifarious treasures, of which the present arrangement is only temporary.

The King of Bavaria unites in his own person the three branches of the House of Wittelsbach,—the palatines of the Rhine, the dukes of Deuxponts, and the electors of Bavaria, all sovereign houses, and descended from Otto von Wittelsbach, who received the investiture of the dukedom of Bavaria in 1180. Thus it is that the celebrated gallery once at Dusseldorf, formed under the auspices of the elector John William, the various collections at Manheim, Deuxponts, and Heidelberg, are now concentrated at Munich, where, from the days of Duke Albert V. (1550) up to the present time, works of art have been gradually accumulated by successive princes.

Somebody calls the gallery at Munich the court of Rubens; and Sir Joshua Reynolds says that no one should judge of Rubens who has not studied him at Antwerp and Dusseldorf. I begin to feel the truth of this. My devoted worship of the Italian school of art rendered me long—I will not say *blind* to the merits of the Flemish painters—for that were to be "sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing!" but in truth, without that full feeling of their power which I have since acquired.

Certainly we have in these days mean ideas about painting—mean and false ideas! It has become a mere object of luxury and connoisseurship, or *virtù:* unless it be addressed to our personal vanity, or to the puerile taste for ornament, show, furniture,—it is nothing. The noble art which was once recognised as the priestess of nature, as a great moral power capable of acting on the senses and the imagination of assembled human beings—as such applied by the lawgivers of Greece, and by the clergy of the Roman Catholic church,—how is it now vulgarized in its objects! how narrowed in its application! And if it be said, that in the present state of society, in these calculating, money-making, political, intellectual times, we are acted upon by far different influences, rendering us infinitely

less sensible to the power of painting, then I think it is *not true*, and that the cultivated susceptibility to other moral or poetical excitements—as politics or literature—does not render us less sensible to the moral influence of painting; on the contrary: but she has fallen from her high estate, and there are none to raise her. The public—the national spirit is wanting; individual patronage is confined, is misdirected, is arbitrary, demanding of the artist any thing rather than the highest and purest intellectual application of his art, and affording neither space nor opportunity for him to address himself to the grand universal passions, principles, and interests of human nature! Suppose a Michael Angelo to be born to us in England; we should not, perhaps, set him to make a statue of snow, but where or how would his gigantic genius, which revelled in the great deeps of passion and imagination, find scope for action? He would struggle and gasp like a stranded Leviathan!

But this is digressing; the question is, may not the moral effect of painting be still counted on, if the painter be himself imbued with the right spirit?*

There is, in the academy at Antwerp, a picture by Rubens, which represents St. Theresa kneeling before Christ, and interceding for the souls in purgatory. The treatment of the subject is exceedingly simple; the upper part of the picture is occupied by the Redeemer, with his usual attributes, and the saint, habited as a nun. In the lower part of the picture, instead of a confused mob of tormented souls, and flames, and devils with pitchforks, the painter has represented a few heads as if rising from below. I remember those of Adam, Eve, and Mary Magdalen. I remember—and never shall forget—the expression of each! The extremity of misery in the countenance of Adam; the averted, disconsolate, repentant wretchedness of Eve, who hides her face in her hair; the mixture of agony, supplication, hope, in the face of the Magdalen, while a cherub of pity extends his hand to her, as if to aid her to rise, and at the same time turns an imploring look towards the Saviour. As I gazed upon this picture, a feeling sank deep into my heart, which did not pass away with the tears it made to flow, but has ever since remained there, and has become an

* "A l'exposition de Paris (1822) on a vu un millier de tableaux représentant des sujets de l'Ecritoire Sainte, peints par des peintres qui n'y croient pas du tout; admirés et jugés par des gens qui n'y croient pas beaucoup, et enfin payés par des gens qui, apparemment, n'y croient pas, non plus.

"L'on cherche aprés cela le pourquoi de la décadence de l'art!"

abiding principle of action. This is only one instance out of many, of the *moral* effect which has been produced by painting.

To me it is amusing, and it cannot but be interesting and instructive to the philosopher and artist, to observe how various people, uninitiated into any of the technicalities of art, unable to appreciate the amount of difficulties overcome, are affected by pictures and sculpture. But in forming our judgment, our taste in art, it is unsafe to listen to opinions springing from this vague kind of enthusiasm; for in painting, as in music—"just as the soul is pitched, the *eye* is pleased."

I amuse myself in the gallery here with watching the countenances of those who look at the pictures. I see that the uneducated eye is caught by subjects in which the individual mind sympathizes, and the educated taste seeks abstract excellence. Which has the most enjoyment? The last, I think. Sensibility, imagination, and quick perception of form and colour are not alone necessary to feel a work of art; there must be the power of association; the mind trained to habitual sympathy with the beautiful and the good; the knowledge of the meaning, and the comprehension of the object of the artist.

In the gallery here there are eighty-eight pictures of Rubens —some among the very finest he ever painted; for instance, that splendid picture, Castor and Pollux carrying off the daughters of Leucippus, so full of rich life and movement; the destruction of Sennacherib's host; Rubens and his wife, full lengths, seated in a garden; that wonderful picture of the defeat of the Amazons; the meeting of Jacob and Laban; the picture of the Earl of Arundel and his wife, with other figures, full lengths;* and a series of the designs for the large paintings of the history of Marie de' Medici, now in the Louvre. His group of boys with fruits and flowers exhibits the richest,

* Of this celebrated picture, Sir Joshua Reynolds says, that it is miscalled and certainly does *not* contain the portraits of the Earl and Countess of Arundel. Perhaps he is mistaken. It appears that the Earl of Arundel, of James the First's time (the collector of the Arundelian marbles), with his countess, sat to Rubens in 1620, and that "Robin the Dwarf" was introduced into this picture, which was not painted in England, but at Brussels. Rubens was at this time at the height of his reputation, and when requested to paint the portrait of the Countess of Arundel, he replied, "Although I have refused to execute the portraits of many princes and noblemen, especially of his lordship's rank, yet from the earl I am bound to receive the honour he does me in commanding my services, regarding him as I do, in the light of an evangelist to the world of art, and the great supporter of our profession."—(See Tierney's History and Antiquities of the Castle and Town of Arundel.)

loveliest combination of colours ever presented to the eye ; and on that wonderful picture of the fallen (or rather *falling*) angels he has lavished such endless variety of form, attitude, and expression, that it would take a day to study it. It is not a large picture : the eye, or rather the imagination, easily takes in the general effect of tumult, horror, destruction, but the understanding dwells on the detail with still increasing astonishment and admiration. These are a few that struck me, but it is quite in vain to attempt to particularize.

One may begin by disliking Rubens in general (I think I did), but one must end by standing before him in ecstasy and wonder. It is true that, always luxuriant, he is often gross and sensual—he can sometimes be brutally so. His bacchanalian scenes are not like those of Poussin, classical, godlike debauchery, but the abandoned drunken revelry of animals —the very sublime of brute licentiousness ; and painted with a breadth of style, a magnificent luxuriance of colour, which renders them more revolting. The *physique* predominates in all his pictures, and not only to grossness, but even to ferocity. His picture here of the slaughter of the Innocents makes me sick—it has absolutely polluted my imagination. Surely this is not the vocation of high art. And as for his martyrdoms, they are worse than Spagnoletto's.

For all this, he is the TITIAN of painting ; his creations are "of the earth and earthy," but he has called down fire and light from heaven, wherewith to animate and to illumine them.

Rubens is just such a painter as Dryden is a poet, and *vice versâ*—his women are just like Dryden's women, gross, exaggerated, unrefined animals ; his men, like Dryden's men, grand, thinking, acting animals. Like Dryden, he could clothe his genius in thunder, dip his pencil in the lightning and the sunbeams of heaven, and rush fearlessly upon a subject which others had trembled to approach. In both we see a singular and extraordinary combination of the plainest, coarsest realities of life, with the loftiest imagery, the most luxurious tints of poetry. Both had the same passion for allegory, and managed it with equal success. "The thoughts that breathe and words that burn" of Dryden may be compared to the living, moving forms, the glowing, melting, dazzling hues of Rubens, under whose pencil,

> "Desires and adorations,
> Winged persuasions and wild destinies,
> Splendours, and glooms, and glimmering incarnations
> Of hopes and fears, and twilight fantasies,"

took form and being—became palpable existences; and yet, with all this inventive power, this love of allegorical fiction, it is *life*, the spirit of animal life, diffused through and over their works; it is the blending of the plain reasoning with splendid creative powers; of wonderful fertility of conception with more wonderful facility of execution; it is the combination of truth, and grandeur, and masculine vigour, with a general coarseness of taste, which may be said to characterize both these great men. Neither is, or can be, a favourite of the women, for the same reasons.

There must have been something analogous in the genius of Rubens and that of Titian. The distinction was of climate and country. They appear to have looked at nature under the same aspect, but it was a different nature,—the difference between Flanders and Venice. They were both painters of flesh and blood; by nature, poets; by conformation, colourists; by temperament and education, magnificent spirits, scholars, and gentlemen, lovers of pleasure and of fame. The superior sentiment and grace, the refinement and elevation of Titian, he owed to the poetical and chivalrous spirit of his age and country. The delicacy of taste which reigned in the Italian literature of that period influenced the arts of design. As to the colouring, we see in the pictures of Rubens the broad daylight effects of a northern climate, and in those of Titian the burning fervid sun of a southern clime, necessarily modified by shade, before the objects could be seen; hence the difference between the *glow* of Rubens and the *glow* of Titian: the first "i' the colours of the rainbow lived," and the other bathed himself in the evening sky; the one dazzles, the other warms. I can bring before my fancy, at this moment, the Helen Forman of Rubens, and Titian's "La Manto;" the "Man with a Hawk" of Rubens, and Titian's "Falconer;" can any thing in heaven or earth be more opposed! Yet in all alike, is it not the intense feeling of life and individual nature which charms, which fixes us? I know not which I admire most; but I adore Titian—his men are all made for power, and his women for love.

And Rembrandt—king of shadows!

> ———Earth-born
> And sky-engendered—son of mysteries!

was not he a poet? He reminds me often of the Prince Sorcerer, nurtured "in the cave of Domdaniel, under the roots of

the sea."* Such an enchanted "den of darkness" was his mill with its skylight to him; and there, magician-like, he brooded over half-seen forms, and his imagination framed strange spells out of elemental light and shade. Thence he brought his unearthly shadows; his dreamy splendours; his supernatural gleams; his gems flashing and sparkling with internal light; his lustrous glooms; his wreaths of flaming and embossed gold; his wicked, wizard-like heads—turbaned, wrinkled, seared, dusky; pale with forbidden studies; solemn with thoughtful pain; keen with the hunger of avarice, and furrowed with an eternity of years! I have seen pictures of his in which the shadowy background is absolutely peopled with life. At first all seems palpable darkness, apparent vacancy; but figure after figure emerges, another and another; they glide into view, they take shape and colour, as if they grew out of the canvass even while we gaze; we rub our eyes, and wonder whether it be the painters work or our own fancy!

Of all the great painters Rembrandt is perhaps least understood; the admiration bestowed on him, the enormous prices given for his pictures, are in general a fashion—a mere matter of convention—like the price of a diamond. To feel Rembrandt truly, it is not enough to be an artist or an amateur picture-fancier—one should be something of a poet too.

There are nineteen of his pictures here; of these, "Jesus teaching the doctors in the temple," though a small picture, impressed me with awe,—the portraits of the painter Flinck and his wife, with wonder. All are ill-hung, with their backs against the light—for them the worst possible situation.

Vandyke is here in all his glory: there are thirty-nine of his pictures. The celebrated full length, "the burgomaster's wife in black," so often engraved, does not equal, in its inexpressible, unobtrusive elegance, the "Lady Wharton" at Devonshire House.† Then we have Wallenstein with his ample kingly brow; fierce Tilly; the head of Snyders; the lovely head of the painter's wife, Maria Ruthven,—sweet-looking, delicate, golden-haired, and holding the theorbo (she excelled in music, I believe), and Virgins, holy families, and other Scriptural subjects. His famous picture of Susanna does not strike me much.

The four apostles of Albert Durer—wonderful! In ex-

* In Southey's Thalaba.

† Now removed with the other Vandykes to Chatsworth.

pression, in calm religious majesty, in suavity of pencilling, and the grand, pure style of the heads and drapery, quite like Raffaelle. I compared, yesterday, the three portraits—that of Raffaelle, by himself (the famous head once in the Altaviti palace, and engraved by Morghen); Albert Durer, by himself; and Giorgione, by himself. Raffaelle is the least handsome, and rather disappointed me; the eyes, in particular, rather project, and have an expression which is not pleasing; the mouth and the brow are full of power and passion. Albert Durer is beautiful, like the old heads of our Saviour; and the predominant expression is calm, dignified, intellectual, with a tinge of melancholy. This picture was painted at the age of twenty-eight; he was then suffering from that bitter domestic curse, a shrewish, avaricious wife, who finally broke his heart. Giorgione is not handsome, but it is a sublime head, with such a large intellectual development, such a profound expression of sentiment! Giorgione died of a faithless mistress, as Albert Durer died of a scolding wife.*

By Paris Bordone, of Trevigi, there is a head of a Venetian lady, in a dress of crimson velvet, with dark splendid eyes which tell a whole history. By Murillo there are eight pictures —not one in his most elevated style, but all perfect miracles of painting and of nature. There are thirty-three pictures of Vander Werff, a number sufficient to make one's blood run cold. One, a Magdalene, is of the size of life; the only large picture by this elegant, elaborate, soulless painter I ever saw: he is to me detestable.

By Joseph Vernet there are two delicious landscapes, a morning and an evening. I cannot farther particularize; but there are specimens of almost every known painter; those, however, of Titian, Correggio, Julio Romano, and Nicolo

* See a curious letter of Pirkheimer on the death of Albert Durer, quoted in the Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 21. "In Albert I have truly lost one of the best friends I had in the whole world, and nothing grieves me deeper than that he should have died so painful a death, which, under God's providence, I can ascribe to nobody but his huswife, who gnawed into his very heart, and so tormented him that he departed hence the sooner; for he was dried up to a fagot, and might nowhere seek him a jovial humour or go to his friends." After much more reflecting on this intolerable woman, he concludes with edifying *naïveté*,— "She and her sister are not queans; they are, I doubt not, in the number of honest, devout, and altogether God-fearing women, but a man might better have a quean who was otherwise kindly, than such a gnawing, suspicious, quarrelsome, *good* woman, with whom he can have no peace or quiet neither by day nor by night."

Poussin, are very few and not of a very high class, while those of the early German painters, and the Dutch, and the Flemish schools are first-rate.

There is one English picture—Wilkie's "Opening of the Will:" it is very much admired here, and looked upon as a sort of curiosity. I wish the artists of the two countries were better known to each other: both would benefit by such an intercourse.

At the palace of Schleissheim* there are nearly two thousand pictures: of these some hundreds are positively *bad;* some hundreds are curious and valuable, as illustrating the history and progress of art; some few are really and intrinsically admirable.

But the grand attraction here is the far-famed Boisserée Gallery, which is arranged at Schleissheim, until the Pinakothek is ready for its reception. This is the collection about which so many volumes have been written, and which has excited such a general enthusiasm throughout Germany. This enthusiasm, as a fashion, a mania, is beginning to subside, but the impress it has left upon art, and the tone it has given to the pursuit, the feeling of art, will not so soon pass away. The gallery derives its name from two brothers, Sulpitz and Melchior Boisserée,† who, with a friend (Bertram), were employed for many years in collecting from various convents, and old churches, and obscure collections of family relics, the productions of the early painters of Germany, from William of Cologne, called by the Germans "Meister Wilhelm," down to Albert Durer and Holbein.

The productions of the Greek or Byzantine painters found their way into Germany, as into Italy, in the thirteenth century, and Wilhelm of Cologne appeared to have been the Cimabue of the north—the founder of that school of painting called the *Byzantine-Niederrheinische*, or Flemish school, and the precursor of Rubens, as Cimabue was the precursor of Michael Angelo.

Out of this stiff, and rude, and barbarous style of art arose and spread the Alt-Deutsche, or Gothic school of painting, which produced successively Van Eyck (1370), Hemling,

* Schleissheim is a country palace of the King of Bavaria, about six miles from Munich; it has originally been a beautiful building, but is not now inhabited, and looks forlorn and dilapidated. The pictures are distributed, without any attempt at arrangement, through forty-five rooms.

† Natives, I believe, of Cologne.

Wohlgemuth,* Martin Schoen, Mabuse, Johan Schoreel, Lucas Kranach, Kulmbach, Albert Altorffer, Hans Asper, Johan von Mechlem, Behem, Albert Durer, and the two Holbeins. I mention here only those artists whose pictures fixed my attention; there are many others, and many pictures by unknown authors. Albert Durer was born exactly one hundred years after Van Eyck.

The Boisserée gallery contains about three hundred and fifty pictures; but I did not count them, and no official catalogue has yet been published. The subjects are generally sacred; the figures are heads of saints, and scenes from Scripture. A few are portraits; and there are a few, but very few, subjects from profane history. The painters whose works I at once distinguished from all others were Van Eyck, Johan Schoreel, Hemling, and Lucas Kranach. I can truly say that the two pictures of Van Eyck, representing St. Luke painting the portrait of the Virgin, and the offering of the three kings, and that of Johan Schoreel, representing the death of the Virgin Mary, perfectly amazed me. I remember also several wondrous heads by Lucas Kranach; one by Behem, called, I know not why, "Helena;" and a picture of Christ and the little children, differing from all the rest in style, with something of the Italian grace of drawing, and suavity of colour. The artist, Sedlar, had studied in Lombardy, probably under Correggio (one of the children certainly might call Correggio father). The date on this extraordinary production is 1530. Of the painter I know nothing. The general and striking faults, or rather deficiencies, of the old German school of art are easily enumerated. The most flagrant violations of taste and costume,† bad drawing of the figure and extremities, faulty perspective; stiff, hard, meager composition, negligence or ignorance of all effect of chiara-scuro. But what, then, is the secret of the interest which these old painters inspire, of the enthusiasm they excite, even in these cultivated days? It arises from a perception of the *mind* they brought to bear upon their subjects, the simplicity and integrity of feeling with which they worked, and the elaborate marvellous beauty of the execution

* Albert Durer was the scholar of Wohlgemuth.

† I particularly recollect a picture, containing many hundred figures, all painted with the elaborate finish of a miniature, and representing the victory of Alexander over Darius. All the Persians are dressed like Turks, while Alexander and his host are armed to the teeth, in the full costume of chivalry, with heraldic banners, displaying the different devices of the old Germanic nobles, the cross, the black eagle, &c. &c.

of parts. I could give no idea in words of the intense nature and expression in some of the heads, of the grand feeling united to the most finished delicacy in the conception and painting of *countenance*, of the dazzling splendour of colouring in the draperies, and the richness of fancy in the ornaments and accessories.

But I *do* fear that the just admiration excited by this kind of excellence, and a great deal of national enthusiasm, has misled the modern German artists to a false, at least an exaggerated estimate, and an injudicious imitation, of their favourite models. It has produced or encouraged that general hardness of manner, that tendency to violent colour and high glazy finish, which interfere too often with the beauty, and feeling, and effect of their compositions, at least in the eyes of those who are accustomed to the free broad style of English art.*

* The observations of Mr. Phillips (Lectures on the History and Principles of Painting), on Giotto, and the earliest Italian school, apply in a great measure to the early German painters, and I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of quoting them.—"As it appears to me that painting at the present time is swerving among us from the true point of interest, tending to ornament, to the loss of truth and sentiment, I think I cannot do better than endeavour to restrain the encroachment of so insidious a foe, to prevent, if possible, our advance in so erroneous and fatal a course, by showing how strong is the influence of art where truth and simplicity prevail; and that, where no ornament is to be found—nay, where imperfections are numerous; where drawing is frequently defective, perspective violated, colouring employed without science, and chiaroscuro rarely if ever thought of. The natural question then is, what can excite so much interest in pictures, where so much is wanting to render them perfect? I answer, that which leads to the forgetfulness of the want of those interesting and desirable qualities in the pictures of Giotto is the excitation caused by their fulness of feeling—well-directed, ardent, concentrated feeling! by which his mind was engaged in comprehending the points most worthy of display in the subject he undertook to represent, and led to the clearness and intelligence with which he has selected them; add to this the simplicity and ability with which he has displayed that feeling." * * * "This is the first true step in the natural system of the art, or of the application of it, and this was Giotto's more especially. The rest is useful, as it assists the influence of this, the *indispensable*. This, to continue the figure, taken from the stage (in a previous part of the Lecture), is as Garrick acting Macbeth or Lear in a tie-wig and a general's uniform of his day; the passion and the character reaching men's hearts, notwithstanding the absurd costume. If the art be found thus strong to attract the mind, to excite feeling and thought, and to engage the heart, by the mere force of unadorned truth in the important points, and without the aid of the valuable auxiliaries I have above alluded to, is it not manifest that in its basis it is correct? and that the utmost force of historical painting is to be sought by continual emendation of this system, maintaining the spirit of its simplicity,

Thursday Evening.—At the theatre. Schiller's "Braut von Messina." This was the first time I had ever seen the tragic choruses brought on the stage, in the genuine style of the Greek drama; and the deep sonorous voice and measured recitation (I could almost say *recitative*) of Eslair, who was at the head of the chorus of Don Manuel—the emphatic lines being repeated or echoed by his followers—as well as the peculiar style of the whole representation, impressed me with a kind of solemn terror. It was wholly different from any thing I had ever witnessed, and was rather like a poem declaimed on the stage than what we are accustomed to call a play. I was fortunate in seeing Madame Schröder in Donna Isabella, for she does not often perform, and it is one of the finest parts of this grand actress. Don Manuel and Don Cæsar were played by Forst and Schunke—both were young, very well looking, and good actors. Beatrice was played by Madll. Schöller. The costumes were beautiful, and all the arrangements of the stage contrived with the most poetical effect. One scene in the first act, where Donna Isabella stands between her two sons, a hand on the shoulder of each, beseeching them to be reconciled; while they remain silent, turning from each other with folded arms, and dark averted faces;—the choruses drawn up on each side, all dressed alike, all precisely in the same attitude, leaning on their shields, with lowering looks fixed on the group in the centre, was admirably man-

supplying its wants, calling in the aid of those auxiliaries within reasonable bounds, not permitting them to usurp the throne of taste and attraction, but rather requiring them to assist in humbler guise to maintain and strengthen the legitimate authority of feeling."

After reading these beautiful passages, written by a man who unites the acute discriminative judgment of a practical artist with the finest feeling of the ultimate object and aim of high poetical art, I felt almost tempted to expunge my own superficial and imperfect notes (above written), and should have done so, but for the hope that my deficiencies will induce some one more competent in taste and knowledge to take up the subject of the early German painters. It is certain that the modern historical painters of Germany are working on the principle here laid down by Mr. Phillips, particularly Overbeck and Wach, which they have derived from a study of their national school of art; but other enthusiasts should remember that the redeeming excellence of this school was feeling, and that feeling can never be a matter of mere imitation. I cannot understand why the omissions of ignorance should be confounded with the achievements of native genius, by those for whom "knowledge has unlocked her ample stores," and to whom the recovery of those "rich spoils of time," the antique marbles, must have revealed the wide difference between "the simplicity of elegance" and "the simplicity of indigence."

aged; and, from the effect that it produced, made me feel that uniformity may be one element of the sublime. Afterward, a very lively soirée.

* * * * * *

Friday.—The Hofgarten at Munich is a square, planted with trees, and gravelled, and serving as a public promenade. On one side is the royal palace: opposite to it, the picture gallery; on the east, the king's riding house, and on the west, a long arcade, open towards the garden which connects the palace and the picture gallery; under this arcade are shops, cafés, restaurateurs, &c., as in the *Palais Royal* at Paris.

But what distinguishes this arcade from all others is the peculiar style of decoration. It is painted in fresco by the young artists who studied under Cornelius. There is, first, a series of sixteen compartments, about eleven feet in length, containing subjects from the history of Bavaria. They are all by various artists, and of course of different degrees of merit, generally better in the composition than the painting, but some have great vigour and animation in both respects.

For instance, Otho von Wittelsbach receiving from the emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, the investiture of the dukedom of Bavaria in 1180, painted by Zimmermann.

The marriage of Otho the Illustrious, to Agnes Countess Palatine of the Rhine, in 1225, painted by my friend Wilhelm Röckel, of Schleissheim, to whom I am indebted for many polite attentions.

The engagement between Louis the Severe, of Bavaria, and the fierce fiery Ottocar, king of Bohemia, upon the bridge at Mühldorf, in 1258, painted by Stürmer of Berlin. This is very animated and terrific. I think the artist had Rubens's defeat of the Amazons full in his mind.

The victory of the emperor, Louis of Bavaria, over Frederic of Austria, his competitor for the empire in 1322, painted by Hermann of Dresden.

The storming of Godesberg, when the unfortunate Archbishop Gerard and Agnes of Mansfeld had taken refuge there in 1583,* painted by Gassen of Coblentz.

Maximilian I. in 1623, invested with the forfeit electorate of the Palatine Frederic V.,† painted by Eberle of Dusseldorf.

Maximilian Joseph I., father of the present king, bestowing on his people a new constitution and representative government in 1818, painted by Monten of Dusseldorf.

* See p. 40. † See p. 44.

These have dwelt on my memory. Over all the pictures, the name of the subject and the date are inscribed in large gold letters, so that those who walk may read. The costumes and manners of each epoch have been attended to with the most scrupulous accuracy; and I see every day groups of soldiers, and of the common people, with their children, standing before these paintings, spelling the titles, and discussing the various subjects represented. The farther end of the arcade is painted with a series of Italian scenes, selected by the king after his return from Italy, and executed by Rottmann of Heidelberg, a young landscape-painter of great merit, as De Klenze assures me, and he is a judge of *genius*. Under each picture is a distich, composed by the king himself. These are in distemper, I believe: freely, but rather hastily executed, and cold and ineffective in colour, perhaps the fault of the vehicle. The ceilings and pillars are also gayly painted with arabesques, and other ornaments; and at the upper end there is a grand seated figure, looking magnificent and contemplative, and calling herself Bavaria. This is well painted by Kaulbach.

I walk through these arcades once or twice every day, as I have several friends lodged over them; and can seldom arrive at the end without pausing two or three times.

I learn that the king's passion for building, and the forced encouragement given to the enlargement and decoration of his capital, has been carried to an excess, and, like all extremes, has proved mischievous, at least for the time. He has rendered it too much a fashion among his subjects, who are suffering from rash speculations of this kind. Many beautiful edifices in the Ludwig's Strasse, and the neighbourhood of the Maximilian's Platz, and the Karoline's Platz, remain untenanted. A suite of beautiful unfurnished apartments, and even a pretty house in the finest part of Munich, may be had for a trifle. Some of these new houses are enormous. Madame M. told me that she has her whole establishment on one floor, but then she has twenty-three rooms.

Though the country round Munich is flat and ugly, a few hours' journey brings us into the very midst of the Tyrolean Alps. In June or July, all the people fly to the mountains and lakes in South Bavaria, and rusticate among the most glorious scenery in the world. "Come to us," said my friend Luise K——; "come to us in the summer months, *and we will play at Arcadia*."

And truly, when I listened to her description of her mountain life, and all its tranquil, primitive pleasures, and all the

beauty and grandeur which lie beyond that giant-barrier which lifts itself against the evening sky, and when I looked into those clear affectionate eyes—"dieser Blick voll Treu und Gute," and beheld the expression of a settled happiness, the light of a heart at peace with itself and all the world, reflected on the countenances of her children—a recollection of the unquiet destiny which drives me in an opposite direction came over me—

> Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
> Upon a wheel of fire, which mine own tears
> Do scald like molten lead.

Tuesday.—M. de Klenze called this morning and conducted me over the whole of the new palace. The design, when completed, will form a vast quadrangle. It was begun about seven years ago; and as only a certain sum is set apart every year for the works, it will probably be seven years more before the portion now in progress, which is the south side of the quadrangle, can be completed.

The exterior of the building is plain, but has an air of grandeur even from its simplicity and uniformity. It reminds me of Sir Philip Sidney's beautiful description—"A house built of fair and strong stone; not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness, as an honourable representing of a firm stateliness; all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful."

When a selfish despot designs a palace, it is for himself he builds. He thinks first of his own personal tastes and peculiar habits, and the arrangements are contrived to suit his exclusive propensities. Thus, for Nero's overwhelming pride, no space, no height could suffice; so he built his "golden house" upon a scale which obliged its next possessor to pull it to pieces, as only fit to lodge a colossus. George the Fourth had a predilection for low ceilings, so all the future inhabitants of the Pimlico palace must endure suffocation; and as his majesty did not live on good terms with his wife, no accommodation was prepared for a future queen of England.

The commands which the King of Bavaria gave De Klenze were in a different spirit. "Build me a palace, in which nothing within or without shall be of transient fashion or interest; a palace for my posterity and my people, as well as myself; of which the decorations shall be durable as well as splendid, and shall appear one or two centuries hence as pleasing to

the eye and taste as they do now."—"Upon this principle," said De Klenze, looking round, "I designed what you now see."

On the first floor are the apartments of the king and queen, all facing the south: a parallel range of apartments behind contains accommodation for the attendants, ladies of honour, chamberlains, &c.; a grand staircase on the east leads to the apartments of the king, another on the west to those of the queen; the two suites of apartments uniting in the centre, where the private and sleeping rooms communicate with each other. All the chambers allotted to the king's use are painted with subjects from the Greek poets, and those of the queen from the German poets.

We began with the king's apartments. The approach to the staircase I did not quite understand, for it appears small and narrow; but this part of the building is evidently incomplete.

The staircase is beautiful, but simple, consisting of a flight of wide broad steps of the native marble; there is no gilding; the ornaments on the ceiling represent the different arts and manufactures carried on in Bavaria. Over the door which opens into the apartments is the king's motto, in gold letters, Gerecht und Beharrlich—Just and Firm. Two Caryatides support the entrance: on one side the statue of Astrea, and on the other the Greek Victory without wings—the first expressing justice, the last firmness or constancy. These figures are colossal, and modelled by Schwanthaler in a grand and severe style of art.

I. The first antechamber is decorated with great simplicity. On the cornice round the top is represented the history of Orpheus and the expedition of the Argonauts, from Linus, the earliest Greek poet. The figures are in outline, shaded in brown, but without relief or colour, exactly like those on the Etruscan vases. The walls are stuccoed in imitation of marble.

II. The second antechamber is less simple in its decoration. The frieze round the top is broader (about three feet), and represents the Theogony, the wars of the Titans, &c., from Hesiod. The figures are in outline, and tinted, but without relief, in the manner of some of the ancient Greek paintings on vases, tombs, &c. The effect is very classical and very singular. Schwanthaler, by whom these decorations were designed, has displayed all the learning of a profound and accomplished scholar, as well as the skill of an artist. In general feeling

and style, they reminded me of Flaxman's outlines to Æschylus.

The walls of this room are also stuccoed in imitation of marble, with compartments, in which are represented, in the same style, other subjects from the "Weeks and Days," and the "Birth of Pandora." The ornaments are in the oldest Greek style.

III. A saloon, or reception-room, for those who are to be presented to the king. On this room, which is in a manner public, the utmost luxury of decoration is to be expended; but it is yet unfinished. The subjects are from Homer. In compartments on the ceiling are represented the gods of Greece; the gorgeous ornaments with which they are intermixed being all in the Greek style. Round the frieze, at the top of the room, the subjects are taken from the four Homeric hymns. The walls will be painted from the Iliad and Odyssey, in compartments, mingled with the richest arabesques. The effect of that part of the room which is finished is indescribably splendid: but I cannot pause to dwell upon minutiæ.

IV. The throne-room. The decorations of this room combine, in an extraordinary degree, the utmost splendour and the utmost elegance. The whole is adorned with bas-reliefs in white stucco, raised upon a ground of dead gold. The compositions are from Pindar. Round the frieze are the games of Greece, the chariot and foot-race, the horse-race, the wrestlers, the cestus, &c. Immediately over the throne, Pindar, singing to his lyre before the judges of the Olympic games. On each side a comic and a tragic poet receiving a prize. The exceeding lightness and grace, the various fancy, the purity of style, the vigour of life and movement displayed here, all prove that Schwanthaler has drunk deep of classical inspiration, and that he has not looked upon the frieze of the Parthenon in vain. The subjects on the walls are various groups from the same poet; over the throne is the king's motto, and on each side, Alcides and Achilles; the history of Jason and Medea, Castor and Pollux, Deucalion and Pyrrha, &c. occupy compartments, differing in form and size. The decoration of this magnificent room appeared to me a *little* too much broken up into parts—and yet, on the whole, it is most beautiful; the Graces as well as the Muses presided over the whole of these "fancies chaste and noble;" and there is excellent taste in the choice of the poet, and the subjects selected, as harmonizing with the destination of the room: all are expressive of power, of triumph,

of moral or physical greatness.* The walls are of dead gold, from the floor to the ceiling, and the gilding of this room alone cost 72,000 florins.

V. A saloon, or antechamber. The ceiling and walls admirably painted, from the tragedies of Æschylus.

VI. The king's study, or cabinet de travail. The subjects from Sophocles, equally classical in taste, and rich in colour and effect. In the arch at one end of this room are seven compartments, in which are inscribed, in gold letters, the sayings of the seven Greek sages.

Schwanthaler furnished the outlines of the compositions from Æschylus and Sophocles, which are executed in colours by Wilhelm Röckel of Schleissheim.

VII. The king's dressing-room. The subjects from Aristophanes, painted by Hiltensberger of Suabia, certainly one of the best painters here. There is exquisite fantastic grace and spirit in these designs.

"It was fit," said De Klenze, "that the first objects which his majesty looked upon on rising from his bed should be gay and mirth-inspiring."

VIII. The king's bed-room. The subjects from Theocritus, by different painters, but principally Professor Heinrich Hess and Bruchmann. This room pleased me least.

No description could give an adequate idea of the endless variety, and graceful and luxuriant ornament harmonizing with the various subjects, and the purpose of each room, and lavished on the walls and ceilings even to infinitude. The general style is very properly borrowed from the Greek decorations at Herculaneum and Pompeii; not servilely copied, but varied with an exhaustless prodigality of fancy and invention, and applied with exquisite taste. The combination of the gayest, brightest colours has been studied with care, their proportion and approximation calculated on scientific principles; so that the result, instead of being gaudy and perplexing to the eye, is an effect the most captivating, brilliant, and harmonious that can be conceived.

The material used is the *encaustic* painting, which has been revived by M. de Klenze. He spent four months at Naples analyzing the colours used in the encaustic paintings at Herculaneum and Pompeii, and by innumerable experiments re-

* In the throne-room at the Buckingham Palace, the idea of grandeur is suggested by a vile heraldic crown, stuck on the capitals of the columns. Conceive the flagrant, the vulgar barbarity of taste!! It cannot surely be attributed to the architect?

ducing the process to safe practice. Professor Zimmermann explained to me the other day, as I stood beside him while he worked, the general principle, and the advantages of this style. It is much more rapid than oil painting; it is also much less expensive, requiring both cheaper materials and in smaller quantity. It dries more quickly: the surface is not so glazy and unequal, requiring no particular light to be seen to advantage. The colours are wonderfully bright: it is capable of as high a finish, and it is quite as durable as oils. Both mineral and vegetable colours can be used.

Now to return. The king's bed-chamber opens into the queen's apartments, but to take these in order we must begin at the beginning. The staircase, which is still unfinished, will be in a much richer style of architecture than that on the king's side; it is sustained with beautiful columns of native marble.

I. Antechamber; painted from the history and poems of Walther von der Vogelweide, by Gassen of Coblentz, a young painter of distinguished merit.

Walther "of the bird-meadow," for that is the literal signification of his name, was one of the most celebrated of the early Suabian Minnesingers,* and appears to have lived from 1190 to 1240. He led a wandering life, and was at different times in the service of several princes of Germany. He figured at the famous "strife of poets," at the castle of Wartsburg, which took place in 1207, in presence of Hermann Landgrave of Thuringia and the Landgravine Sophia: this is one of the most celebrated incidents in the history of German poetry. He also accompanied Leopold VII. to the Holy Land. His songs are warlike, patriotic, moral, and religious. "Of love he has always the highest conception, as of a principle of action, a virtue, a religious affection; and in his estimation of female excellence he is below none of his contemporaries."†

In the centre of the ceiling is represented the poetical contest at Wartsburg, and Walther is reciting his verses in presence of his rivals and the assembled judges. At the upper end of the room Walther is exhibited exactly as he describes himself in one of his principal poems, seated on a high rock in a melancholy attitude, leaning on his elbow, and contem-

* There is a very pretty little edition of his lyrical poems, rendered into the modern German by Karl Simrock, and published at Berlin in 1833.

† See a very interesting account of Walther von der Vogelweide, with translations of some of his poems in "The Lays of the Minnesingers," published in 1825.

plating the troubles of his desolate country; in the opposite arch, the old poet is represented as feeding the little birds which are fluttering round him—in allusion to his will, which directed that the birds should be fed yearly upon his tomb. Another compartment represents Walther showing to his Geliebte (his mistress) the reflection of her own lovely face in his polished shield. There are other subjects which I cannot recall. The figures in all these groups are the size of life.

II. The next room is painted from the poems of Wolfram of Eschenbach, another, and one of the most fertile of the old Minnesingers; he also was present at the contest at Wartsburg, "and wandered from castle to castle like a true courteous knight, dividing his time between feats of arms and minstrelsy." He versified, in the German tongue, the romance of the "Saint-Greal," making it an original production, and the central point, if the expression may be allowed, of an innumerable variety of adventures, which he has combined, like Ariosto, in artful perplexity, in the poems of Percival and Titurel.* These adventures furnish the subjects of the paintings on the ceiling and walls, which are executed by Hermann of Dresden, one of the most distinguished of the pupils of Cornelius.

The ornaments in these two rooms, which are exceedingly rich and appropriate, are in the old gothic style, and reminded me of the illuminations in the ancient MSS.

III. A saloon (salon de service) appropriated to the ladies in waiting: painted from the ballads of Bürger, by Foltz of Bingen. The ceiling of this room is perfectly exquisite—it is formed entirely of small rosettes (about a foot in diameter), varying in form, and combining every hue of the rainbow—the delicacy and harmony of the entire effect is quite indescribable. The rest of the decorations are not finished, but the choice of the poet and the subjects, considering the destination of the room, delighted me. The fate of "Lenora," and that of the "Curate's Daughter," will be edifying subjects of contemplation for the maids of honour.

IV. The throne-room. Magnificent in the general effect; elegant and appropriate in the design.

On the ceiling, which is richly ornamented, are four medallions, exhibiting, under the effigies of four admirable women, the four *feminine* cardinal virtues. Constancy is represented by

* See a very learned and well-written article on the ancient German and northern poetry in the Edinburgh Review, vol. 26.

Maria Theresa; maternal love, by Cornelia; charity, by St. Elizabeth (the Margravine of Thuringia);* and filial tenderness, by Julia Pia Alpinula.

> And there—O sweet and sacred be the name!
> Julia, the daughter, the devoted, gave
> Her youth to Heaven; her heart beneath a claim
> Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
> LORD BYRON.

"I always avoid emblematical and allegorical figures wherever it is possible, for they are cold and arbitrary, and do not speak to the heart!" said M. de Klenze, perceiving how much I was charmed with the idea of thus personifying the womanly virtues.

The paintings round the room are from the poems of Klopstock, and executed by Wilhelm Kaulbach, an excellent artist. Only the frieze is finished. It consists of a series of twelve compartments; three on each side of the room, and divided from each other by two boys of colossal size, grouped as Caryatides, and in very high relief. These compartments represent the various scenes of the Herman-Schlacht; the sacrifices of the Druids; the adieus of the women; the departure of the warriors; the fight with Varus; the victory; the return of Herman to his wife Thusnelda, &c.

"Herman, or, as the Roman historians call him, Arminius, was a chieftain of the Cheruscans, a tribe of northern Germany. After serving in Illyria, and there learning the Roman arts of warfare, he came back to his native country, and fought successfully for its independence. He defeated, beside a defile

* The legend of this charming saint, one of the most popular in Germany, is but little known among us. She was the wife of a margrave of Thuringia, who was a fierce, avaricious man, while she herself was all made up of tenderness and melting pity. She lived with her husband in his castle on the Wartsburg, and was accustomed to go out every morning to distribute alms among the poor of the valley; her husband, jealous and covetous, forbade her thus to exercise her bounty; but as she regarded her duty to God and the poor even as paramount to conjugal obedience, she secretly continued her charitable offices. Her husband encountered her one morning at sunrise, as she was leaving the castle with a covered basket containing meat, bread, and wine, for a starving family. He demanded, angrily, what she had in her basket; Elizabeth, trembling, not for herself, but for her wretched protegés, replied, with a faltering voice, that she had been gathering roses in the garden. The fierce chieftain, not believing her, snatched off the napkin, and Elizabeth fell on her knees.—But, behold, a miracle had been operated in her favour!—The basket was full of roses, fresh gathered, and wet with dew.

near Detmold, in Westphalia, the Roman legions under the command of Varus, with a slaughter so mortifying, that the proconsul is said to have killed himself, and Augustus to have received the news of the catastrophe with indecorous expressions of grief. It is this defeat of Varus which forms the theme of one of Klopstock's chorus-dramas, entitled, "The Battle of Herman." The dialogue is concise and picturesque; the characters various, consistent, and energetic; a lofty colossal frame of being belongs to them all, as in the paintings of Caravaggio. To Herman, the disinterested zealot of patriotism and independence, a preference of importance is wisely given; yet, perhaps, his wife Thusnelda acts more strongly on the sympathy by the enthusiastic veneration and affection she displays for her hero-consort.*

V. Saloon, or drawing-room. The paintings from Wieland, by Eugene Neurather (already known in England by his beautiful arabesque illustrations of Goëthe's ballads). The frieze only of this room, which is from the Oberon, is in progress.

VI. The queen's bed-room. The paintings from Goëthe, and chiefly by Kaulbach. The ceiling is exquisite, representing in compartments various scenes from Goëthe's principal lyrics; the Herman and Dorothea; Pausias and Glycera, &c., intermixed with the most rich and elegant ornaments in relief.

VII. The queen's study, or private sitting-room, a small but very beautiful room, with paintings from Schiller, principally by Lindenschmidt of Mayence. On the ceiling are groups from the Wallenstein; the Maid of Orleans; the Bride of Corinth; Wilhelm Tell: and on the walls, in compartments, mingled with the most elegant ornaments, scenes from the Fridolin, the Toggenburg, the Dragon of Rhodes, and other of his lyrics.

VIII. The queen's library. As the walls will be covered with book-cases, all the splendour of decoration is lavished on the ceiling, which is inexpressibly rich and elegant. The paintings are from the works of Ludwig Tieck—from the Octavianus, the Genoneva, Fortunatus, the Puss in Boots, &c., and executed by Von Schwind.

The dining-room is magnificently painted with subjects from Anacreon, intermixed with ornaments and bacchanalian symbols, all in the richest colouring. In the compartments on the

* See Taylor's "Historic Survey of German Poetry." Herman was afterward murdered by a band of conspirators, and Thusnelda, on learning the fate of her husband, died broken-hearted.

ceiling the figures are the size of life—in those round the walls, half-life size. Nothing can exceed the luxuriant fancy, the gayety, the classical elegance, and amenity of some of these groups. They are all by Professor Zimmermann.

One of these paintings, a group representing, I think, Anacreon with the Graces (it is at the east end of the room), is usually pointed out as an example of the perfection to which the encaustic painting has been carried: in fact, it would be difficult to exceed it in the mingled harmony, purity, and brilliance of the colouring.

M. Zimmermann told me that when he submitted the cartoons for these paintings to the king's approbation, his majesty desired a slight alteration to be made in a group representing a nymph embraced by a bacchanal; not as being in itself faulty, but "à cause de ses enfans," his eldest daughters being accustomed to dine with himself and the queen.

Now it must be remembered that these seventeen rooms form the domestic apartments of the royal family; and magnificent as they are, a certain elegance, cheerfulness, and propriety has been more consulted than parade and grandeur: but on the ground-floor there is a suite of state apartments, prepared for the reception of strangers, &c., on great and festive occasions; and these excited my admiration more than all the rest together.

The paintings are entirely executed in fresco, on a grand scale, by Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld, certainly one of the greatest living artists of Europe: and these four rooms will form, when completed, the very triumph of the romantic school of painting. It is not alone the invention displayed in the composition, nor the largeness, boldness, and freedom of the drawing, nor the vigour and splendour of the colouring; it is the enthusiastic sympathy of the painter with his subject; the genuine spirit of the old heroic, or rather Teutonic, ages of Germany, breathed through and over his singular creations, which so peculiarly distinguish them. They are the very antipodes of all our notions of the classical—they take us back to the days of Gothic romance and legendary lore—to the "fiery Franks and furious Huns"—to the heroes, in short, of the Nibelungen Lied, from which all the subjects are taken.

To enable the merely English reader to feel, or at least understand, the interest attached to this grand series of paintings, without which it is impossible to do justice to the artist,

it is necessary to give a slight sketch of the poem which he has thus magnificently illustrated.*

"This national epic, as it is justly termed by M. Von der Hagen, has lately attracted a most unprecedented degree of attention in Germany. It now actually forms a part of the philological courses in many of their universities, and it has been hailed with almost as much veneration as the Homeric songs. Some allowance must be made for German enthusiasm, but it cannot be denied that the Nibelungen Lied, though a little too bloody and dolorous, possesses extraordinary merits." The hero and heroine of this poem are Siegfried (son of Siegmund king of Netherland, and of Sighelind his queen) and Chrimhilde princess of Burgundy. Siegfried, or Sifrit, the Sigurd of the Scandinavian Sagas, is the favourite hero of the northern parts of Germany. His spear, "a mighty pine beam," was preserved with veneration at Worms; and there, in the church of St. Cecilia, he is supposed to have been buried. The German romances do not represent him as being of gigantic proportions, but they all agree that he became invulnerable by bathing in the blood of a dragon, which guarded the treasures of the Nibelungen, and which he overcame and killed; but it happened that as he bathed, a leaf fell and rested between his shoulders, and consequently, that one little spot, about a hand's breadth, still remained susceptible of injury. Siegfried also possesses the wondrous tarn-cap, which had the power of rendering the wearer invisible.

This formidable champion, after winning the love and the hand of the fair princess Chrimhilde, and performing a thousand valiant deeds, is treacherously murdered by the three brothers of Chrimhilde, Gunther king of Burgundy, Ghiseler, Gernot, and their uncle Hagen, instigated by Queen Brunhilde, the wife of Gunther. Chrimhilde meditates for years the project of a deep and deadly revenge on the murderers of her husband. This vengeance is in fact the subject of the Nibelungen Lied, as the wrath of Achilles is the subject of the Iliad.

* The notices which follow are abridged from the essay "On Ancient German and Northern Poetry," before mentioned—from the preface to the edition of the Nibelungen Lied, by M. Von der Hagen—and the analysis of the poem in the Illustrations of Northern Antiquities. My own first acquaintance with the Nibelungen Lied I owed to an accomplished friend, who gave me a detailed and lively analysis of the story and characters: and certainly no child ever hung upon a tale of ogres and fairies with more intense interest than I did upon her recital of the adventures of the Nibelungen.

The poem opens thus beautifully with a kind of argument of the whole eventful story.

"In ancient song and story marvels high are told,
Of knights of bold emprise and adventures mani-fold;
Of joy and merry feasting, of lamenting, wo, and fear:
Of champions' bloody battles many marvels shall ye hear.

A noble maid and fair, grew up in Burgundy,
In all the land about, fairer none might be;
She became a queen full high, Chrimhild was she hight,
But for her matchless beauty fell many a blade of might.

For love and for delight was framed that lady gay,
Many a champion bold sighed for that gentle May;
Beauteous was her form! beauteous without compare!
The virgin's virtues might adorn many a lady fair.

Three kings of might had the maiden in their care,
King Gunther and King Gernot, champions bold they were,
And Ghiselar the young, a chosen peerless blade:
The lady was their sister, and much they loved the maid."

Then follows an enumeration of the heroes in attendance on King Gunther: Haghen, the fierce; Dankwart, the swift; Volker, the minstrel knight; and others; "all champions bold and free;"—and then the poet proceeds to open the argument.

"One night the queen Chrimhild dreamt her as she lay,
How she had trained and nourished a falcon, wild and gay;
When suddenly two eagles fierce the gentle hawk have slain—
Never in this world felt she such cruel pain!

To her mother, Uta, she told her dream with fear.
Full mournfully she answered to what the maid did spier,
'The falcon, whom you cherish, a gentle knight is he.
God take him to his ward! thou must lose him suddenly.'

'What speak you of the knight? dearest mother, say!
Without the love of champion, to my dying day,
Ever thus fair will I remain, nor take a wedded fere
To gain such pain and sorrow—though the knight were without peer!'

'Speak not thou too rashly!' her mother spake again.
'If ever in this world thou heart-felt joy wilt gain,
Maiden must thou be no more; Leman must thou have.
God will grant thee for thy mate some gentle knight and brave.'

'O leave thy words, lady mother; speak not of wedded mate,
Full many a gentle maiden hath found the truth too late:
Still has their fondest love ended with wo and pain;
Virgin will I ever be, nor the love of Leman gain.'

In virtues high and noble that gentle maiden dwelt,
Full many a night and day, nor love for Leman felt.
To never a knight or champion would she plight her virgin truth,
Till she was gained for wedded fere by a right noble youth.

That youth, he was the falcon she in her dream beheld,
Who by the two fierce eagles dead to the ground was fell'd:
But since right dreadful vengeance she took upon his foen;
For the death of that bold hero, died full many a mother's son."

After this exordium the story commences, the first half ending with the assassination of Siegfried.

Some years after the murder of Siegfried, Chrimhilde gives her hand to Etzel (or Attila), king of the Huns, in order that through his power and influence she may be enabled to execute her long-cherished schemes of vengeance. The assassins accordingly, and all their kindred and followers, are induced to visit King Etzel at Vienna, where, by the instigation of Chrimhilde, a deadly feud arises; in the course of which almost the whole army on both sides are cruelly slaughtered. By the powerful but reluctant aid of Dietrich of Bern,* Hagen, the murderer of Siegfried, is at last vanquished, and brought bound to the feet of the queen, who at once raises the sword of her departed hero, and with her own hand strikes off the head of his enemy. Hildebrand instantly avenges the atrocious and inhospitable act, by stabbing the queen, who falls exulting on the body of her hated victim.

When Gunther's arms, and those of his brothers and champions, are brought to Worms, Brunhilde repents too late of her treachery to Siegfried, and the old queen Uta dies of grief. As to King Etzel, the poet professes himself ignorant "whether he died in battle, or was taken up to heaven, or fell out of his skin, or was swallowed up by the devil;" leaving to his reader the choice of these singular catastrophes; and thus the story ends.†

The rivalry between Chrimhilde and her amazonian sister-in-law Brunhilde forms the most interesting and amusing episode in the poem; and the characters of the two queens—the fierce, haughty Brunhilde, and the impassioned, devoted, confiding Chrimhilde (whom the very excess of conjugal love

* Dietrich of Bern (i. e. Theodoric of Verona) is the great hero of South Germany—the King Arthur of Teutonic romance, who figures in all the warlike lays and legends of the middle ages.

† See the Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, p. 213.

converts into a relentless fury)—are admirably discriminated. "The work is divided into thirty-eight books or *adventures*—and besides a liberal allowance of sorcery and wonders, contains a great deal of clear and animated narrative, and innumerable curious and picturesque traits of the manners of the age. The characters of the different warriors, as well as those of the two queens, and their heroic consorts, are very naturally and powerfully drawn—especially that of Hagen, the murderer of Siegfried, in whom the virtues of an heroic and chivalrous leader are strangely united with the atrocity and impenitent hardihood of an assassin.

"The author of the Lay of the Nibelungen has not been ascertained. In its present form it must have existed between the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; this is proved by the language; but the manners, tone, thoughts, and actions, which are all in perfect keeping, bear testimony to an antiquity far beyond that of the present dress of the poem."

Here then was a boundless, an inexhaustible fund of inspiration for such a painter as Julius Schnorr; and his poetical fancy appears to have absolutely revelled in the grand, the gay, the tragic subjects afforded to his creative pencil.

In the first room, immediately over the entrance, he has represented the poet, or presumed author of the Nibelungen; an inspired figure, attended by two listening genii. On each side, but a little lower down, are two figures looking towards him: on one side, a beautiful female, striking a harp, and attended by a genius crowned with roses—represents song or poesy; on the other side, a sybil listening to the voice of Time, represents tradition. The figures are all colossal.

Below, on each side of this door, are two beautiful groups. That to the right of the spectator represents Siegfried and Chrimhilde. She is leaning on the shoulder of her warlike husband, with an air of the most inimitable and graceful abandonment in her whole figure; a falcon sits upon her hand, on which her eyes are turned with the most profound expression of tenderness and melancholy; she is thinking upon her dream, in which was foreshadowed the early and terrible doom of her husband.

It is said at Munich, that the wife of Schnorr, an exquisitely beautiful woman, whom he married under romantic circumstances, was the model of his Chrimhilde, and that one of her spontaneous attitudes furnished the idea of this exquisite group, on which I never look without emotion. The depth and

splendour of the colouring adds to the effect. The figures are rather above the size of life.

On the opposite side of the door, as a *pendant*, we have Gunther and his queen Brunhilde. He holds one of her hands, with a deprecating expression. She turns from him with an averted countenance, exhibiting in her whole look and attitude, grief, rage, and shame. It is evident that she has just made the fatal discovery of her husband's obligations to Siegfried, which urges her to the destruction of the latter. I have heard travellers ignorantly criticise the grand and somewhat exaggerated forms of Brunhilde, as being "really quite coarse and unfeminine." In the poem she is represented as possessing the strength of twelve men; and when Hagen sees her throw a spear which it required four warriors to lift, he exclaims to her alarmed suitor, King Gunther,

> "Ay! how is it, King Gunther? here must you tine your life!
> The lady you would gain well might be the devil's wife!"

It is by the secret assistance of Siegfried, and his tarn-cap, that Gunther at length vanquishes and humbles this terrible heroine, and she avenges her humiliation by the murder of Siegfried.

Around the room are sixteen full-length portraits of the other principal personages who figure in the Nibelungen Lied —*portraits* they may well be called, for their extraordinary spirit and truth of character. In one group we have the fierce Hagen, the courteous Dankwart, and between them Valker tuning his viol; of him it is said,

> "Bolder and more knight-like fiddler never shone the sun upon;"

and he plays a conspicuous part in the catastrophe of the poem.

Opposite to this group we have Queen Uta, the mother of Chrimhilde, between her sons Gernot and Ghiselar: in another compartment, Siegmund and Sighelind, the father and mother of Siegfried.

Over the window opposite to the entrance, Hagen is consulting the mermaids of the Danube, who foretel the destruction which awaits him at the court of Etzel: and lower down on each side of the window, King Etzel with his friend Rudiger, and those faithful companions in arms old Hildebrand and Dietrich of Bern. The power of invention, the profound feeling of character, and extraordinary antiquarian knowledge

displayed in these figures, should be seen to be understood. Those which most struck me (next to Chrimhilde and her husband) were the figures of the daring Hagen and the venerable Queen Uta.

On the ceiling, which is vaulted, and enriched with most gorgeous ornaments, intermixed with heraldic emblazonments, are four small compartments in fresco: in which are represented the marriage of Siegfried and Chrimhilde, the murder of Siegfried, the vengeance of Chrimhilde, and the death of Chrimhilde. These are painted in vivid colours on a black ground.

On the whole, on looking round this most splendid and interesting room, I could find but one fault: I could have wished that the ornaments on the walls and ceiling (so rich and beautiful to the eye) had been more completely and consistently gothic in style; they would then have harmonized better with the subjects of the paintings.

In the next room, the two sides are occupied by two grand frescoes, each about five-and-twenty feet in length, and covering the whole wall. In the first, Siegfried brings the kings of Saxony and Denmark prisoners to the court of King Gunther. The second represents the reception of the victorious Siegfried by the two queens Uta and Chrimhilde. This is the first interview of the lovers, and furnishes one of the most admired passages in the poem.

"And now the beauteous lady, like the rosy morn,
Dispersed the misty clouds; and he who long had borne
In his heart the maiden, banished pain and care,
As now before his eyes stood the glorious maiden fair.

From her embroidered garment glittered many a gem,
And on her lovely cheek the rosy red did gleam;
Whoever in his glowing soul had imaged lady bright,
Confessed that fairer maiden never stood before his sight.

And as the moon at night stands high the stars among,
And moves the mirky clouds above with lustre bright and strong;
So stood before her maidens, that maid without compare:
Higher swelled the courage of many a champion there."

Between the two doors there is the marriage of Siegfried and Chrimhilde. The second of these frescoes is nearly finished; of the others I only saw the cartoons, which are magnificent. The third room will contain, arranged in the same manner, three grand frescoes, representing, 1st, The scene in which the rash curiosity of Chrimhilde prevails over the discre-

tion of her husband, and he gives her the ring and the girdle which he had snatched as trophies from the vanquished Brunhilde;* 2dly, The death of Siegfried, assassinated by Hagen, who stabs the hero in the back as he stoops to drink from the forest-well; and, 3dly, The body of Siegfried exposed in the cathedral at Worms, and watched by Chrimhilde, "who wept three days and three nights by the corpse of her murdered lord, without food and without sleep."

The fourth room will contain the second marriage of Chrimhilde; her complete and sanguinary vengeance; and her death. None of these are yet in progress. But the three cartoons of the death of Siegfried, the marriage of Siegfried and Chrimhilde, and the fatal curiosity of Chrimhilde, I had the pleasure of seeing in Professor Schnorr's studio at the academy; I saw at the same time his picture of the death of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, which has excited great admiration here, but I confess I do not like it; nor do I think that Schnorr paints as well in oils as in fresco: the latter is certainly his forte.

Often have I walked up and down these superb rooms, looking up at Schnorr and his assistants, and watching intently the preparation and the process of the fresco painting; and often I thought, "What would some of our English painters—Etty, or Hilton, or Briggs, or Martin—O, what would they give to have two or three hundred feet of space before them, to cover at will with grand and glorious creations,—scenes from Chaucer, or Spenser, or Shakspeare, or Milton,—proudly conscious that they were painting for their country and posterity, spurred on by the spirit of their art and national enthusiasm, and generously emulating each other! Alas! how different!—with us such men as Hilton and Etty illustrate annuals, and the genius of Turner shrinks into a vignette!

Oct. 14.—Accompanied by my kind friend Madame de K——, and conducted by Roekel the painter, I visited the unfinished chapel adjoining the new palace. It is painted (or rather *painting*) in fresco, on a gold ground, with extraordinary richness and beauty, uniting the old Greek, or rather By-

* In the altercation between the two queens, Chrimhilde boasts of possessing these trophies, and displays them in triumph to her mortified rival; for which indiscretion, as she afterward complains, "her husband was in high anger, and *beat her black and blue*." This treatment, however, which seems to have been quite a matter of course, does not diminish the fond idolatry of the wife,—rather increases it.

zantine, manner with the old Italian style of decoration. It reminded me, in the general effect, of the interior of St. Mark's, at Venice, but, of course, the details are executed in a grander feeling, and in a much higher style of art. The pillars are of the native marble, and the walls will be covered with a kind of Mosaic of various marbles, intermixed with ornaments in relief, in gilding, in colours—all combined, and harmonizing together. The ceiling is formed of two large domes or cupolas. In the first is represented the Old Testament: in the very centre the Creator; in a circle round him the six days' creation. Around this again, in a larger circle, the building of the ark,—the deluge,—the sacrifice of Noah, —and the first covenant. In the four corners, the colossal figures of the patriarchs Noah, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. These are designed in a very grand and severe style. The second cupola is dedicated to the New Testament: in the centre, the Redeemer; around him, four groups of cherubs, three in each group. We were on the scaffold erected for the painters—near enough to remark the extreme beauty and various expression in these heads, which must, I am afraid, be lost when viewed from below. Around, in a circle, the twelve apostles; and in the four corners, the four evangelists, corresponding with the four patriarchs in the other dome. In the arch between the two domes, as connecting the Old and New Testaments, we have the Nativity and other scenes from the life of the Virgin. In the arch at the farthest end will be placed the Crucifixion, as the consummation of all.

The painter to whom the direction of the whole work has been intrusted is Professor Heinrich Häss, or Hess, one of the most celebrated of the German historical painters. He was then employed in painting the Nativity,—stretched upon his back on a sort of inclined chair. Notwithstanding the inconvenience and even peril of leaving his work while the plaster was wet, he came down from his giddy height to speak to us, and explained the general design of the whole. I expressed my honest admiration of the genius and the grand feeling displayed in many of the figures, and, in particular, of the group he was then painting, of which the extreme simplicity charmed me; but, as honestly, I expressed my surprise that nothing *new* in the general style of the decoration had been attempted. A representation of the Omnipotent Being was merely excusable in more simple and unenlightened times, when the understandings of men could only be addressed through their senses; and merely tolerable, when

Michael Angelo gave us that grand personification of Almighty Power moving "on the wings of the wind" to the creation of the first man. But now, in these thinking, reasoning times, it is not so well to venture into those paths upon which daring Genius, supported by blind Faith, rushed without fear, because without a doubt. The theory of religion belongs to poetry, and its practice to painting. I was struck by the wonderful stateliness of the ornaments and borders used in decorating these sacred subjects: they are neither Greek, nor gothic, nor arabesque; but composed merely of simple forms and straight lines, combined in every possible manner, and in every variety of pure colour. One might call them *Byzantine*; at least, they reminded me of what I had seen in the old churches at Venice and Pisa.

I was pleased by the amiable and open manners of Professor Hess. Much of his life has been spent in Italy, and he speaks Italian well, but no French. In general, the German artists absolutely detest and avoid the language and literature of France, but almost all speak Italian, and many can read, if they do not speak, English. He told me that he had spent two years on the designs and cartoons for this chapel; he had been painting here daily for the last two years, and expected to be able to finish the whole in about two years and a half more: thus giving six years and a half, or more probably seven years, to this grand task. He has four pupils, or assistants, besides those employed in the decorations only.

Oct. 15.—After dinner we drove through the beautiful English garden—a public promenade—which is larger and more diversified than Kensington Gardens; but the trees are not so fine, being of younger growth. A branch of the Iser rolls through this garden, sometimes an absolute torrent, deep and rapid, foaming and leaping along between its precipitous banks, sometimes a strong but gentle stream, flowing "at its own sweet will" among smooth lawns. Several pretty bridges cross it with "airy span;" there are seats for repose, and cafés and houses where refreshment may be had, and where, in the summer-time, the artisans and citizens of Munich assemble to dance on the Sunday evenings. Altogether it was a beautiful day, and a delightful drive.

In the evening, at the opera with the ambassadress and a large party. It was the queen's fête, and the whole court was present. The theatre was brilliantly illuminated—crowded in every part: in short, it was all very gay and very magnificent; as to hearing a single note of the opera—the Figaro—that

was impossible; so I resigned myself to the conversation around me. "Are you fond of music?" said I, innocently, to a lady whose volubility had ceased not from the moment we entered the box. "Moi! si je l'aime!—mais avec passion!" And then without pause or mercy continued the same incessant flow of *spirituel* small-talk, while Scheckner-Wagen and Meric, now brought for the first time into competition, and emulous of each other,—one pouring forth her full *sostenuto* warble, like a wood-lark,—the other trilling and running divisions, like a nightingale,—were uniting their powers in the "Sull' Aria;" but though I could not hear I could see. I was struck to-night more than ever by the singular dignity of the demeanour of Madame Scheckner-Wagen. She is not remarkable for beauty, nor is there any thing of the common made-up theatrical grace in her deportment—still less does she remind us of Queen Medea—Queen Pasta, I should say—the imperial syren, who drowned her own identity and ours together in her "cup of enchanted sounds;"—no—but Scheckner-Wagen treads the stage with the air of a high-bred lady, to whom applause or censure are things indifferent—and yet with an exceeding modesty. In short, I never saw an actress who inspired such an immediate and irresistible feeling of respect and interest for the individual *woman*. I do not say that this is the *ne plus ultra* of good acting—on the contrary; though it is a mistake to imagine that the moral character of an actress or a singer goes for nothing with an audience—but of this more at some future time. Madame Scheckner's style of singing has the same characteristic simplicity and dignity: her voice is of a fine full quality, well cultivated, well managed. I have known her a little indolent and careless at times, but never forced or affected; and I am told that in some of the grand classical German operas, Gluck's Iphigenia, for instance, her acting as well as her singing is admirable.

I wish, if ever we have that charming Devrient-Schröder (and her vocal suite) again in England, they would give us the Iphigenia, or the Armida, or the Idomeneo. She is another who must be heard in her native music to be justly appreciated. Madame Milder *was* a third, but her reign is past. This extraordinary creature absolutely could not, or would not, sing the modern Italian music; no one, I believe, ever heard her sing a note of Rossini in her life. Madame Vespermann is here, but she sings no more in public. She was formed by Winter, and was a fine classical singer, though no original genius like the

Milder; and her voice, if I may judge by what remains of it, could never have been of first-rate quality.

Well—after the opera—while scandal, and tea, and refreshments were served up together—I had a long conversation with Count —— on the politics and statistics of Bavaria, the tone of feeling in the court, the characters and revenues of some of the leading nobles—particularly Count d'Armansberg, the former minister (now in Greece taking care of the young King Otho), and Prince Wallerstein, the present minister of the interior. He described the king's extremely versatile character, and his *vivacités*, and lamented his present unpopularity with the liberal party in Germany, the disputes between him and the Chambers, and the opinions entertained of the recent conferences between the king and his brother-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, at Lintz, &c. I learned much that was new, much that was interesting to me, but do not understand these matters sufficiently to say any thing more about them.

The two richest families in Bavaria are the Tour-and-Taxis and the Arco family. The annual revenue of the Prince of Tour-and-Taxis amounts to upwards of five millions of fiorins, and he lays out about a million and a half yearly in land. He seldom or never comes to Munich, but resides chiefly on his enormous estates, or at Ratisbon, which is *his* metropolis,—in fact, this rich and powerful noble is little less than a sovereign prince.

* * * * * *

16*th*.—I went with Madame von A—— and her daughters to the Kunstverein, or "Society of Arts." A similar institution of amateurs and artists, maintained by subscription, exists, I believe, in all the principal cities of Germany. The young artists exhibit their works here, whether pictures, models, or engravings. Some of these are removed and replaced by others almost every day, so that there is a constant variety. As yet, however, I have seen no *very* striking, though many pleasing pictures; but I have added several names to my list of German artists.* To-day at the Kunstverein there was a series of small pictures framed together, the subjects from Victor Hugo's romance of Notre Dame. These attracted general attention, partly as the work of a stranger, partly from their own merit, and the popularity of Victor Hugo. The painter, M. Couder, is a young Frenchman, now on his return from Italy to Paris. I understand that he has obtained leave

* This list will be subjoined at the end of these Sketches.

to paint one of the frescoes in the Pinakothek, as a trial of skill. Of the designs from Notre Dame, the central and largest picture is the scene in the garret between Phœbus and Esmeralda, when the former is stabbed by the priest Frollo: one can hardly imagine a more admirable subject for painting, if properly treated; but this is a failure in effect and in character. It fails in effect because the light is too generally diffused:—it is daylight, and not lamp-light. The monk ought to have been thrown completely into shadow, only *just* visible, terribly, mysteriously visible to the spectator. It fails in character because the figure of Esmeralda, instead of the elegant, fragile, almost ethereal creature she is described, rather reminds us of a coarse Italian contadina; and for the expression—a truly poetical painter would have averted the face, and thrown the whole expression into the attitude. It will hardly be believed, that of such a subject the painter has made a *cold* picture, merely by not feeling the bounds within which he ought to have kept. The small pictures are much better, particularly the Sachet embracing her child, and the tumult in front of Notre Dame. There were some other striking pictures by the same artist, particularly Chilperic and Fredegonde strangling the young queen Galsuinde, painted with shocking skill and truth. That taste for horrors which is now the reigning fashion in French art and French literature speaks ill for French *sensibilité*—a word they are so fond of—for that sensibility cannot be great which requires such extravagant *stimuli*. Painters and authors, all alike! They remind me of the sentimental negresses of Queen Carathis, in the Tale of Vathek—"qui avaient un gout particulier pour les pestilences." Couder, however, has undoubted talent. His portrait of De Klenze, painted since he came here, is all but *alive*.

In the evening at the theatre with M. and Mad. S——. We had Karl von Holtei's melo-drama of Lenore, founded on Bürger's well-known ballad:—but with the omission of the spectre, which was something like acting Hamlet "with the part of Hamlet left out, by particular desire." Lenore is, however, one of the prettiest and most effective of the *petites pièces* I have seen here—very tragical and dolorous of course. Madll. Schöller acted Lenore with more feeling and power than I thought was in her. There is a mad scene, in which she fancies her lover at her window, calling to her, as the spectre calls in the ballad—

"Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, Lenore?"

and which was so fine as a picture, and so well acted, that it quite thrilled me—no easy matter. Holtei is one of the first dramatists in Germany for comedies, melo-dramas, farces, and musical pieces. In this particular department he has no rival. He played to-night himself, being for his own benefit, and sung his popular Mantel Lied, or *cloak-song*, which, like his other songs, may be heard from one end of Germany to the other.

18*th*.—A grand military fête. The consecration of the great bronze obelisk which the king has erected in the Karoline-Platz, to the *glory* and the memory of the thirty-seven thousand Bavarian conscripts who followed, or rather were dragged by, Napoleon to the fatal Russian campaign in 1812. Of these, about six thousand returned alive: most of them mutilated, or with diseases which shortened their existence. Of many thousands no account ever reached home: they perished, God knows how or where. There was, in particular, a detachment, or a battery, of six thousand Bavarians, so completely destroyed that it was as if the earth had swallowed them, or the snows had buried them, for not one remained to tell the tale of how or where they died. Of those who did return, about one thousand one hundred survive, of whom four hundred continue in the army; the rest had returned to their civil pursuits, and had become peasants or tradesmen in different parts of the kingdom. Now, it appears that several hundreds of these men have arrived in Munich within the last few days, in order to be present at the ceremony: and some, from the mere sentiment of honour, have travelled from afar—even from Upper Bavaria and the Flemish Provinces, a distance of more than eighty leagues (two hundred and fifty miles). On this occasion, according to the arrangements previously made, the veteran soldiers who remained in the army were alone to be admitted within the enclosure round the monument. The others, I believe about five hundred in number, who had quitted the service, but who had equally fought, suffered, bled, in the same disastrous expedition, demanded, very naturally, the same privilege. It was refused; because forsooth they had no uniforms, and the unseemly intrusion of drab coats and blue worsted stockings among epaulettes and feathers and embroidered facings, would certainly spoil the symmetry—the effect of the *coup d'œil!* They complained, murmured aloud, resisted; and all night there was fighting in the streets and taverns between them and the police. This morning they went up in a body to Marshal Wrede (who is said to have betrayed the army), and were *renvoyés*. They

then went up to the palace; and at last, at a late hour this morning, the king gave orders that they should be admitted within the circle; but it was too late—the affront had sunk deep. The permission, which in the first instance ought indeed to have been rather an invitation, now seemed forced, ungraceful, and ungracious. There was a palpable cloud of discontent over all; for the popular feeling was with them. For myself, a mere stranger, such was my indignation, the whole proceeding appeared to me so heartless, so unkingly, so unkind, and my sympathy with these brave men was so profound, that I could scarce persuade myself to go;—however, I went. I had been invited to view the ceremony from the balcony of the French ambassador's house, which is exactly opposite to the obelisk.

I had indulged my ill-humour till it was late; already all the avenues leading to the Karoline-Platz were occupied by the military, and my carriage was stopped. As I was within fifty yards of the ambassador's house, it did not much signify, and I dismissed the carriage; but they would not allow the lackey to pass. Wondering at all these precautions, I dismissed *him* too. A little farther on I was myself stopped, and civilly *commanded* to turn back. I pleaded that I only wished to enter the house to which I pointed. "It was impossible." Now, what I had not cared for a moment before became at once an object to be attained, and which I was resolved to attain. I was really curious and anxious to see how all this would end, for the indifferent or lowering looks of the crowd had struck me. I observed to a well-dressed man, who politely tried to make way for me, that it was strange to see so much severity of discipline at a public fête. "Public fête!" he repeated, with scornful bitterness; "je vous demande pardon, madame! c'est une fête pour quelques uns, mais ce n'est pas une fête pour nous, ce n'est pas pour le peuple!"

At length I fortunately met an officer with whom I was slightly acquainted, who immediately conducted me to the door. The spectacle, merely as a *spectacle*, was not striking; but to me it had a peculiar interest. There was a raised platform on one side for the queen and her children, who, attended by a numerous court, were spectators. An outer circle was formed by several regiments of guards, and within this circle the soldiers who had served in Russia were drawn up near the obelisk, which was covered for the present with a tarpauling. But all my attention was fixed on the disbanded soldiers without uniforms, who stood together in a dark dense column, con-

trasting with the glittering and gorgeous array of those around them. The king rode into the circle, accompanied by his brother, Prince Charles, the archduke Francis of Austria, Marshal Wrede, and followed by a troop of generals, equerries, &c. There was a dead silence, and not a shout was raised to greet him. A few of the disbanded soldiers who were nearest to him took off their hats, others kept them on. The trumpets sounded a salute: the bands struck up our "God save the King," which is nationalized as *the* loyal anthem all over Germany. The canvass covering fell at once, and displayed the obelisk, which is entirely of bronze, raised upon four granite steps. It bears a simple inscription. I think it is "Ludwig I., king, to the soldiers of Bavaria who fell in the Russian campaign;" or nearly to that purpose. Marshal Wrede then alighted from his horse and addressed the soldiers. This was a striking moment: for while the outer circle of military remained immoveable as statues, the soldiers within, both those with and those without uniforms, finding themselves out of ear-shot, advanced a few steps, and then breaking their ranks, pressed forward in a confused mass, surrounding the king and his officers in the most eager but respectful manner. I could not distinguish one sentence of the harangue, which, as I afterward heard, was any thing rather than satisfactory.

I heard it remarked around me that the Duke de Leuchtenberg (the son of Eugène Beauharnais) was not present, neither as one of the royal cortège nor as a spectator.

The whole lasted about twenty minutes. The day was cold; and, in truth, the ceremony was *cold*, in every sense of the word. The Karoline-Platz is so large that not a third part of the open space was occupied. Had the people, who lingered sullen and discontented outside the military barrier, been admitted under proper restrictions, it had been a grand and imposing sight; but perhaps the king is following the Austrian tactics, and seeking to crush systematically every thing like feeling or enthusiasm in his people. I know not how he will manage it; for he is himself the very antipodes of Austrian carelessness and sluggishness: a restless enthusiast—fond of intellectual excitement—fond of novelty—with no natural taste, one would think, for Metternich's *vieilleries*. If he adopt Austrian principles, his theory and his practice, his precept and example, will always be at variance. At the conclusion of the ceremony the king and his suite rode up to the platform and saluted the queen: and when she—who is so universally and truly beloved here that I believe the people would

die for her at any time—rose to depart, I heard a cheer, the first and last this day! The disbanded soldiers approached the platform, at first timidly by twos and threes, and then in great numbers, taking off their hats. She stood up, leaning on the Princess Matilda, and bowed. The royal cortège then disappeared. The military bands struck up, and one battalion after another filed off. I expected that the crowd would have rushed in, but the people seemed completely chilled and disgusted. Only a few appeared. In about half an hour the obelisk was left alone in its solitude.

I spent the rest of the day with Madame de V——, and returned home quite tired and depressed.

I understand this morning (Saturday) that the king has ordered a gratuity and dinner to be given to the disbanded soldiers. I hope it is true, King Louis! You ought at least to understand your *metier de Roi* better than to degrade the "pomp and circumstance of *glorious* war" in the eyes of your people, and make them feel for what a poor recompense they may fight, bleed, die—be made at once victims and executioners in the contests of royal and ambitious gamblers!

I saw to-day, at the house of the court banker, Eichthal, a most charming picture by the Baroness de Freyberg, the sister of my good friend M. Stuntz. It is a Madonna and child, loveliest of subjects for a woman and a mother!—she is sure to put her heart into it, at least; but, in this particular picture, the surpassing delicacy of touch, the softness and purity of the colouring, the masterly drawing in the hands of the Virgin, and the limbs of the child, equalled the feeling and the expression—and, in truth, *surprised* me. Madame de Freyberg gave this picture to her father, who is not rich, and, unhappily, blind. Of him the present possessor purchased it for fifteen hundred florins (about 140*l.*), and now values it at twice the sum. In the possession of her brother I have seen others of her productions, and particularly a head of one of his children, of exceeding beauty, and very much in the old Italian style.

In the evening, a very lively and amusing *soirée* at the house of Dr. Martius. We had some very good music. Young Vieux-temps, a pupil of De Beriot, was well accompanied by an orchestra of amateurs. I met here also a young lady of whom I had heard much—Josephine Lang, looking so gentle, so unpretending, so imperturbable, that no one would have accused or suspected her of being one of the Muses in disguise, until she sat down to the piano, and sang her own beautiful and original compositions in a style peculiar to herself. She is a

musician by nature, by choice, and by profession, exercising her rare talent with as much modesty as good-nature. The painter Zimmermann, who has a magnificent bass voice, sung for me Mignon's song—"Kennst du das Land!" And, lastly, which was the most interesting amusement of the evening, Karl von Holtei read aloud the second act of Goëthe's Tasso. He read most admirably, and with a voice which kept attention enchained, enchanted; still it was genuine reading. He kept equally clear of acting and of declamation.

Oct. 20th. Sunday.—I went with M. Stuntz to hear a grand mass at the royal chapel.

* * * * * *

21*st.*—It rained this morning:—went to the gallery, and amused myself for two hours walking up and down the rooms, sometimes pausing upon my favourite pictures, sometimes abandoned to the reveries suggested by these glorious creations of the human intellect.

> "'Twas like the bright procession
> Of skiey visions in a solemn dream,
> From which men wake as from a paradise,
> And draw fresh strength to tread the thorns of life!"

While looking at the Castor and Pollux of Rubens, I remembered what the biographers asserted of this most wonderful man—that he spoke fluently seven languages, besides being profoundly skilled in many sciences, and one of the most accomplished diplomatists of his time. Before he took up his palette in the morning, he was accustomed to read, or hear read, some fine passages out of the ancient poets; and thus releasing his soul from the trammels of low-thoughted care, he let her loose into the airy regions of imagination.

What Goëthe says of poets must needs be applicable to painters. He says, "If we look only at the principal productions of a poet, and neglect to study himself, his character, and the circumstances with which he had to contend, we fall into a sort of atheism, which forgets the Creator in his creation."

I think most people admire pictures in this sort of atheistical fashion; yet, next to loving pictures, and all the pleasure they give, and revelling in all the feelings they awaken, all the new ideas with which they enrich our mental hoard—next to this, or equal with it, is the inexhaustible interest of studying the painter in his works. It is a lesson in human nature. Almost every picture (which is the production of mind) has an indi-

vidual character, reflecting the predominant temperament—nay, sometimes the occasional mood of the artist, its creator. Even portrait painters, renowned for their exact adherence to nature, will be found to have stamped upon their portraits a general and distinguishing character. There is, besides the physiognomy of the individual represented, the physiognomy, if I may so express myself, of the picture; detected at once by the mere connoisseur as a distinction of manner, style, execution: but of which the reflecting and philosophical observer might discover the key in the mind or life of the individual painter.

In the heads of Titian, what subtlety of intellect mixed with sentiment and passion! In those of Velasquez, what chivalrous grandeur, what high-hearted contemplation! When Ribera painted a head—what power of sufferance! In those of Giorgione, what profound feeling! In those of Guido, what elysian grace! In those of Rubens, what energy of intellect—what vigorous life! In those of Vandyke, what high-bred elegance! In those of Rembrandt, what intense individuality! Could Sir Joshua Reynolds have painted a vixen without giving her a touch of sentiment? Would not Sir Thomas Lawrence have given refinement to a cook-maid? I do believe that Opie would have made even a calf's head look sensible, as Gainsborough made our Queen Charlotte look picturesque.

If I should whisper that since I came to Germany I have not seen one really fine modern portrait, the Germans would never forgive me; they would fall upon me with a score of great names—Wach, Stieler, Vogel, Schadow—and beat me, like Chrimhilde, "black and blue." But before they are angry, and absolutely condemn me, I wish they would place one of their own most admired portraits beside those of Titian or Vandyke, or come to England, and look upon our school of portraiture here! I think they would allow, that with all their merits they are in the wrong road. Admirable finished drawing, wonderful dexterity of hand, exquisite and most conscientious truth of imitation they have; but they abuse these powers. They do not seem to feel the application of the highest, grandest principles of art to portrait painting—they think too much of the accessories. Are not these clever and accomplished men aware that imitation may be carried so far as to cease to be nature—to be error, not truth? For instance, by the common laws of vision, I can behold perfectly only one thing at a time. If I look into the face of a person I love or venerate, do I see *first* the embroidery of the canezou or the pattern on the waist-

coat? if not—why should it not be so in a picture? The vulgar eye alone is caught by such misplaced skill—the vulgar artist only ought to seek to captivate by such means.

These would sound in England as the most trite and impertinent remarks—the most self-evident propositions: nevertheless they are truths which the generality of the German portrait painters and their admirers have not yet felt.

* * * * * *

I drove, with my kind-hearted friends M. and Madame Stuntz, to Thalkirchen, the country-house of the Baron de Freyberg. The road pursued the banks of the rapid, impetuous Isar, and the range of the Tyrolian Alps bounded the prospect before us. An hour's drive brought us to Thalkirchen, where we were obviously quite unexpected, but that was nothing: I was at once received as a friend, and introduced without ceremony to Madame de Freyberg's painting room. Though now the fond mother of a large *little* family, she still finds some moments to devote to her art. On her easel was the portrait of the Countess M—— (the sister of De Freyberg), with her child, beautifully painted—particularly the latter. In the same room was an unfinished portrait of M. de Freyberg, evidently painted *con amore*, and full of spirit and character; a head of Cupid, and a piping boy, quite in the Italian manner and feeling; and a picture of the birth of St. John, exquisitely finished. I was most struck by the heads of two Greeks—members, I believe, of the deputation to King Otho—painted with her peculiar delicacy and transparency of colour, and, at the same time, with a breadth of style and a freedom in the handling which I have not yet seen among the German portrait painters. A glance over a portfolio of loose sketches and unfinished designs added to my estimation of her talents. She excels in children—her own serving her as models. I do not hesitate to say of this gifted woman, that while she equals Angelica Kauffman in grace and delicacy, she far exceeds her in *power*, both of drawing and colouring. She reminded me more of the Sofonisba,* but it is a different and, I think, a more delicate style of colour than I have observed in the pictures of the latter.

We had coffee, and then strolled through the grounds—the children playing around us. If I was struck by the genius and accomplishments of Madame de Freyberg, I was not less

* Sofonisba Augusciola, one of the most charming of portrait painters. She died in 1626, at the age of ninety-three.

charmed by the frank and noble manners of her husband, and his honest love and admiration of his wife, whom he married in despite of all prejudices of birth and rank.

In this truly German dwelling there was an extreme simplicity, a sort of negligent elegance, a picturesque and refined homeliness, the presiding influence of a most poetical mind and eye everywhere visible, and a total indifference to what we English denominate *comfort;* yet with the obvious presence of that crowning comfort of all comforts—cordial domestic love and union—which impressed me altogether with pleasant ideas, long after borne in my mind, and not yet, nor ever to be, effaced. How little is needed for happiness, when we have not been spoiled in the world, nor our tastes vitiated by artificial wants and habits! When the hour of departure came, and De Freyberg was handing me to the carriage, he made me advance a few steps, and pause to look round; he pointed to the western sky, still flushed with a bright geranium tint, between the amber and the rose; while against it lay the dark purple outline of the Tyrolian mountains. A branch of the Isar, which just above the house overflowed and spread itself into a wide still pool, mirrored in its clear bosom, not only the glowing sky and the huge dark mountains, and the banks and trees blended into black formless masses, but the very stars above our heads;—it was a heavenly scene!—"You will not forget this," said De Freyberg, seeing I was touched to the heart; "you will think of it when you are in England, and in recalling it, you will perhaps remember us—who will not forget *you!* Adieu, madame!"

Afterward to the opera: it was Herold's "Zampa:" noisy, riotous music, which I hate. I thought Madame Scheckner's powers misplaced in this opera—yet she sang magnificently.

Spent the morning with Dr. Martius, looking over the beautiful plates and illustrations of his travels and scientific works. It appears, from what he told me, that the institution of the botanic garden is recent, and is owing to the late king Max-Joseph, who was a generous patron of scientific and benevolent institutions—as munificent as his son is magnificent.

One of the most interesting monuments in Munich is the tomb of Eugène Beauharnais, in the church of St. Michael. It is by Thorwaldson, and one of his most celebrated works. It is finely placed, and all the parts are admirable: but I think it wants completeness and entireness of effect, and does not tell its story well. Upon a lofty pedestal, there is first, in the centre, the colossal figure of the duke stepping forward; one

hand is pressed upon his heart, and the other presents the civic crown—(but to whom?)—his military accoutrements lie at his feet. The drapery is admirably managed, and the attitude simple and full of dignity. On his left is the beautiful and well-known group of the two genii, Love and Life, looking disconsolate. On the right, the seated muse of History is inscribing the virtues and exploits of the hero; and as, of all the satellites of Napoleon, Eugène has left behind the fairest name, I looked at her and her occupation with complacency. The statue is, moreover, exceedingly beautiful and expressive —so are the genii; and the figure of Eugène is magnificent; and yet the combination of the whole is not effective. Another fault is the colour of the marble, which has a gray tinge, and ought at least to have been relieved by constructing the pedestal and accompaniments of black marble; whereas they are of a reddish hue.

The widow of Eugène, the eldest sister of the King of Bavaria, raised this monument to her husband at an expense of eighty thousand florins. As the whole design is classical, and otherwise in the purest taste and grandest style of art, I exclaimed with horror at the sight of a vile heraldic crown which is lying at the feet of the muse of History. I was sure that Thorwaldson would never voluntarily have committed such a solecism. I was informed that the princess-widow insisted on the introduction of this piece of barbarity as emblematical of the viceroyalty of Italy; any royalty being apparently better than none.

I remember that when travelling in the Netherlands, at a time when the people were celebrating the *Fête-Dieu*, I saw a village carpenter busily employed in erecting a *réposoir* for the Madonna, of painted boards and draperies and wreaths of flowers. In the mean time, as if to deprecate criticism, he had chalked in large letters over his work, "*La critique est aisée, mais l'art est difficile.*" I could not help smiling at this application of one of those undeniable truisms which no one thinks it necessary to remember. When I recall the pleasure I derived from this noble work of Thorwaldson, all the genius, all the skill, all the patience, all the time, expended on its production, I think the foregoing trifling criticisms appear very ungrateful and impertinent; and yet, as a friend of mine insisted, when I was once upon a time pleading for mercy on certain defects and deficiencies in some other walk of art, "Toleration is the nurse of mediocrity." Artists themselves, as I often observe,—even the vainest of them—prefer discriminating ad-

miration to wholesale praise. In the Frauen Kirche there is another most admirable monument, a *chef d'œuvre*, in the Gothic style. It is the tomb of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, who died excommunicated in 1347; a stupendous work, cast in bronze. At the four corners are four colossal knights kneeling, in complete armour, each bearing a lance and ensign, and guarding the recumbent effigy of the emperor, which lies beneath a magnificent Gothic canopy. At the two sides are standing colossal figures, and I suppose about eight or ten other figures, on a smaller scale, all of admirable design and workmanship.* It should seem that in the sixteenth century the art of casting in bronze was not only brought to the highest perfection in Germany, but found employment on a very grand scale.

In the evening there was a concert at the Salle de l'Odeon —the third I have attended since I came here. This concert room is larger than any public room in London, and admirably constructed for music. Over the orchestra, in a semicircle, are the busts of the twelve great German composers who have flourished during the last hundred years, beginning with Handel and Bach, and ending with Weber and Beethoven. On this occasion the hall was crowded. We had all the best performers of Munich, led by the Kapelmeister Stuntz, and Scheckner and Meric, who sang *à l'envie l'une de l'autre*. The concert began at seven, and ended a little after nine; and much as I love music, I felt I had had enough. They certainly manage these social pleasures much better here than in London, where a grand concert almost invariably proves a most awful bore, from which we return wearied, yawning, jarred, satiated.

Count —— amused me this evening with his laconic summing up of the rise, progress, and catastrophe of a Polish amour:—se passioner, se battre, se ruiner, enlever, épouser, et divorcer; and so ends this six-act tragico-comico-heroico pastoral.

23*d*.—To-day went over the Pinakothek (the new grand national picture-gallery) with M. de Klenze, the architect, and Comtesse de V——. This is the second time; but I have not yet a clear and connected idea of the general design, the building being still in progress. As far as I can understand the arrangements, they will be admirable. The destination of

* I regret that I omitted to note the *name* of the artists of this magnificent work. There is a still more admirable monument of the same period in the church at Inspruck, the tomb of the archduke Ferdinand of Tyrol, consisting, I believe, of twelve colossal statues in bronze.

the edifice seems to have been the first thing kept in view. The situation of particular pictures has been calculated, and accurate experiments have been made for the arrangement of the light, &c. Professor Zimmermann has kindly promised to take me over the whole once more. He has the direction of the fresco paintings here.

* * * * * *

Society is becoming so pleasant, and engagements of every kind so multifarious, that I have little time for scribbling memoranda. New characters unfold before me, new scenes of interest occupy my thoughts. I find myself surrounded with friends, where only a few weeks ago I had scarcely one acquaintance. Time ought not to linger—and yet it does sometimes.

Our circumstances alter; our opinions change; our passions die; our hopes sicken, and perish utterly: our spirits are broken; our health is broken, and even our hearts are broken: but WILL survives—the unconquerable strength of will, which is in later life what passion is when young. In this world, there is always something to be done or suffered, even when there is no longer any thing to be desired or attained.

The Glypthothek is at certain hours open to strangers *only*, and strangers do not at present abound: hence it has twice happened that I have found myself in the gallery alone—to-day for the second time. I felt that, under some circumstances, an hour of solitude in a gallery of sculpture may be an epoch in one's life. There was not a sound, no living thing near, to break the stillness; and lightly, and with a feeling of awe, I trod the marble pavements, looking upon the calm, pale, motionless forms around me, almost expecting they would open their marble lips and speak to me—or, at least, nod—like the statue in Don Giovanni: and still, as the evening shadows fell deeper and deeper, they waxed, methought, sadder, paler, and more life-like. A dim unearthly glory effused those graceful limbs and perfect forms, of which the exact outline was lost, vanishing into shade, while the sentiment—the *ideal*—of their immortal loveliness remained distinct, and became every moment more impressive: and thus they stood; and their melancholy beauty seemed to melt into the heart.

As the Graces round the throne of Venus, so music, painting, sculpture, wait as handmaids round the throne of Poetry. "They from her golden urn draw light," as planets drink the sunbeams; and in return they array the divinity which created and inspired them, in those sounds, and hues, and forms through

which she is revealed to our mortal senses. The pleasure, the illusion produced by music, when it is the *voice* of poetry, is, for the moment, by far the most complete and intoxicating, but also the most transient. Painting, with its lovely colours blending into life, and all its "silent poesy of form," is a source of pleasure more lasting, more intellectual. Beyond both is sculpture, the noblest, the least illusive, the most enduring of the imitative arts, because it charms us, not by what it seems to be, but by what it is; because if the pleasure it imparts be less exciting, the impression it leaves is more profound and permanent; because it is, or ought to be, the abstract idea of power, beauty, sentiment, made visible in the cold, pure, impassive, and almost eternal marble.

It seems to me that the grand secret of that grace of repose which we see developed in the antique statues may be defined as *the presence of thought, and the absence of volition.* The moment we have, in sculpture, the expression of will or effort, we have the idea of something fixed in its place by an external cause, and a consequent diminution of the effect of internal power. This is not well expressed, I fear. Perhaps I might illustrate the thought thus: the Venus de Medici looks as if she were content to stand on her pedestal and be worshipped; Canova's Hebe looks as if she would fain step off the pedestal —if she could; the Apollo Belvedere, as if he could step from his pedestal—if he would.

Among the Greeks, in the best ages of sculpture, and in all their very finest statues, this seems to be the presiding principle—viz. that in sculpture the repose of suspended motion, or of subsided motion, is graceful; but arrested motion, and all effort, to be avoided. When the ancients did express motion, they made it flowing or continuous, as in the frieze of the Parthenon.

ALONE, IN THE GALLERY OF SCULPTURE AT MUNICH.

Ye pale and glorious forms, to whom was given
All that we mortals covet under heaven—
Beauty, renown, and immortality,
And worship!—in your passive grandeur, ye
Are what we most adore, and least would wish to be!

There's nothing new in life, and nothing old;
The tale that we might tell hath oft been told.
Many have looked to the bright sun with sadness,
Many have look'd to the dark grave with gladness;
Many have griev'd to death—have lov'd to madness!

What has been, is ;—what is, will be ;—I know,
Even while the heart drops blood, it *must* be so.
I live and smile—for O the griefs that kill,
Kill slowly—and I bear within me still
My conscious self, and my unconquer'd will !

And knowing what I have been—what has made
My misery, I will be no more betray'd
By hollow mockeries of the world around,
Or hopes and impulses, which I have found
Like ill-aim'd shafts, that kill by their rebound.

Complaint is for the feeble, and despair
For evil hearts. Mine still can hope—still bear—
Still hope for others what it never knew
Of truth and peace ; and silently pursue
A path beset with briers, " and wet with tears like dew !"

* * * * * *

To-day I devoted to the Pinakothek—for the last time !

Just before I left England, our projected national gallery had excited much attention. Those who were usually indifferent to such matters were roused to interest ; and I heard the merits of different designs so warmly, even so violently discussed in public and in private, that for a long time the subject kept possession of my mind. On my arrival here, the Pinakothek (for that is the designation given to the new national gallery of Munich) became to me a principal object of interest. I have been most anxious to comprehend both the general design and the nature of the arrangements in detail ; but I might almost doubt my own competency to convey an exact idea of what I understand and admire, to the comprehension of another. I must try, however, while the impressions remain fresh and strong, and the memory not yet encumbered and distracted, as it must be, even a few hours hence, by the variety, and novelty, and interest of all I see and hear around me.

The Pinakothek was founded in 1826 ; the king himself laying the first stone with much pomp and ceremony on the 7th of April, the birthday of Raffaelle.

It is a long narrow edifice, facing the south, measuring about five hundred feet from east to west, and about eighty or eighty-five feet in depth. At the extremities are two wings, or rather projections. The body of the building is of brick, but not of common brickwork : for the bricks, which are of a particular kind of clay, have a singular tint, a kind of greenish yellow ; while the friezes, balustrades, architraves of the windows, in short all the ornamental parts, are of stone, the colour of which is a fine warm gray ; and as the stone workmanship is ex-

tremely rich, and the brickwork of unrivalled elegance and neatness, and the colours harmonize well, the combination produced a very handsome effect, rendering the exterior as pleasing to the eye as the scientific adaptation of the building to its peculiar purpose is to the understanding.

Along the roof runs a balustrade of stone, adorned with twenty-four colossal statues of celebrated painters. A public garden, which is already in preparation, will be planted around, beautifully laid out with shady walks, flower-beds, fountains, urns, and statues. I believe the enclosure of this garden will be about a thousand feet each way, and that it will ultimately be bounded (at least on three sides) with rows of houses forming a vast square, of which the Pinakothek will occupy the centre. It consists of a ground-floor and an upper-story. The ground-floor will comprise, 1st, the collection of the Etruscan vases; 2dly, the Mosaics, ancient and modern, of which there are here some rare and admirable specimens; 3dly, the cabinet of drawings by the old masters; 4thly, the cabinet of engravings, which is said to be one of the richest in Europe; 5thly, a library of all works pertaining to the fine arts; lastly, a noble entrance-hall: a private entrance, with accommodations for students, and other offices.

The upper-story is appropriated to the pictures, and is calculated to contain not less than fifteen hundred specimens, selected from various galleries, and arranged according to the schools of art.

We ascend from the entrance-hall by a wide and handsome staircase of stone, very elegantly carved, which leads first to a kind of vestibule, where the attendants and keepers of the gallery are in waiting. Thence to a splendid reception-room, about fifty feet in length: this will contain the full-length portraits of the founders of the gallery of Munich—the Palatine John William; the Elector, Maximilian Emanuel of Bavaria; the Duke Charles of Deuxponts; the Palatine Charles Theodore; Maximilian Joseph I., King of Bavaria; and his son (the present monarch) Louis I. The ceiling and the frieze of this room are splendidly decorated with groups of figures and ornaments in white relief, on a gold ground, and the walls will be hung with crimson damask.

Along the south front of the building from east to west runs a gallery or corridor, about four hundred feet in length, and eighteen in width, lighted on one side by twenty-five lofty arched windows, having on the other side ten doors, opening into the suite of picture-galleries, or rather halls. These occupy the centre of the building, and are lighted from above

by vast lanterns. They are eight in number, varying in length from fifty to eighty feet, but all forty feet in width and fifty feet in height from the floor to the summit of the lantern. The walls will be hung with silk damask, either of a dark crimson or a dark green—according to the style of art for which the room is destined. The ceilings are vaulted, and the decorations are inexpressibly rich, composed of magnificent arabesques, intermixed with the effigies of celebrated painters, and groups illustrative of the history of art, &c., all moulded in white relief upon a ground of dead gold. Mayer, one of the best sculptors in Munich, has the direction of these works.

Behind these vast galleries, or saloons, there is a range of cabinets, twenty-three in number, appropriated to the smaller pictures of the different schools: these are each about nineteen feet by fifteen in size, and lighted from the north, each having one high lateral window. The ceilings and upper part of the walls are painted in fresco (or distemper, I am not sure which), with very graceful arabesques of a quiet colour; the hangings will also be of silk damask.

Of the principal saloons, the first is appropriated to the productions of modern and living artists, and has three cabinets attached to it. The second will contain the old German pictures, including the famous Boisserée gallery, and has four cabinets attached to it. The third, fourth, and fifth saloons (of which the central one, the hall of Rubens, is eighty feet in length) are devoted, with the nine adjoining cabinets, to the Flemish and Dutch schools. The sixth, with four cabinets, will contain the French and Spanish pictures; and the seventh and eighth, with three cabinets, will contain the Italian school of painting. All these apartments communicate with each other by ample doors; but from the corridor already mentioned, which opens into the whole suite, the visiter has access to any particular gallery, or school of painting, without passing through the others: an obvious advantage, which will be duly estimated by those who, in visiting a gallery of painting, have felt their eyes dazzled, their heads bewildered, their attention distracted, by too much variety of temptation and attraction, before they have reached the particular object or school of art to which their attention was especially directed.

To this beautiful and most convenient corridor, or, as it is called here, *loggia*, we must now return. I have said that it is four hundred feet in length, and lighted by five-and-twenty arched windows, which, by-the-way, command a splendid prospect, bounded by the far-off mountains of the Tyrol. The

wall opposite to these windows is divided into twenty-five corresponding compartments, arched, and each surmounted by a dome; these compartments are painted in fresco with arabesques, something in the style of Raffaelle's Loggie in the Vatican; while every arch and cupola contains (also painted in fresco) scenes from the life of some great painter, arranged chronologically: thus, in fact, exhibiting a graphic history of the rise and progress of modern painting—from Cimabue down to Rubens.

Of this series of frescoes, which are now in progress, a few only are finished, from which, however, a very satisfactory idea may be formed of the whole design. The first cupola is painted from a poem of A. W. Schlegel "Der Bund der Kirche mit den Künsten," which celebrates the alliance between religion (or rather the church) and the fine arts. The second cupola represents the Crusades, because from these wild expeditions (for so Providence ordained that good should spring from evil) arose the regeneration of art in Europe. With the third cupola commences the series of painters. In the arch, or lunette, is represented the Madonna of Cimabue carried in triumphal procession through the streets of Florence to the church of Santa Maria Novella; and in the dome above, various scenes from the painter's life. In the next cupola is the history of Giotto; then follows Angelico da Fesole, who, partly from humility and partly from love for his art, refused to be made Archbishop of Florence; then, fourthly, Masaccio; fifthly, Bellini,—in one compartment he is represented painting the favourite sultana of Mahomet II. Several of the succeeding cupolas still remain blank, so we pass them over and arrive at Leonardo da Vinci painting the Queen Joanna of Aragon; then Michael Angelo, meditating the design of St. Peter's; then the history of Raffaelle,—in the dome are various scenes from his life. The lunette represents his death: he is extended on a couch, beside which sits his virago love, the Fornarina "in disperato dolor; Pope Leo X. and Cardinal Bembo are looking on overwhelmed with grief; in the background is the Transfiguration.

I wonder, if Raffaelle had survived this fatal illness, which of the two alternatives he would have chosen—the cardinal's hat or the niece of Cardinal Bibbiena? M. de Klenze gave us, the other night, a most picturesque and animated description of the opening of Raffaelle's tomb, at which he had himself assisted—the discovery of his remains, and those of his betrothed bride, the niece of Cardinal Bibbiena, deposited

near him. She survived him several years, but in her last moments requested to be buried in the same tomb with him. This was, at least, quite in the *genre romantique*.

"Charming!" exclaimed one of the ladies present.

"*Et genereux!*" exclaimed another.

The series of the Italian painters will end with the Carracci. Those of the German painters will begin with Van Eyck, and end with Rubens. Of many of the frescoes which are not yet executed I saw the cartoons in Professor Zimmermann's studio.

Though the general decoration of this gallery was planned by Cornelius, the designs for particular parts, and the direction of the whole, have been confided to Zimmermann, who is assisted in the execution by five other painters. One particular picture, which represents Giotto exhibiting his Madonna to the pope, was pointed out to my especial admiration as the most finished specimen of fresco painting which has yet been executed here; and in truth, for tenderness and freshness of colour, softness in the shadows, and delicacy in the handling, it might bear comparison with any painting in oils. We were standing near it on a high scaffold, and it endured the closest and most minute consideration; but when seen from below, it may possibly be less effective. It shows, however, the extreme finish of which the fresco painting is susceptible. This was executed by Hiltensperger, of Swabia, from the cartoon of Zimmermann. At one end of this gallery there is to be a large fresco, representing his majesty King Louis, introduced by the muse of Poetry to the assembled poets and painters of Germany. Now this species of allegorical adulation appears to me flat and out of date. I well remember that long ago the famous picture of Voltaire introduced into the Elysian fields by Henri Quatre, and making his best bow to Racine and Molière, threw me into a convulsion of laughter: and the cartoon of this royal apotheosis provoked the same irrepressible feeling of the ridiculous. I wish somebody would hint to King Louis that this is not in good taste, and that there are many, many ways in which the compliment (which he truly merits) might be better managed.

On the whole, however, it may truly be said that the luxuriant and appropriate decorations of this gallery, the variety of colour and ornament lavished on it, agreeably prepare the eye and the imagination for that glorious feast of beauty within to which we are immediately introduced: and thus the overture to the Zauberflöte (which we heard last night), with its rich

involved harmonies, its brilliant and exciting movements, attuned the ear and the fancy to enjoy the grand, thrilling, bewitching, love-breathing melodies of the opera which followed.

I omitted to mention that there are also on the upper floor of the Pinakothek two rooms, each about forty feet square; one, called the *Reserve-Saal*, is intended for the reception of those pictures which are temporarily removed from their places, new acquisitions, &c. The other room is fitted up with every convenience for students and copyists.

The whole of this immense edifice is warmed throughout by heated air; the stoves being detached from the body of the building, and so managed as to preclude the possibility of danger from fire.

It does not appear to be yet decided whether the floors will be of the Venetian stucco, or of parquet.

Such, then, is the general plan of the Pinakothek, the national gallery of Bavaria. I make no comment, except that I felt and recognised in every part the presence of a directing mind, and the absence of all narrow views, all truckling to the interests, or tastes, or prejudices, or convenience, of any particular class of persons. It is very possible that when finished it will be found by scientific critics not absolutely *perfect*, which, as we know, all human works are, at least, intended and expected to be; but it is equally clear that an honest anxiety for the glory of art and the benefit of the public—not the caprices of the king, nor the individual vanity of the architect—has been the moving principle throughout.

* * * * *

Fresco-painting, or, as the Italians call it, *buon fresco*, had been entirely discontinued since the time of Raphael Mengs. It was revived at Rome in 1809–10, when the late M. Bartholdy, the Prussian consul-general, caused a saloon in his house to be painted in fresco, by Peter Cornelius, Overbeck, and Philip Veith, all German artists, then resident at Rome. The subjects are taken from the Scriptures, and one of the admirable cartoons of Overbeck (Joseph sold by his brethren), I saw at Frankfort. These first essays are yet to be seen in Bartholdy's house, in the Via Sistina at Rome. They are rather hard, but in a grand style of composition. The success which attended this spirited undertaking excited much attention and enthusiasm, and induced the Marchese Massimi to have his villa near the Lateran adorned in the same style. Accordingly he had three grand halls or saloons painted with subjects from Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso. The first was

given to Philip Veith, the second to Julius Schnorr, and the third to Overbeck. Veith did not finish his work, which was afterward terminated by Koch: the two other painters completed their task, much to the satisfaction of the marchese, and to the admiration of all Rome.

But these were mere experiments—mere attempts, compared to what has since been executed in the same style at Munich. It is true that the art of fresco-painting had never been entirely lost. The theory of the process was well known, and also the colours formerly used; only practice, and the opportunity of practice, were wanting. This has been afforded; and there is now at Munich a school of fresco-painting, under the direction of Cornelius, Julius Schnorr, and Zimmermann, in which the mechanical process has been brought to such perfection that the neatness of the execution may vie with oils, and they can even cut out a feature, and replace it if necessary. The palette has also been augmented by the recent improvements in chymistry, which have enabled the fresco-painter to apply some most precious colours, unknown to the ancient masters; only earths and metallic colours are used. I believe it is universally known that the colours are applied while the plaster is wet, and that the preparation of this plaster is a matter of much care and nicety. A good deal of experience and manual dexterity is necessary to enable the painter to execute with rapidity, and calculate the exact degree of humidity in the plaster requisite for the effect he wishes to produce.

It has been said that fresco-painting is unfitted for our climate, damp and sea-coal fires being equally injurious; but the new method of warming all large buildings, either by steam or heated air, obviates, at least, *this* objection.

26*th*.—The morning was spent in the ateliers of two Bavarian sculptors, Mayer and Bandel. To Mayer the king has confided the decoration of the interior of the Pinakothek, of which he showed me the drawings and designs. He has also executed the colossal statue of Albert Durer, in stone, for the interior of that building.

It appears that the pediment of the Glypthothek, now vacant, will be adorned by a group of fourteen or fifteen figures, representing all the different processes in the art of sculpture: the modeller in clay, the hewer of the marble, the caster in bronze, the carver in wood or ivory, &c., all in appropriate attitudes, all colossal, and grouped into a whole. The general design was modelled, I believe, by Eberhardt, professor of

sculpture in the academy here; and the execution of the different figures has been given to several young sculptors, among them Mayer and Bandel. This has produced a strong feeling of emulation. I observed, that notwithstanding the height and the situation to which they are destined, nearly one-half of each figure being necessarily turned from the spectator below, each statue is wrought with exceeding care, and perfectly finished on every side. I admired the purity of the marble, which is from the Tyrol. Mayer informs me that about three years ago enormous quarries of white marble were discovered in the Tyrol, to the great satisfaction of the king, as it diminishes, by one-half, the expense of the material. This native marble is of a dazzling whiteness, and to be had in immense masses without flaw or speck; but the grain is rather coarse.

More than twenty years ago, when the King of Bavaria was prince royal, and could only anticipate at some distant period the execution of his design, he projected a building, of which, at least, the name and purpose must be known to all who have ever stepped on German ground. This is the VALHALLA, a temple raised to the national glory, and intended to contain the busts or statues of all the illustrious characters of Germany, whether distinguished in literature, arts, or arms, from their ancient hero and patriot Herman, or Arminius, down to Goëthe, and those who will succeed him. The idea was assuredly noble, and worthy of a sovereign. The execution—never lost sight of—has been but lately commenced. The Valhalla has been founded on a lofty cliff, which rises above the Danube, not far from Ratisbon.* It will form a conspicuous object to all who pass up and down the Danube, and the situation, nearly in the centre of Germany, is at least well chosen. But I could hardly express (or repress) my surprise, when I was shown the design for this building. The first glance recalled the Theseum at Athens; and then follows the very natural question, why should a Greek model have been chosen for an edifice, the object, and purpose, and name of which are so completely, essentially, exclusively gothic? What, in Heaven's name, has the Theseum to do on the banks of the Danube? It is true that the purity of forms in the Greek architecture, the effect of the continuous lines and the massy Doric columns, must be grand and beautiful to the eye, place the object where

* The first stone of the Valhalla was laid by the King of Bavaria, on the 18th of October, 1830.

you will; and in the situation designed for it, particularly imposing: but surely it is not appropriate;—the name, and the form, and the purpose are all at variance—throwing our most cherished associations into strange confusion. Nor could the explanations and eloquent reasoning with which my objections were met, succeed in convincing me of the propriety of the design, while I acknowledged its magnificence. The sculptor Mayer showed me a group of figures for one of the pediments of this Greek Valhalla, admirably appropriate to the purpose of the building—but not to the building itself. It represents Herman introduced by Hermoda (or Mercury) into the Valhalla, and received by Odin and Freya. Iduna advances to meet the hero, presenting the apples of immortality, and one of the Vahlkiire pours out the mead, to refresh the soul of the Einheriar.* To the right of this group are several figures representing the chief epochs in the history of Germany.

This design wants unity; and it is a manifest incongruity to allude to the introduction of Christianity, where the mythological Valhalla forms the chief point of interest; notwithstanding, it gave me exceeding pleasure, as furnishing an unanswerable proof of the possible application of sculpture on the grand scale to the forms of romantic or gothic poetry: all the figures, the accompaniments, attributes, are strictly Teutonic; the effect of the whole is grand and interesting; but what would it be on a Greek temple? would it not appear misplaced and discordant?

I am informed, that of the two pediments of the Valhalla, one will be given to Rauch of Berlin, and the other to Schwanthaler.

The sculptor Bandel, with his quick eye, his ample brow, his animated, benevolent face, and his rapid movements, looks like what he is—a genius.

In his atelier I saw some things just like what I see in all the ateliers of young sculptors—cold imitations, feeble versions of mythological subjects; but I saw some other things so fresh and beautiful in feeling as to impress me with a high idea of his poetical and creative power. I longed to bring to England one or two casts of his charming Cupid Penseroso, of which the original marble is at Hanover. There is also a very exquisite bas-relief of Adam and Eve sleeping: the good angel watching on one side, and the evil angel on the other. This lovely group is the commencement of a series of bas-reliefs, designed, I believe, for a frieze, and not yet completed, repre-

* The Einheriar are the souls of heroes admitted into the Valhalla.

senting the four ages of the world: the age of innocence; the heroic age, or age of physical power; the age of poetry; and the age of philosophy. This new version of the old idea interested me, and it is developed and treated with much grace and originality. Bandel told us that he is just going, with his beautiful wife and two or three little children, to settle at Carrara for a few years. The marble quarries there are now colonized by young sculptors of every nation.

* * * * *

The King of Bavaria has a gallery of Beauties (the portraits of some of the most beautiful women of Germany and Italy), which he shuts up from the public eye, like any grand Turk—and neither bribery nor interest can procure admission. A lovely woman to whom I was speaking of it yesterday, and who has been admitted in effigy into this harem, seemed to consider the compliment rather equivocal. "Depend upon it, my dear," said she, "that fifty years hence we shall be all confounded together as the king's *very* intimate friends; and to tell you the truth, I am not ambitious of the honour, more particularly as there are some of my illustrious *companions in charms* who are enough to throw discredit on the whole set!"

I saw in Stieler's atelier two portraits for this collection: one, a woman of rank—a dark beauty; the other, a servant-girl here, with a head like one of Raffaelle's angels, almost divine; she is painted in a little filagree silver cap, the embroidered bodice, and silk handkerchief crossed over the bosom, the costume of the women of Munich, to which the king is extremely partial. I am assured that this young girl, who is not more than seventeen, is as remarkable for her piety, simplicity, and spotless reputation as for her singular beauty. I have seen her, and the picture merely does her justice. Several other women of the *bourgeoisie* have been pointed out to me as included in the king's collection. One of these, the daughter, I believe, of an herb-woman, is certainly one of the most exquisite creatures I ever beheld. On the whole, I should say that the lower orders of the people of Munich are the handsomest race I have seen in Germany.

Stieler is the court and fashionable portrait-painter here—the Sir Thomas Lawrence of Munich—that is, in the estimation of the Germans. He is an accomplished man, with amiable manners, and a talent for rising in the world; or, as I heard some one call it, the organ of *getting-on-iveness*. For the elaborate finish of his portraits, for expertness and delicacy of hand, for resemblance and exquisite drawing, I suppose he has few

equals ; but he has also, in perfection, what I consider the faulty peculiarities of the German school. Stieler's artificial roses are *too* natural : his caps, and embroidered scarfs, and jewelled bracelets are more real than the things themselves—or seem so ; for certainly I never gave to the real objects the attention and the admiration they challenge in his pictures. The famous bunch of grapes, which tempted the birds to peck, could be nothing compared to the felt of Prince Charles's hat in Stieler's portrait : it actually invites the hat-brush. Strange perversion of power in the artist ! stranger perversion of taste in those who admire it !—*Ma pazienza !*

* * * * *

The Duc de Leuchtenberg opens his small but beautiful gallery twice a week—Mondays and Thursdays. The doors are thrown open, and every respectable person may walk in, without distinction or ceremony. It is a delightful morning lounge ; there are not more than one hundred and fifty pictures—enough to excite and gratify, not satiate, admiration. The first room contains a collection of paintings by modern and living artists of France, Germany, and Italy. There is a lovely little picture by Madame de Freyberg of the Maries at the sepulchre of Christ ; and by Heinrich Hess, a group of the three Christian graces—Faith, Hope, and Charity, seated under the German oak, and painted with great simplicity and sentiment ; of his celebrated brother Peter Hess, and Wagenbauer, and Jacob Dorner, and Quaglio there are beautiful specimens. The French pictures did not please me : Girodet's picture of Ossian and the French heroes is a monstrous combination of all manner of affectations.

I should not forget a fine portrait of Napoleon, by Appiani, crowned with laurel ; and another picture, which represents him throned, with all the insignia of state and power, and supported on either side by Victory and Peace. For a moment we pause before that proud form, to think of all he was, all he might have been—to draw a moral from the fate of selfishness.

> "He rose by blood, he built on man's distress,
> And th' inheritance of desolation left
> To great expecting hopes."*

Among the pictures of the old masters there are many fine ones, and three or four of peculiar interest. There is the fa-

* Daniel.

mous head by Bronzino, generally entitled Petrarch's Laura, but assuredly without the slightest pretensions to authenticity. The face is that of a prim, starched *précieuse*, to which the peculiar style of this old portrait painter, with his literal nature, his hardness, and leaden colouring, imparts additional coldness and rigidity.

But the finest picture in the gallery—perhaps one of the finest in the world—is the Madonna and Child of Murillo: one of those rare productions of mind which baffle the copyist, and defy the engraver,—which it is worth making a pilgrimage but to gaze on. How true it is that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever!"

When I look at Murillo's roguish, ragged beggar-boys in the royal gallery, and then at the Leuchtenberg gallery turn to contemplate his Madonna and his ascending angel, both of such unearthly and inspired beauty, a feeling of the wondrous grasp and versatility of the man's mind almost makes me giddy.

The lithographic press of Munich is celebrated all over Europe. Aloys Senefelder, the inventor of the art, has the direction of the works, with a well-merited pension, and the title of Inspector of Lithography.*

* * * * * *

* Lithography was invented at Munich, between 1795 and 1798, for so long were repeated experiments tried before the art became useful or general. Senefelder, the inventor, was an actor, and the son of an actor. The first occasion of the invention was his wish to print a little drama of his own, in some manner less expensive than the usual method of type. The first successful experiment was the printing of some music, published (1796) by Gleissner, one of the King of Bavaria's band; the first drawing attempted was a vignette to a sheet of music. In the course of his attempts to pursue and perfect his discovery, Senefelder was reduced to such poverty that he offered himself to enlist for a common soldier, and, luckily, was refused. He again took heart, and, supported through every difficulty and discouragement by his own strong and enthusiastic mind, he at length overcame all obstacles, and has lived to see his invention established and spread over the whole civilized world. Hitherto, I believe, the stone used by lithographers is found only in Bavaria, whence it is sent to every part of Europe and America, and forms a most profitable article of commerce. The principal quarries are at Solenhofen, on the Danube, about fifty miles from Munich.

Senefelder has published a little memoir of the origin and progress of the invention, in which he relates with great simplicity the hardship, and misery, and contumely he encountered before he could bring it into use. He concludes with an earnest prayer, "that it may contribute to the benefit and improvement of mankind, and that it may never be abused to any dishonourable or immoral purpose."

If I remember rightly, a detailed history of the art was given in one of the early numbers of the Foreign Review.

The people of Munich are not only a well-dressed and well-looking, but a social, kind-hearted race. The number of unions, or societies, instituted for benevolent or festive purposes, is, for the size of the place, almost incredible.* I had a catalogue of more than forty given to me this morning; they are for all ranks and professions, and there is scarcely a person in the city who is not enlisted into one or more of these communities. Some have reading-rooms and well-furnished libraries, to which strangers are at once introduced gratis; they give balls and concerts during the winter, which not only include their own members and their friends, but one society will sometimes invite and entertain another.

The young artists of Munich, who constitute a numerous body, formed themselves into an association, and gave very elegant balls and concerts, at first among themselves and their immediate friends and connexions; but the circle increased—these balls became more and more splendid—even the king and the royal family frequently honoured them with their presence. It became a point of honour to exceed in elegance and profusion all the entertainments given by the other societies of Munich. Everybody danced, praised, and enjoyed themselves. At length it occurred to some of the most considerate and kind-hearted of the people, that these young men were going beyond their means to entertain their friends and fellow-citizens. It

* The population of Munich is estimated at about 60,000. It does not enter into my plan, at present, to give any detailed account of the public institutions, whether academies, schools, hospitals, or prisons; yet I cannot but mention the prison at Munich, which more than pays its own expenses, instead of being a burthen to the state; the admirable hospital for the poor, in which all who cannot find work elsewhere are provided with occupation; two large hospitals for the sick poor, in which rooms and attendance are also provided for those who do not choose to be a burthen to their friends, nor yet dependent on charity; the orphan school; the female school, endowed by the king; the foundling and lying-in hospitals, establishments unhappily most *necessary* in Munich, and certainly most admirably conducted. These, and innumerable private societies for the assistance, the education, and the improvement of the lower classes, ought to receive the attention of every intelligent traveller.

There are no poor-laws in operation at Munich, no mendicity societies, no tract, and soup, and blanket charities; yet pauperism, mendicity, and starvation are nearly unknown. For the system of regulations by which these evils have been repressed, or altogether remedied, I believe Bavaria is indebted to the celebrated American, Count Rumford, who was in the service of the late king, Max-Joseph, from 1790 to 1799.

Several new manufactories have lately been established, particularly of glass and porcelain, and the latter is carried to a high degree of perfection.

had evidently become a matter of great expense, and perhaps ostentation, and they resolved to put down this competition at once. An association was formed of persons of all classes, and they gave a fête to the painters of Munich, which eclipsed in magnificence every thing of the kind before or since. It was a ball and supper, on the most ample and splendid scale, and took place at the Odeon. Each lady's ticket contained the name of the cavalier to whose especial protection and gallantry she was consigned for the evening; and so much *tacte* was shown in this arrangement, that I am told very few were discontented with their lot. Nearly three thousand persons were present, and it was the month of February; yet every lady on entering the room was presented by her cavalier with a bouquet of hot-house flowers; and the Salle de l'Odeon was adorned with a profusion of plants and flowering shrubs, collected from all the conservatories, private and public, within twenty miles of the capital. The king, the queen, their family and suite, and many of the principal nobles were invited, with, of course, a large portion of the gentry and trades-people of Munich; but, notwithstanding the miscellaneous nature of the assemblage, and the immense number of persons present, all was harmony, and good-breeding, and gayety. This fête produced the desired result; the young painters took the hint, and though they still give balls, which are exceedingly pleasant, they are on a more modest scale than heretofore.

The Liederkranz (literally, the circle, or garland of song) is a society of musicians—amateurs and professors—who give concerts, at which the compositions of the members are occasionally performed. One of these concerts (Fest-Production) took place this evening, at the Odeon; and having duly received, as a stranger, my ticket of invitation, I went early with a very pleasant party.

The immense room was crowded in every part, and presented a most brilliant spectacle, from the number of military costumes, and the glittering headdresses of the Munich girls. Our hosts formed the orchestra. The king and queen had been invited, and had signified their gracious intention of being present. The first row of seats was assigned to them; but no other distinction was made between the royal family and the rest of the company.

The king is generally punctual on these occasions, but from some accident he was this evening delayed, and we had to wait his arrival about ten minutes; the company were all assembled—servants were already parading up and down the

room with trays heaped with ices and refreshments—the orchestra stood up, with fiddle-sticks suspended; the chorus, with mouths half-open—and the conductor, Stuntz, brandished his roll of music. At length a side door was thrown open: a voice announced "the king;" the trumpets sounded a salute; and all the people rose, and remained standing until the royal guests were seated. The king entered first, the queen hanging on his arm. The Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar and his duchess* followed; then the Princess Matilda, leading her younger brother and sister, Prince Luitpold and the Princess Adelgonde,—the former a fine boy of about twelve years old, the latter a pretty little girl of about seven or eight; a single lady of honour; the Baron de Freyberg, as principal equerry; the minister Von Schencke and one or two other officers of the household were in attendance. The king bowed to the gentlemen in the orchestra, then to the company, and in a few moments all were seated.

The music was entirely vocal, consisting of concerted pieces only, for three or more voices, and all were executed in perfection. I observed several little boys and young girls, of twelve or fourteen, singing in the choruses, apparently much to their own satisfaction—certainly to ours. Their voices were delicious, and perfectly well-managed, and their merry laughing faces were equally pleasant to look upon.

We had first a grand loyal anthem, composed for the occasion by Lenz, in which the king and queen, and their children, were separately apostrophized. Prince Maximilian, now upon his travels, and young King Otho, "far off upon the throne of Hellas," were not forgotten; and as the Princess Matilda has lately been *verlobt* (betrothed) to the hereditary Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, they put the *Futur* into a couplet with great effect. It seems that this marriage has been for some time in negotiation; its course did not "run quite smooth," and the heart of the young princess is supposed to be more deeply interested in the affair than is usual in royal alliances. She is also very generally beloved, so that when the chorus sang,

> "Hoch lebe Ludwig und Mathilde!
> Ein Herz stets Brautigam und Braut!"

all eyes were turned towards her with a smiling expression of sympathy and kindness, which really touched me. As I sat,

* Ida of Saxe-Meiningen, sister of the Queen of England.

I could only see her side-face, which was declined. There was also an allusion to the late King Max-Joseph, "das beste Herz," who died about five years ago, and who appears to have been absolutely adored by his people. All this passed off very well, and was greatly applauded. At the conclusion the king rose from his seat, and said something courteous and good-natured to the orchestra, and then sat down. The other pieces were by old Schack (the intimate friend of Mozart), Stuntz, Chelard, and Marschner; a drinking song by Haydn and one of the choruses in the *Cosi fan Tutte* were also introduced. The whole concluded with the "song of the heroes in the Valhalla," composed by Stuntz.

Between the acts there was an interval of at least half an hour, during which the queen and the Princess Matilda walked up and down in front of the orchestra, entered into conversation with the ladies who were seated near, and those whom the rules of etiquette allowed to approach unsummoned and pay their respects. The king, meanwhile, walked round the room unattended, speaking to different people, and addressing the young bourgeoises, whose looks or whose toilet pleased him, with a bow and a smile; while they simpered and blushed, and drew themselves up when he had passed.

As I see the king frequently, his face is familiar to me, but to-night he looked particularly well, and had on a better coat than he usually condescends to wear,—quite plain, however, and without any order or decoration. He is now in his forty-seventh year, not handsome, with a small well-formed head, an intelligent brow, and a quick penetrating eye. His figure is slight and well-made, his movements quick, and his manner lively—at times even abrupt and impatient. His utterance is often so rapid as to be scarcely intelligible to those who are most accustomed to him. I often meet him walking arm-in-arm with M. de Schenke, M. de Klenze, and others of his friends—for apparently this eccentric, accomplished sovereign has *friends*, though I believe he is not so popular as his father was before him.

The queen (Theresa, princess of Saxe-Hilburghausen) has a sweet open countenance, and a pleasing, elegant figure. The princess Matilda, who is now nineteen, is the express image of her mother, whom she resembles in her amiable disposition as well as her person; her figure is very pretty, and her deportment graceful. She looked pensive this evening, which was attributed by the good people around me to the recent

departure of the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, who has been here for some time paying his court.

About ten, the concert was over. The king and queen remained a few minutes in conversation with those around them, without displaying any ungracious hurry to depart; and the whole scene left a pleasant impression upon my fancy. To an English traveller in Germany, nothing is more striking than the easy familiar terms on which the sovereign and his family mingle with the people on these and the like occasions; it certainly would not answer in England: but as they say in this expressive language—*Ländlich, sittlich.**

Munich. Oct. 28th, 1833.

* It is difficult to translate this laconic proverb, because we have not the corresponding words in English: the meaning may be rendered—"*according to the country, so are the manners.*"

SKETCHES OF ART, LITERATURE, AND CHARACTER.

II.

NUREMBERG.

Nuremberg—with its long, narrow, winding, involved streets, its precipitous ascents and descents, its completely gothic physiognomy—is by far the strangest old city I ever beheld; it has retained in every part the aspect of the middle ages. No two houses resemble each other; yet, differing in form, in colour, in height, in ornament, all have a family likeness; and with their peaked and carved gables, and projecting central balconies, and painted fronts, stand up in a row, like so many tall, gaunt, stately old maids, with the toques and stomachers of the last century. In the upper part of the town, we find here and there a new house, built or rebuilt in a more modern fashion, and even a gay modern theatre, and an unfinished modern church; but these, instead of being embellishments, look ill-favoured and mean, like patches of new cloth on a rich old brocade. Age is here, but it does not suggest the idea of dilapidation or decay; rather of something which has been put under a glass case, and preserved with care from all extraneous influences. The buildings are so ancient, the fashions of society so antiquated, the people so penetrated with veneration for themselves and their city, that in the few days I spent there I began to feel quite old too—my mind was *wrinkled up*, as it were, with a reverence for the past. I wondered that people condescended to talk of any event more recent than the thirty years' war, and the defence of Gustavus Adolphus;* and all names of modern date, even of greatest mark, were forgotten in the fame of Albert Durer, Hans Sachs, and Peter Vischer: the trio of worthies which, in the estimation or ima-

* When the city was besieged by Wallenstein in 1632.

gination of the Nurembergers, still live with the freshness of a yesterday's remembrance, and leave no room for the heroes of to-day. My enthusiasm for Albert Durer was already prepared, and warm as even the Nurembergers could desire ; but I confess that of that renowned cobbler and meister-singer, Hans Sachs, I knew little but what I had learned from the pretty comedy bearing his name, which I had seen at Manheim ; and of the illustrious Peter Vischer I could only remember that I had seen, in the academy at Munich, certain casts from his figures, which had particularly struck me. Yet to visit Nuremberg without some previous knowledge of these luminaries of the middle ages, is to lose much of that pleasure of association without which the eye wearies of the singular, and the mind becomes satiated with change.

Nuremberg was the gothic Athens : it was never the seat of government, but as a free imperial city it was independent and self-governed, and took the lead in arts and in literature. Here it was that clocks and watches, maps and musical instruments, were manufactured for all Germany ; here, in that truly German spirit of pedantry and simplicity, were music, painting, and poetry at once honoured as sciences and cultivated as handicrafts, each having its guild, or corporation, duly chartered, like the other trades of this flourishing city, and requiring, by the institution of the magistracy, a regular apprenticeship. It was here that, on the first discovery of printing, a literary barber and meister-singer (Hans Foltz) set up a printing-press in his own house ; and it was but the natural consequence of all this industry, mental activity, and social cultivation, that Nuremberg should have been one of the first cities which declared for the Reformation.

But what is most curious and striking in this old city is to see it stationary, while time and change are working such miracles and transformations everywhere else. The house where Martin Behaim, four centuries ago, invented the sphere, and drew the first geographical chart, is still the house of a map-seller. In the house where cards were first manufactured, cards are now sold. In the very shops where clocks and watches were first seen, you may still buy clocks and watches. The same families have inhabited the same mansions from one generation to another for four or five centuries. The great manufactories of those toys commonly called Dutch toys are at Nuremberg. I visited the wholesale depôt of Pestelmayer, and it is true that it would cut a poor figure compared to some of our great Birmingham show-rooms ; but the enormous scale

on which this commerce is conducted, the hundreds of wagon-loads and ship-loads of these trifles and gimcracks which find their way to every part of the known world, even to America and China, must interest a thinking mind. Nothing gave me a more comprehensive idea of the value of the whole than a complaint which I heard from a Nuremberger (and which, though seriously made, sounded not a little ludicrous), of the falling off in the trade of *pill-boxes!*—he said that since the fashionable people of London and Paris had taken to paper pill-boxes, the millions of wooden or chip boxes which used to be annually sent from Nuremberg to all parts of Europe were no longer required; and he computed the consequent falling off of the profits at many thousand florins.

Nuremberg was rendered so agreeable to me by the kindness and hospitality I met with, that instead of merely passing through it, I spent some days wandering about its precincts; and as it is not very frequently visited by the English, I shall note a few of the objects which have dwelt on my memory, premising, that for the artist and the antiquarian it affords inexhaustible materials.

The whole city, which is very large, lies crowded and compact within its walls; but the fortifications, once the wonder of all Germany, and their three hundred and sixty-five towers, once the glory and safeguard of the inhabitants, exist no longer. Four huge circular towers stand at the principal gates,—four huge towers of almost dateless antiquity, and blackened with age, but of such admirable construction, that the masonry appears, from its entireness and smoothness, as if raised yesterday. The old castle, or fortress, which stands on a height commanding the town and a glorious view, is a strange, dismantled, incongruous heap of buildings. It happened, that in the summer of 1833, the King of Bavaria, accompanied by the queen and the Princess Matilda, had paid his good city of Nuremberg a visit, and had been most royally entertained by the inhabitants: the apartments in the old castle, long abandoned to the rats and spiders, had been prepared for the royal guests, and when I saw it, three or four months afterward, nothing could be more uncouth and fantastical than the effect of these irregular rooms, with all manner of angles, with their carved worm-eaten ceilings, their curious latticed and painted windows, and most preposterous stoves, now all tricked out with fresh paint here and there, and hung with gay glazed papers of the most modern fashion, and the most gaudy patterns. Even the chapel, with its four old pillars, which,

according to the legend, had been brought by Old Nick himself from Rome, and the effigy of the monk who had cheated his infernal adversary by saying the litanies faster than had ever been known before or since, had, in honour of the king's visit, received a new coat of paint. There are some very curious old pictures in the castle (which luckily were not repainted for the same grand occasion), among them an original portrait of Albert Durer. In the court-yard of the fortress stands an extraordinary relic—the old lime-tree planted by the Empress Cunegunde, wife of the Emperor Henry III.; every thing is done to preserve it from decay, and it still bears its leafy honours, after beholding the revolution of seven centuries.

From the fortress we look down upon the house of Albert Durer, which is preserved with religious care; it has been hired by a society of artists, who use it as a club-room: his effigy in stone is over the door. In every house there is a picture or print of him, or copies or engravings from his works, and his head hangs in every print-shop. The street in which he lived is called by his name, and the inhabitants have moreover built a fountain to his honour, and planted trees around it;—in short, Albert Durer is wherever we look —wherever we move. What can Fuseli mean by saying that Albert Durer "was a man of extreme ingenuity without being a genius?" Does the man of mere ingenuity step before his age as Albert Durer did, not as an artist only, but as a man of science? Is not genius the creative power? and did not Albert Durer possess this power in an extraordinary degree? Could Fuseli have seen his four apostles now in the gallery of Munich, when he said that Albert Durer never had more than an occasional *glimpse* of the sublime?

Fuseli, as an *artist*, is an example of what I have seen in other minds, otherwise directed. The stronger the faculties, the more of original power in the mind, the less diffused is the sympathy, and the more is the judgment swayed by the individual character. Thus Fuseli, in his remarks on painters—excellent and eloquent as they are,—scarcely ever does justice to those who excel in colour. He perceives and admits the excellence, but he shows in his criticisms, as in his pictures, that the faculty was wanting to feel and appreciate it: his remarks on Correggio and Rubens are a proof of this. In listening to the criticisms of an author on literature—of a painter on pictures—and, generally, to the opinion which one individual expresses of the character and actions of another, it is wise to take into consideration the modification of mind

in the person who speaks, and how far it may, or *must*, influence, even where it does not absolutely distort, the judgment; so many minds are what the Germans call *one-sided!* The education, habits, mental existence of the individual, are the refracting medium through which the rays of truth pass to the mind, more or less bent or absorbed in their passage. We should make philosophical allowance for different degrees of density.

Hans Sachs,* the old poet of Nuremberg, did as much for the Reformation by his songs and satires, as Luther and the doctors did by their preaching; besides being one of the worshipful company of meister-singers, he found time to make shoes, and even enrich himself by his trade: he informs us himself that he had composed and written with his own hand "four thousand two hundred mastership songs; two hundred and eight comedies, tragedies, and farces; one thousand seven hundred fables, tales, and miscellaneous poems; and seventy-three devotional, military, and love songs." It is said he excelled in humour, but it was such as might have been expected from the times—it was vigorous and coarse. "Hans," says the critic, "tells his tale like a convivial burgher, fond of his can, and still fonder of his drollery."† If this be the case, his house has received a very appropriate designation: it is now an ale-house, from which, as I looked up, the mixed odours of beer and tobacco, and the sound of voices singing in chorus, streamed through the old latticed windows. "Drollery" and "the can" were as rife in the dwelling of the immortal shoemaker as they would have been in his own days, and in his own jovial presence.

In the church of St. Sibbald, now the chief Protestant church, I was surprised to find that most of the Roman Catholic symbols and relics remained undisturbed: the large crucifix, the old pictures of the saints and Madonnas had been reverentially preserved. The perpetual light which had been vowed four centuries ago by one of the Tucher family was still burning over his tomb; no puritanic zeal had quenched that tiny flame in its chased silver lamp; and through successive generations, and all revolutions of politics and religion, maintained and fed by the pious honesty of the descendants, it still shone on,

> Like the bright lamp that lay in Kildare's holy fane,
> And burned through long ages of darkness and storm!

---

* Born at Nuremberg in 1494.

† See the admirable "Essay on the Early German and Northern Poetry," already alluded to.

In this Protestant church, even the shrine of St. Sibbald has kept its place, if not to the honour and glory of the saint, at least to the honour and glory of the city of Nuremberg; it is considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Peter Vischer, a famous sculptor and caster in bronze, contemporary with Albert Durer. It was begun in 1506, and finished in 1519, and is adorned with ninety-six figures, among which the twelve apostles, all varying in character and attitude, are really miracles of grace, power, and expression; the base of the shrine rests upon six gigantic snails, and the whole is cast in bronze, and finished with exquisite skill and fancy. At one end of this extraordinary composition the artificer has placed his own figure, not obtrusively, but retired, in a sort of niche; he is represented in his working dress, with his cap, leather apron, and tools in his hand. According to tradition, he was paid for his work by the pound weight, twenty gulden (or florins) for every hundred weight of metal; and the whole weighs one hundred and twenty centners, or hundred weight.

The man who showed us this shrine was descended from Peter Vischer, lived in the same house which he and his sons had formerly inhabited, and carried on the same trade, that of a smith and brass-founder.

The Moritz-Kapel, near the church, is an old gothic chapel once dedicated to St. Maurice, now converted into a public gallery of pictures of the old German school. The collection is exceedingly curious; there are about one hundred and forty pictures, and besides specimens of Mabuse, Albert Durer, Van Eyck, Martin Schoen, Lucas Kranach, and the two Holbeins, I remember some portraits by a certain Hans Grimmer, which impressed me by their truth and fine painting. It appears from this collection that for some time after Albert Durer, the German painters continued to paint on a gold ground. Kulmbach, whose heads are quite marvellous for finish and expression, generally did so. This gallery owes its existence to the present king, and has been well arranged by the architect Heideldoff and Professor Von Dillis of Munich.

In the market-place of Nuremberg stands the Schönebrunnen, that is, the beautiful fountain; it bears the date 1355, and in style resembles the crosses which Edward I. erected to Queen Eleanor, but is of more elaborate beauty; it is covered with gothic figures, carved by one of the most ancient of the German sculptors, Schonholfer, who modestly styles himself a stone-cutter. Here we see, placed amicably close, Julius Cæsar, Godfrey of Boulogne, Judas Maccabæus, Alexander

the Great, Hector of Troy, Charlemagne, and King David: all old acquaintances, certainly, but whom we might have supposed that nothing but the day of judgment could ever have assembled together in company.

Talking of the day of judgment reminds me of the extraordinary cemetery of Nuremberg, certainly as unlike every other cemetery as Nuremberg is unlike every other city. Imagine upon a rising ground an open space of about four acres, completely covered with enormous slabs, or rather blocks of solid stone, about a foot and a half in thickness, seven feet in length, and four in breadth, laid horizontally, and just allowing space for a single person to move between them. The name and the armorial bearings of the dead, cast in bronze, and sometimes rich sculpture, decorate these tombs: I remember one, to the memory of a beautiful girl, who was killed as she lay asleep in her father's garden by a lizard creeping into her mouth. The story is represented in bronze bas-relief, and the lizard is so constructed as to move when touched. From this I shrunk with disgust, and turned to the sepulchre of a famous worthy, who measured the distance from Nuremberg to the holy sepulchre with his garter; the implement of his pious enterprise, twisted into a sort of true-love knot, is carved on his tomb. Two days afterward I entered the dominions of a reigning monarch, who is at this present moment performing a journey to Jerusalem round the walls of his room.* How long-lived are the follies of mankind! Have, then, five centuries made so little difference?

The tombs of Albert Durer, Hans Sachs, and Sandraart were pointed out to me, resembling the rest in size and form. I was assured that these huge sepulchral stones exceeded three thousand in number, and the whole aspect of this singular burial-place is, in truth, beyond measure striking—I could almost add, appalling.

I was not a little surprised and interested to find that the principal gazette of Nuremberg, which has a wide circulation through all this part of Germany, extending even to Frankfort, Munich, Dresden, and Leipsic, is entirely in female hands. Madame de Schaden is the proprietor, and the responsible editor of the paper; she has the printing apparatus and offices under her own roof, and though advanced in years, conducts the whole concern with a degree of activity, spirit, and talent

* Frederic Augustus, the present King of Saxony. He is, however, in his dotage, being now in his eighty-fifth year.

which delighted me. The circulation of this paper amounts to about four thousand; a trifling number compared to our papers, but a large number in this economical country, where the same paper is generally read by fifty or sixty persons at least.

* * * * * *

All travellers agree that benevolence and integrity are the national characteristics of the Germans. Of their honesty I had daily proofs: I do not consider that I was ever imposed upon or overcharged during my journey except once, and then it was by a Frenchman. Their benevolence is displayed in the treatment of animals, particularly of their horses. It was somewhere between Nuremberg and Hof, that, for the first and only time, I saw a postillion flog his horse unmercifully, or at least unreasonably. The Germans very seldom beat their horses: they talk to them, remonstrate, encourage, or upbraid them. I have frequently known a voiturier, or postillion, go a whole stage—which is seldom less than fifteen English miles—at a very fair pace, without once raising his whip; and have often witnessed, not without amusement, long conversations between a driver and his steed—the man, with his arm thrown over the animal's neck, discoursing in a strange jargon, and the intelligent brute turning his eye on his master with such a responsive expression! In this part of Germany there is a popular verse repeated by the postillions, which may be called the German *rule of the road*. It is the horse who speaks—

Berg auf, ubertrieb mich nicht;
Berg ab, ubereil mich nicht;
Auf ebenen Weg, vershöne mich nicht;
Im Stahl, vergiss mich nicht:

which is, literally,

Up hill, overdrive me not;
Down hill, hurry me not;
On level ground, spare me not;
In the stable, forget me not.

The German postillions form a very numerous and distinct class: they wear a half-military costume—a laced or embroidered jacket, across which is invariably slung the bugle-horn, with its party-coloured cord and tassels; huge jack-boots, and a smart glazed hat, not unfrequently surmounted with a feather (as in Hesse Cassel and Saxe Weimar), complete their appearance. They are in the direct service and pay of the

government; they must have an excellent character for fidelity and good conduct before they are engaged, and the slightest failing in duty or punctuality subjects them to severe punishment; thus they enjoy some degree of respectability as a body, and Marschner thought it not unworthy of his talents to compose a fine piece of music, which he called The Postillion's "Morgen-lied," or morning song. I found them generally a good-humoured, honest set of men; obliging, but not servile or cringing; they are not allowed to smoke without the express leave of the traveller, nor to stop or delay on the road on any pretence whatever. In short, though the burley German postillions do not present the neat compact turn-out of an English postboy, nor the horses any thing like the speed of "Newman's grays," or the Brighton Age, and though the traveller must now and then submit to arbitrary laws and individual inconvenience; still the travelling regulations all over Germany, more especially in Prussia, are so precise, so admirable, and so strictly enforced, that nowhere could an unprotected female journey with more complete comfort and security. This I have proved by experience, after having tried every different mode of conveyance in Prussia, Bavaria, Baden, Saxony, and Hesse. My road expenses, for myself and an attendant, seldom exceeded a Napoleon a-day.

SKETCHES OF ART, LITERATURE, AND CHARACTER.

III.

MEMORANDA AT DRESDEN.*

Beautiful, stately Dresden! if not the queen, the fine lady of the German cities! Surrounded with what is most enchanting in nature, and adorned with what is most enchanting in art, she sits by the Elbe like a fair one in romance, wreathing her towery diadem—so often scathed by war—with the vine and the myrtle, and looking on her own beauty imaged in the river flood, which, after rolling an impetuous torrent through the mountain gorges, here seems to pause and spread itself into a lucid mirror to catch the reflection of her airy magnificence. No doubt misery and evil dwell in Dresden, as in all the congregated societies of men, but nowhere are they less obtru-

* The description of Dresden and its environs, in Russel's Tour in Germany, is one of the best-written passages in that amusing book—so admirably graphic and faithful, that nothing can be added to it *as a description*; therefore I have effaced those notes which it has rendered superfluous. It must, however, be remembered by those who refer to Mr. Russel's work, that a revolution has taken place, by which the king, now fallen into absolute dotage, has been removed from the direct administration of the government, and a much more popular and liberal tone prevails in the estates: the two princes, nephews of the king, whom Mr. Russel mentions as "persons of whom scarcely anybody thinks of speaking at all," have since made themselves extremely conspicuous:—Prince Frederic has been declared regent, and is apparently much respected and beloved; and Prince John has distinguished himself as a speaker in the Assembly of the States, and takes the liberal side on most occasions. A spirit of amelioration is at work in Dresden, as elsewhere, and the ten or twelve years which have elapsed since Mr. Russel's visit have not passed away without some salutary changes, while more are evidently at hand.

Mr. Russel speaks of the secrecy with which the sittings of the Chambers were then conducted: they are now public, and the debates are printed in the Gazette at considerable length.

sive. The city has all the advantages, and none of the disadvantages, of a capital; the treasures of art accumulated here —the mild government, the delightful climate, the beauty of the environs, and the cheerfulness and simplicity of social intercourse, have rendered it a favourite residence for artists and literary characters, and to foreigners one of the most captivating places in the world. How often have I stood in the open space in front of the gorgeous Italian church, or on the summit of the flight of steps leading to the public walk, gazing upon the noble bridge which bestrides the majestic Elbe, and connects the new and the old town; or, pursuing with enchanted eye the winding course of the river to the foot of those undulating purple hills, covered with villas and vineyards, till a feeling of quiet, grateful enjoyment has stolen over me, like that which Wordsworth describes—

> Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
> And passing even into my purer mind
> With tranquil restoration.

But it is not only the natural beauties of the scene which strike a stranger; the city itself has this peculiarity in common with Florence, to which it has been so often compared, that instead of being an accident in the landscape—a dim, smoky, care-haunted spot upon the all-lovely face of nature—a discord in the soothing harmony of that quiet enchanting scene which steals like music over the fancy,—it is rather a charm the more—an ornament—a crowning splendour—a fulfilling and completing chord. Its unrivalled elegance and neatness, a general air of cheerfulness combined with a certain dignity and tranquillity, the purity and elasticity of the atmosphere, the brilliant shops, the well-dressed women, and the lively looks and good-humoured alertness of the people, who, like the Florentines, are more remarkable for their tact and acuteness than for their personal attractions;—all these advantages render Dresden, though certainly one of the smallest, and by no means one of the richest, capitals in Europe, one of the most delightful residences on the Continent. I am struck, too, by the silver-toned voices of the women, and the courtesy and vivacity of the men; for in Bavaria the intonation is broad and harsh, and the people, though frank, and honest, and good-natured, are rather slow, and not particularly polished in their demeanour.

It is the general aspect of Dresden which charms us: it is not distinguished by any vast or striking architectural decorations, if we except the Italian church, which, with all its thou-

sand faults of style, pleases from its beautiful situation and its exceeding richness. This is the only Roman Catholic church in Dresden: for it is curious enough, that while the national religion, or, if I may so use the word, the state religion, is Protestant—the court religion is Catholic; the royal family having been for several generations of that persuasion;* but this has caused neither intolerance on the one hand, nor jealousy on the other. The Saxons, the first who hailed and embraced the doctrines of Luther, seem quite content to allow their anointed king to go to heaven his own way; and though the priests who surround him are, of course, mindful to keep up their own influence, there is no spirit of proselytism; and I believe the most perfect equality with regard to religious matters prevails here. The Catholic church is almost always half-full of Protestants, attracted by the delicious music, for all the corps d'opera sing in the choir. High mass begins about the time that the sermon is over in the other churches, and you see the Protestants hurrying from their own service, crowding in at the portals of the Catholic church, and taking their places, the men on one side and the women on the other, with looks of infinite gravity and devotion: the king being always present, it would here be a breach of etiquette to behave as I have often seen the English behave in the Catholic churches—precisely as if in a theatre. But if the good old monarch imagines that his heretic subjects are to be converted by Ceci's† divine voice, he is wonderfully mistaken.

The people of Dresden have always been distinguished by their love of music; I was therefore rather surprised to find here a little paltry theatre, ugly without, and mean within; a new edifice has been for some time in contemplation, therefore to decorate or repair the old one may seem superfluous. That it is not nearly large enough for the place is its worst fault. I have never been in it that it was not crowded to suffocation. At this time Bellini's opera, *I Capelletti*, is the rage at Dresden, or rather Madame Devrient's impersonation of the Romeo, has completely turned all heads and melted all hearts—that are fusible. Bellini is only one of the thousand and one imitators of Rossini; and the Capelletti only the last of the thousand and one versions of Romeo and Juliet; and Devrient is not generally heard to the greatest advantage in the modern Italian music; but her *conception* of the part of Romeo is new and

* Augustus II. abjured the Protestant religion in 1700, in order to obtain the crown of Poland.

† The first tenor at Dresden in 1833.

belongs to herself; like a woman of feeling and genius she has put her stamp upon it: it is quite distinct from the same character as represented by Pasta and Malibran—*character* perhaps I should not say, for in the lyrical drama there is properly no room for any such gradual development of individual sentiments and motives; a powerful and graceful sketch, of which the outline is filled up by music, is all that the artist is required to give; and within this boundary a more beautiful delineation of youthful fervid passion I never beheld; if Devrient must yield to Pasta in grandeur, and to Malibran in versatility of power and liquid flexibility of voice, she yields to neither in pathos, to neither in delicious modulation, to neither in passion, power, and originality, though in her, in a still greater degree, the talent of the artist is modified by individual temperament. Like other gifted women, who are blessed or cursed with a most excitable nervous system, Devrient is a good deal under the influence of moods of feeling and temper, and in the performance of her favourite parts (as this of Romeo, the Armida, Emmeline in the Sweitzer Familie), is subject to inequalities, which are not caprices, but arise from an exuberance of soul and power, and only render her performance more interesting. Every night that I have seen her since my arrival here, even in parts which are unworthy of her, as in the "Eagle's Nest,"* has increased my estimate of her talents; and last night when I saw her for the third time in the Romeo, she certainly surpassed herself. The duet with Juliet (Madlle. Schneider), at the end of the first act, threw the whole audience into a tumult of admiration; they invariably encore this touching and impassioned scene, which is really a positive cruelty, besides being a piece of stupidity; for though it *may* be as well sung the second time, it *must* suffer in effect from the repetition. The music, though very pretty, is in itself nothing without the situation and sentiment; and after the senses and imagination have been wound up to the most thrilling excitement by tones of melting affection and despair, and Romeo and Juliet have been finally torn asunder by a flinty-hearted stick of a father, with a black cloak and a bass voice—*selon les regles*—it is ridiculous to see them come back from opposite sides of the stage, bow to the audience, and then, throwing themselves into each other's arms, pour out

* An opera by Franz Glazer, of Berlin. The subject, which is the well-known story of the mother who delivers her infant when carried away by the eagle, or rather vulture of the Alps, might make a good melodrama, but is not fit for an opera—and the music is *trainante* and monotonous.

the same passionate strains of love and sorrow. As to Devrient's acting in the last scene, I think even Pasta's Romeo would have seemed colourless beside hers; and this arises perhaps from the character of the music, from the very different style in which Zingarelli and Bellini have treated their last scene. The former has made Romeo tender and plaintive, and Pasta accordingly subdued her conception to this tone; but Bellini has thrown into the same scene more animation and more various effect.* Devrient, thus enabled to colour more highly, has gone beyond the composer. There was a flush of poetry and passion, a heart-breaking struggle of love and life against an overwhelming destiny, which thrilled me. Never did I hear any one sing so completely from her own soul as this astonishing creature. In certain tones and passages her voice issued from the depths of her bosom as if steeped in tears; and her countenance, when she hears Juliet sigh from the tomb, was such a sudden and divine gleam of expression as I have never seen on any face but Fanny Kemble's. I was not surprised to learn that Madame Devrient is generally ill after her performance, and unable to sing in this part more than once or twice a week.

* * * * *

Tieck is the literary Colossus of Dresden; perhaps I should say of Germany. There are those who dispute his infallibility as a critic; there are those who will not walk under the banners of his philosophy; but since the death of Goëthe, I believe Ludwig Tieck holds undisputed the first rank as an original poet, and powerful writer, and has succeeded, by right divine, to the vacant throne of genius. His house in the Altmarkt (the tall, red house at the south-east corner), henceforth consecrated by that power which can "hallow in the core of human hearts even the ruin of a wall,"† is the resort of all the enlightened strangers who flock to Dresden: even those who know nothing of Tieck but his name, deem an introduction to him as indispensable as a visit to the Madonna del Sisto. To the English, he is particularly interesting: his knowledge of

* Zingarelli composed his *Romeo e Giulietta* in 1797: Bellini produced the Capelletti at Venice in 1832, for our silver-voiced Caradori and the contr'alto Giudita Grisi, sister of that accomplished singer, Giulietta Grisi. Thirty-five years are an age in the history of music. Of the two operas, Bellini's is the most effective, from the number of the concerted pieces, without containing a single air which can be placed in comparison with five or six in Zingarelli's opera.

† Lord Byron.

our language and literature, and especially of our older writers, is profound. Endued with an imagination which luxuriates in the world of marvels, which "dwells delightedly midst fays and talismans," and embraces in its range of power what is highest, deepest, most subtle, most practical—gifted with a creative spirit, for ever moving and working within the illimitable universe of fancy, Tieck is yet one of the most poignant satirists and profound critics of the age. He has for the last twenty years devoted his time and talents, in conjunction with Schlegel, to the study, translation, and illustration of Shakspeare. The combination of these two minds has done perhaps what no single mind could have effected in developing, elucidating, and clothing in a new language the creations of that mighty and inspired being.

It is to be hoped that some translator will rise up among us to do justice in return to Tieck. No one tells a fairy tale like him: the earnest simplicity of style and manner is so exquisite that he always gives the idea of one whose hair was on end at his own wonders, who was entangled by the spell of his own enchantments. A few of these lighter productions (his Volksmärchen, or popular Tales) have been rendered into our language; but those of his works which have given him the highest estimation among his own countrymen, still remain a sealed fountain to English readers.*

It was with some trepidation I found myself in the presence of this extraordinary man. Notwithstanding his profound knowledge of our language, he rarely speaks English, and, like Alfieri, he *will not* speak French. I addressed him in English, and he spoke to me in German. The conversation

* "Tieck," says Carlyle, "is a poet *born* as well as made.—He is no mere observist and compiler, rendering back to us, with additions or subtractions, the beauty which existing things have of themselves presented to him; but a true maker, to whom the actual and external is but the *excitement* for ideal creations, representing and ennobling its effects. His feeling or knowledge, his love or scorn, his gay humour or solemn earnestness; all the riches of his inward world are pervaded and mastered by the living energy of the soul which possesses them, and their finer essence is wafted to us in his poetry, like Arabian odours on the wings of the wind. But this may be said of all true poets; and each is distinguished from all by his individual characteristics. Among Tieck's, one of the most remarkable is his combination of so many gifts in such full and simple harmony. His ridicule does not obstruct his adoration; his gay southern fancy lives in union with a northern heart; with the moods of a longing and impassioned spirit, he seems deeply conversant; and a still imagination, in the highest sense of that word, reigns over all his poetic world."

in my first visit fell very naturally upon Shakspeare, for I had been looking over his admirable new translation of Macbeth, which he had just completed. Macbeth led us to the English theatre and English acting—to Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles, and the actual character and state of our stage.

While he spoke, I could not help looking at his head, which is wonderfully fine; the noble breadth and amplitude of his brow, and his quiet, but penetrating eye, with an expression of latent humour hovering round his lips, formed altogether a striking physiognomy. The numerous prints and portraits of Tieck which are scattered over Germany are very defective as resemblances. They have a heavy look; they give the weight and power of his head, but nothing of the *finesse* which lurks in the lower part of his face. His manner is courteous, and his voice particularly sweet and winning. He is apparently fond of the society of women; or the women are fond of his society, for in the evening his room is generally crowded with fair worshippers. Yet Tieck, like Goëthe, is accused of entertaining some unworthy sentiments with regard to the sex; and is also said, like Goëthe, not to have upheld us in his writings, as the true philosopher, to say nothing of the true poet, ought to have done. It is a fact upon which I shall take an opportunity of enlarging, that almost all the greatest men who have lived in the world, whether poets, philosophers, artists, or statesmen, have derived their mental and physical organization more from the mother's than the father's side; and the same is true, unhappily, of those who have been in an extraordinary degree perverted. And does not this lead us to some awful considerations on the importance of the moral and physical well-being of women, and their present condition in society, as a branch of legislation and politics, which must ere long be modified? Let our lords and masters reflect, that if an extensive influence for good or for evil be not denied to us, an influence commencing not only with, but before the birth of their children, it is time that the manifold mischiefs and miseries lurking in the bosom of society, and of which woman is at once the wretched instrument and more wretched victim, be looked to. Sometimes I am induced to think that Tieck is misinterpreted or libelled by those who pretend to take the tone from his writings and opinions: it is evident that he delights in being surrounded by a crowd of admiring women, therefore he must in his heart honour and reverence us as being morally equal with man,—for who could suspect the great Tieck of that

paltry coxcombry which can be gratified by the adulation of inferior beings?

Tieck's extraordinary talent for reading aloud is much and deservedly celebrated: he gives dramatic readings two or three times a week when his health and his avocations allow this exertion; the company assemble at six, and it is advisable to be punctual to the moment; soon afterward tea is served: he begins to read at seven precisely, when the doors are closed against all intrusion whatever, and he reads through a whole play without pause, rest, omission, or interruption. Thus I heard him read Julius Cæsar and the Midsummer Night's Dream (in the German translation by himself and Schlegel), and except Mrs. Siddons, I never heard any thing comparable as dramatic reading. His voice is rich, and capable of great variety of modulation. I observed that the humorous and declamatory passages were rather better than the pathetic and tender passages: he was quite at home among the elves and clowns in the Midsummer Night's Dream, of which he gave the fantastic and comic parts with indescribable humour and effect. As to the translation, I could only judge of its marvellous fidelity, which enabled me to follow him, word for word,—but the Germans themselves are equally enchanted by its vigour, and elegance, and poetical colouring.

* * * * * *

The far-famed gallery of Dresden is, of course, the first and grand attraction to a stranger.

The regulation of this gallery, and the difficulty of obtaining admission, struck me at first as rather inhospitable and ill-natured. In the summer months it is open to the public two days in the week; but during the winter months, from September to March, it is closed. In order to obtain admittance during this *recess*, you must pay three dollars to one of the principal keepers on duty, and a gratuity to the porter,—in all about half a guinea. Having once paid this sum, you are free to enter whenever the gallery has been opened for another party. The ceremony is, to send the laquais-de-place at nine in the morning to inquire whether the gallery will be open in the course of the day; if the answer be in the affirmative, it is advisable to make your appearance as early as possible, and I believe you may stay as long as you please (at least *I* did); nothing more is afterward demanded, though something may perhaps be expected—if you are a *very* frequent visiter. All this is rather ungracious. It is true that the gallery is not a national, but a royal gallery,—that it was founded and enriched

by princes for their private recreation ; that Augustus III. purchased the Modena gallery for his kingly pleasure ; that from the original construction of the building it is impossible to heat it with stoves, without incurring some risk, and that to oblige the poor professors and attendants to linger benumbed and shivering in the gallery from morning to night, is cruel. In fact, it would be difficult to give an idea of the deadly cold which prevails in the inner gallery, where the beams of the sun scarcely ever penetrate. And it may happen that only a chance visiter, or one or two strangers, may ask admittance in the course of the day. But poor as Saxony now is,—drained, and exhausted, and maimed by successive wars, and trampled by successive conquerors, this glorious gallery, which Frederic spared, and Napoleon left inviolate, remains the chief attraction to strangers ; and it may be doubted whether there is good policy in making admittance to its treasures a matter of difficulty, vexation, and expense. There would be little fear, if all strangers were as obstinate and enthusiastic as myself,—for, to confess the truth, I know not what obstacle, or difficulty, or inconvenience could have kept me out ; if all legal avenues had been hermetically sealed, I would have prayed, bribed, persevered, till I had attained my purpose, and after travelling three hundred miles to achieve an object, what are a few dollars ? But still it *is* ungracious, and methinks, in this courteous and liberal capital, these regulations ought to be reformed or modified.

On entering the gallery for the first time, I walked straight forward, without pausing, or turning to the right or the left, into the Raffaelle-room, and looked round for the Madonna del Sisto,—literally with a kind of misgiving. Familiar as the form might be to the eye and the fancy, from numerous copies and prints, still the unknown original held a sanctuary in my imagination, like the mystic Isis behind her veil : and it seemed that whatever I beheld of lovely, or perfect, or soul-speaking in art, had an unrevealed rival in my imagination : something was beyond—there was a criterion of possible excellence as yet only conjectured—for I had not seen the Madonna del Sisto. Now, when I was about to lift my eyes to it, I literally hesitated—I drew a long sigh, as if resigning myself to disappointment, and looked——Yes ! there she was indeed ! that divinest image that ever shaped itself in palpable hues and forms to the living eye ! What a revelation of ineffable grace, and purity, and truth, and goodness ! There is no use attempting to say any thing about it ; too much has already been said and

written—and what are words? After gazing on it again and again, day after day, I feel that to attempt to describe the impression is like measuring the infinite, and sounding the unfathomable. When I looked up at it to-day it gave me the idea, or rather the feeling, of a vision descending and floating down upon me. The head of the virgin is quite superhuman; to say that it is beautiful, gives no idea of it. Some of Correggio's and Guido's virgins—the virgin of Murillo at the Leuchtenberg palace—have more beauty, in the common meaning of the word; but every other female face, however lovely, however majestic, would, I am convinced, appear either trite or exaggerated if brought into immediate comparison with this divine countenance. There is such a blessed calm in every feature! and the eyes, beaming with a kind of internal light, look straight out of the picture—not at you or me—not at any thing belonging to this world,—but through and through the universe. The unearthly child is a sublime vision of power and grandeur, and seems not so much supported as enthroned in her arms, and what fitter throne for the Divinity than a woman's bosom full of innocence and love? The expression in the face of St. Barbara, who looks down, has been differently interpreted: to me she seems to be giving a last look at the earth, above which the group is raised as on a hovering cloud. St. Sixtus is evidently pleading in all the combined fervour of faith, hope, and charity, for the congregation of sinners, who are supposed to be kneeling before the picture—that is, for *us* —to whom he points. Finally, the cherubs below, with their upward look of rapture and wonder, blending the most childish innocence with a sublime inspiration, complete the harmonious whole, uniting heaven with earth.

While I stood in contemplation of this all-perfect work, I felt the impression of its loveliness in my deepest heart, not only without the power, but without the thought or wish to give it voice or words, till some lines of Shelley's—lines which were not, but, methinks, ought to have been, inspired by the Madonna—came, uncalled, floating through my memory—

> Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
> Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman
> All that is insupportable in thee,
> Of light, and love, and immortality!
> Sweet Benediction in the eternal curse!
> Veil'd Glory of this lampless universe!
> Thou Harmony of Nature's art!

I measure
The world of fancies, seeking one like thee,
And find—alas! mine one infirmity!*

On the first morning I spent in the gallery, a most benevolent-looking old gentleman came up to me, and half lifting his velvet cap from his gray hairs, courteously saluted me by name. I replied, without knowing at the moment to whom I spoke. It was Böttigar, the most formidable—no, not *formidable*—but the most erudite scholar, critic, antiquarian, in Germany. Böttigar, I do believe, has read every book that ever was written; knows every thing that ever was known; and is acquainted with everybody, who is *anybody*, in the four quarters of the world. He is not the author of any large work, but his writings, in a variety of form, on art, ancient and modern, —on literature, on the classics, on the stage, are known over all Germany; and in his best days few have exercised so wide an influence over opinion and literature. It is *said*, that in his latter years his criticism has been too vague, his praise too indiscriminate, to be trusted; but I know not why this should excite indignation, though it may produce mistrust: in Böttigar's conformation, benevolence must always have been prominent, and in the decline of his life—for he is now seventy-eight —this natural courtesy combining with a good deal of vanity and imagination, would necessarily produce the result of extreme mildness,—a disposition to see, or try to see, all *en beau*. The happier for him, and the pleasanter for others. We were standing together in the room with the Madonna, but I did not allude to it, nor attempt to express by a word the impression it had made on me; but he seemed to understand my silence; he afterward told me that it is ascertained that Raffaelle employed only three months in executing this picture: it was thrown upon his canvass in a glow of inspiration, and is painted very lightly and thinly. When Palmeroli, the Italian restorer, was brought here at an expense of more than three thousand ducats, he ventured to clean and retouch the background and accessories, but dared not touch the figures of the Virgin and the Child, which retain their sombre tint. This has perhaps destroyed the harmony of the general effect, but if the man mistrusted himself, he was right: in such a case, however, he had better have let the background alone. In taking down the picture for the purpose of cleaning, it was discovered that a part of the original canvass, about a quarter of a yard, was

* Vide Shelley's Epipsychidion.

turned back in order to make it fit the frame. Every one must have observed, that in Müller's engraving, and all the known copies of this Madonna, the head is too near the top of the picture, so as to mar the just proportion. This is now amended: the veil, or curtain, which appears to have been just drawn aside to disclose the celestial vision, does not now reach the boundary of the picture, as heretofore; the original effect is restored, and it is infinitely better.

As if to produce a surfeit of excellence, the five Corregios hang together in the same room with the Raffaelle.* They are the Madonna di San Georgio; the Madonna di San Francisco; the Madonna di Santo Sebastiano; the famous Nativity, called La Notte; and the small Magdalene reading, of which there exist an incalculable number of copies and prints. I know not that any thing can be added to what has been said a hundred times over, of these wondrous pieces of poetry. Their excellence and value, as unequalled productions of art, may not perhaps be understood by all,—the poetical charm, the something more than meets the eye, is not perhaps equally felt by all,—but the sentiment is intelligible to every mind, and goes at once to every heart; the most uneducated eye, the merest tyro in art, gazes with delight on the Notte; and the Magdalene reading has given more pleasure than any known picture,—it is so quiet, so simple, so touching in its heavenly beauty! Those who may not perfectly understand what artists mean when they dwell with rapture on Correggio's wonderful chiaro-scuro, should look close into this little picture, which hangs at a convenient height: they will perceive that they can look through the shadows into the substance,—as it might be, into the flesh and blood;—the shadows seem accidental—as if between the eye and the colours, and not incorporated with them; in this lies the inimitable excellence of this master.

The Magdalene was once surrounded by a rich frame of silver gilt, chased, and adorned with gems, turquoises, and pearls: but some years ago a thief found means to enter at the window, and carried off the picture for the sake of the frame. A reward of two hundred ducats and a pardon were offered for the picture only, and in a fortnight afterward it was

* Mr. Russel is quite right in his observation that the Correggios are hung too near together: the fact is, that in the Dresden gallery, the pictures are not well hung, nor well arranged; there is too little light in the outer gallery. Lastly, the numbers are so confused that I found the catalogue of little use. A new arrangement and a new catalogue by Professor Matthaï, are in contemplation.

happily restored to the gallery uninjured; but I did not hear that the frame and jewels were ever recovered.

Of Correggio's larger pictures, I think the Madonna di San Georgio pleased me most. The Virgin is seated on a throne, holding the sacred Infant, who extends his arms and smiles out upon the world he has come to save. On the right stands St. George, his foot on the dragon's head; behind him St. Peter Martyr; on the left, St. Geminiano and St. John the Baptist. In the front of the picture two heavenly boys are playing with the sword and helmet of St. George, which he has apparently cast down at the foot of the throne. All this picture is grand and sublime, in the feeling, the forms, the colouring, the expression. But what, says a wiseacre of a critic, rubbing up his school chronology, what have St. Francis, and St. George, and St. John the Baptist to do in the same picture with the Virgin Mary? Did not St. George live nine hundred years after St. John? and St. Francis five hundred years after St. George? and so on. Yet this is properly no anachronism—no violation of the proprieties of action, place, or time. These and similar pictures, as the St. Jerome at Parma, and Raffaelle's Madonna, are not to be considered as historical paintings, but as grand pieces of lyrical and sacred poetry. In this particular picture, which was an altar-piece in the church of Our Lady at Parma, we have in St. George the representation of religious magnanimity; in St. John, religious enthusiasm: in St. Geminiano, religious munificence; in St. Peter Martyr, religious fortitude; and these are grouped round the most lovely impersonation of innocence, chastity, and heavenly love. Such, as it appears to me, is the true intention and signification of this and similar pictures.

But in the "Notte" (the Nativity) the case is different. It is properly an historical picture; and if Correggio had placed St. George, or St. Francis, or the Magdalene, as spectators, we might then exclaim at the absurdity of the anachronism; but here Corregio has converted the literal representation of a circumstance in sacred history into a divine piece of poetry, when he gave us that emanation of supernatural light, streaming from the form of the celestial child, and illuminating the ecstatic face of the virgin mother, who bends over her infant undazzled; while another female draws back, veiling her eyes with her hand, as if unable to endure the radiance. Far off, through the gloom of night, we see the morning just breaking along the eastern horizon—emblem of the "day-spring from on high."

This is precisely one of those pictures of which no copy or engraving could convey any adequate idea; the sentiment of maternity (in which Correggio excelled) is so exquisitely tender, and the colouring so inconceivably transparent and delicate.

I suppose it is a sort of treason to say that in the Madonna di San Francisco, the face of the virgin is tinctured with affectation; but such was and *is* my impression.

If I were to plan a new Dresden gallery, the Madonna del Sisto and the "Notte" should each have a sanctuary apart, and be lighted from above; at present, they are ill-placed for effect.

When I could move from the Raffaelle room, I took advantage of the presence and attendance of Professor Matthaï (who is himself a painter of eminence here), and went through a regular course of the Italian schools of painting, beginning with Giotto. The collection is extremely rich in the early Ferarese and Venetian painters, and it was most interesting thus to trace the gradual improvement and development of the school of colourists through Squarcione, Mantegna, the Bellini, Giorgione, Paris Bordone, Palma, and Titian; until richness became exuberance, and power verged upon excess in Paul Veronese and Tintoretto.

Certainly, I feel no inclination to turn my note-book into a catalogue; but I must mention Titian's Christo della Moneta: —such a head!—so pure from any trace of passion!—so refined, so intellectual, so benevolent! The only head of Christ I ever entirely approved.

Here they have Giorgione's master-piece—the meeting of Rachel and Jacob; and the three daughters of Palma, half-lengths, in the same picture. The centre one, Violante, is a most lovely head.

There is here an extraordinary picture by Titian, representing Lucrezia Borgia, presented by her husband to the Madonna. The portraits are the size of life, half-lengths. I looked in vain in the countenance of Lucrezia for some trace, some testimony of the crimes imputed to her; but she is a fair, golden-haired, gentle-looking creature, with a feeble and vapid expression. The head of her husband, Alphonso, is fine and full of power. There are, I suppose, not less than fourteen or fifteen pictures by Titian.

The Concina family, by Paul Veronese, esteemed his finest production, is in the Dresden gallery, with ten others of the same master. Of Guido, there are ten pictures, particularly

that extraordinary one, *called* Ninus and Semiramis, life size. Of the Carracci, at least eight or nine, particularly the Genius of Fame, which should be compared with that of Guido. There are numerous pictures of Albano and Ribera ; but very few specimens of Salvator Rosa and Domenichino.

On the whole, I suppose that no gallery, except that of Florence, can compete with the Dresden gallery in the treasures of Italian art. In all, there are five hundred and thirty-four Italian pictures.

I pass over the Flemish, Dutch, and French pictures, which fill the outer gallery : these exceed the Italian school in number, and many of them are of surpassing merit and value, but, having just come from Munich, where the eye and fancy are both satiated with this class of pictures, I gave my attention principally to the Italian masters.

There is one room here entirely filled with the crayon paintings of Rosalba, including a few by Liotard. Among them is a very interesting head of Metastasio, painted when he was young. He has fair hair and blue eyes, with small features, and an expression of mingled sensibility and acuteness : no power.

Rosalba Carriera, perhaps the finest crayon painter who ever existed, was a Venetian, born at Chiozza in 1675. She was an admirable creature in every respect, possessing many accomplishments, besides the beautiful art in which she excelled. Several anecdotes are preserved which prove the sweetness of her disposition, and the clear simplicity of her mind. Spence, who knew her personally, calls her "the most modest of painters ;" yet she used to say playfully, "I am charmed with every thing I do for eight hours after it is done!" This was natural while the excitement of conception was fresh upon the mind. No one, however, could be more fastidious and difficult about their own works than Rosalba. She was not only an observer of countenance by profession, but a most acute observer of character, as revealed in all its external indications. She said of Sir Godfrey Kneller, after he had paid her a visit, "I concluded he could not be religious, for he has no modesty." The general philosophical truth comprised in these few words is not less admirable than the acuteness of the remark, as applied to Kneller—a professed skeptic, and the most self-sufficient coxcomb of his time.

Rosalba was invited at different times to almost all the courts of Europe, and painted most of the distinguished persons of her time at Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, and Paris ; the

lady-like refinements of her mind and manners, which also marked her style of painting, recommended her not less than her talents. She used, after her return to Italy, to say her prayers in German, "because the language was so expressive."*

Rosalba became blind before her death, which occurred in 1757. Her works in the Dresden gallery amount to at least one hundred and fifty—principally portraits—but there are also some exquisite fancy heads.

Thinking of Rosalba reminds me that there are some pretty stories told of women who have excelled as professed artists. In general, the conscious power of maintaining themselves, habits of attention and manual industry, the application of our feminine superfluity of sensibility and imagination to a tangible result—have produced fine characters. The daughter of Tintoretto, when invited to the courts of Maximilian and Philip II., refused to leave her father. Violante Siries of Florence gave a similar proof of filial affection; and when the grand duke commanded her to paint her own portrait for the Florentine gallery, where it now hangs, she introduced the portrait of her father, because he had been her first instructer in art. When Henrietta Walters, the famous Dutch miniature painter, was invited by Peter the Great and Frederic to their respective courts, with magnificent promises of favour and patronage, she steadily refused; and when Peter, who had no idea of giving way to obstacles, particularly in the female form, pressed upon her in person the most splendid offers, and demanded the reason of her refusal, she replied, that she was contented with her lot, and could not bear the idea of living out of a free country.

Maria von Osterwyck, one of the most admirable flower painters, had a lover, to whom she was a little partial, but his idleness and dissipation distressed her. At length she promised to give him her hand on condition that during one year he would work regularly ten hours a day, observing that it was only what she had done herself from a very early age. He agreed; and took a house opposite to her that she might witness his industry; but habit was too strong, his love or his resolution failed, and he broke the compact. She refused to be his wife; and no entreaties could afterward alter her determination never to accept the man who had shown so little strength of character, and so little real love. She was a wise

* Spence.

woman, and, as the event showed, not a heartless one. She died unmarried, though surrounded by suitors.

It was the fate of Elizabeth Sirani, one of the most beautiful women, as well as one of the most exquisite painters of her time, to live in the midst of those deadly feuds between the pupils of Guido and those of Domenichino, and she was poisoned at the age of twenty-six. She left behind her one hundred and fifty pictures, an astonishing number if we consider the age at which the world was deprived of this wonderful creature, for they are finished with the utmost care in every part. Madonnas and Magdalenes were her favourite subjects. She died in 1526. Her best pictures are at Florence.

Sofonisba Angusciola had two sisters, Lucia and Europa, almost as gifted, though not quite so celebrated as herself; these three "virtuous gentlewomen," as Vasari calls them, lived together in the most delightful sisterly union. One of Sofonisba's most beautiful pictures represents her two sisters playing at chess, attended by the old duenna, who accompanied them everywhere. When Sofonisba was invited to the court of Spain, in 1560, she took her sisters with her—in short, they were inseparable. They were all accomplished women. "We hear," said the pope, in a complimentary letter to Sofonisba on one of her pictures, "that this your great talent is among the least you possess:" which letter is said by Vasari to be a *sufficient* proof of the genius of Sofonisba—as if the holy father's infallibility extended to painting! Luckily, we have proofs more undeniable in her own most lovely works—glowing with life like those of Titian; and in the testimony of Vandyke, who said of her in her later years, that "he had learned more from one old blind woman in Italy than from all the masters of his art."

It is worth remarking, that almost all the women who have attained celebrity in painting, have excelled in portraiture. The characteristic of Rosalba is an exceeding elegance; of Angelica Kauffman exceeding grace: but she wants nerve. Lavinia Fontana threw a look of sensibility into her most masculine heads—she died broken-hearted for the loss of an only son, whose portrait is her masterpiece.* The Sofonisba had most dignity, and in her own portrait,† a certain dignified sim-

* Lanzi says, that many of the works of Lavinia Fontana might easily pass for those of Guido;—her best works are at Bologna. She died in 1614.

† At Althorpe.

plicity in the air and attitude strikes us immediately. Gentileschi has most power: she was a gifted, but a profligate woman. All those whom I have mentioned were women of undoubted genius; for they have each a style apart, peculiar, and tinted by their individual character: but all, except Gentileschi, were *feminine* painters. They succeeded best in feminine portraits, and when they painted history they were only admirable in that class of subjects which came within the province of their sex; beyond that boundary they became *fade*, insipid, or exaggerated; thus Elizabeth Sirani's Annunciation is exquisite, and her Crucifixion feeble; Angelica Kauffman's Nymphs and Madonnas are lovely; but her picture of the warrior Herman, returning home after the defeat of the Roman legions, is cold and ineffective. The result of these reflections is, that there is a walk of art in which woman may attain perfection, and excel the other sex; as there is another department from which they are excluded. You must change the physical organization of the race of women before we produce a Rubens or a Michael Angelo. Then, on the other hand, I fancy, no *man* could paint like Louisa Sharpe, any more than write like Mrs. Hemans. Louisa Sharpe and her sister are in painting just what Mrs. Hemans is in poetry; we see in their works the same characteristics—no feebleness, no littleness of design or manner, nothing vapid, trivial, or affected,—and nothing masculine; all is supereminently, essentially feminine, in subject, style, and sentiment. I wish to combat in every way that oft-repeated, but most false compliment unthinkingly paid to women, that genius is of no sex; there may be equality of power, but in its quality and application there will and must be difference and distinction. If men would but remember this truth, they would cease to treat with ridicule and jealousy the attainments and aspirations of women, knowing that there never could be real competition or rivalry. If women would admit this truth, they would not presume out of their sphere:—but then we come to the necessity for some key to the knowledge of ourselves and others—some scale for the just estimation of our own qualities and powers, compared with those of others—the great secret of self-regulation and happiness—the beginning, middle, and end of all education.

But to return from this tirade. I wish my vagrant pen were less discursive.

In the works of art, the presence of a power, felt rather than perceived, and kept subordinate to the sentiment of grace,

should mark the female mind and hand. This is what I love in Rosalba, in her own Mrs. Carpenter, in Madame de Freyberg, and in Eliza and Louisa Sharpe: in the latter there is a high tone of moral as well as poetical feeling. Thus her picture of the young girl coming out of church after disturbing the equanimity of a whole congregation by her fine lady airs and her silk attire, is a charming and most graceful satire on the foibles of her sex. The idea, however, is taken from the Spectator. But Louisa Sharpe can also create. Of another lovely picture,—that of the young, forsaken, disconsolate, repentant mother, who sits drooping over her child, "with looks bowed down in penetrative shame," while one or two of the rigidly-righteous of her own sex turn from her with a scornful and upbraiding air—I believe the subject is original; but it is obviously one which never could have occurred, except to the most consciously pure as well as the gentlest and kindest heart in the world. Never was a more beautiful and Christian lesson conveyed by woman to woman; at once a warning to our weakness, and a rebuke to our pride.*

Apropos of female artists: I met here with a lady of noble birth and high rank, the Countess Julie von Egloffstein,† who in spite of the prejudices still prevailing in Germany, has devoted herself to painting as a profession. Her vocation for the art was early displayed; but combated and discouraged as derogatory to her rank and station; she was for many years *demoiselle d'honneur* to the grand Duchess Luise of Weimar. Under all these circumstances, it required real strength of mind to take the step she has taken; but a less decided course could not well have emancipated her from trammels, the force of which can hardly be estimated out of Germany. A recent journey to Italy, undertaken on account of her health, fixed her determination and her destiny for life.

In looking over her drawings and pictures, I was particularly struck by one singularity, which yet, on reflection, appears perfectly comprehensible. This high-born and court-bred woman shows a decided predilection for the picturesque in humble

* The Miss Sharpes were at Dresden while I was there, and their names and some of their works were fresh in my mind and eye when I wrote the above; but think it fair to add, that I had not the opportunity I could have wished of cultivating their acquaintance. These three sisters, all so talented and so inseparable,—all artists, and bound together in affectionate communion of hearts and interests, reminded me of the Sofonisba and her sisters.

† She is the "Julie" celebrated in some of Goëthe's minor poems.

life, and seems to have turned to simple nature in perfect simplicity of heart. Being self-taught and self-formed, there is nothing mannered or conventional in her style; and I do hope she will assert the privilege of genius, and, looking only into nature out of her own heart and soul, form and keep a style to herself. I remember one little picture, painted either for the queen of England or the queen of Bavaria, representing a young Neapolitan peasant, seated at her cottage door, contemplating her child cradled at her feet, while the fishing-bark of her husband is sailing away in the distance. In this little bit of natural poetry there was no seeking after effect, no prettiness, no pretension; but a quiet genuine simplicity of feeling, which surprised while it pleased me. When I have looked at the Countess Julie in her painting-room, surrounded by her drawings, models, casts—all the powers of her exuberant enthusiastic mind flowing free in their natural direction, I have felt at once pleasure, and admiration, and respect. It should seem that the energy of spirit and real magnanimity of mind which could trample over social prejudices, not the less strong because manifestly absurd, united to genius and perseverance, may, if life be granted, safely draw upon futurity both for success and for fame.

* * * * * *

I consider my introduction to Moritz Retzsch as one of the most memorable and agreeable incidents of my short sojourn at Dresden.

This extraordinary genius, who is almost as popular and interesting in England as in his own country, seems to have received from nature a double portion of the inventive faculty—that rarest of all her good gifts, even to those who are her especial favourites. As his published works, by which he is principally known in England (the Outlines to the Faust, to Shakspeare, to Schiller's Song of the Bell, &c.) are illustrations of the ideas of others, few but those who may possess some of his original drawings are aware that Retzsch is himself a poet of the first order, using his glorious power of graphic delineation to throw into form the conceptions, thoughts, aspirations of his own glowing imagination and fertile fancy. Retzsch was born at Dresden in 1779, and has never, I believe, been far from his native place. From childhood he was a singular being, giving early indications of his imitative power by drawing or carving in wood resemblances of the objects which struck his attention, without the slightest idea in himself or others of becoming eventually an artist; and I have even

heard that, when he was quite a youth, his enthusiastic mind, labouring with a power which he felt rather than knew, his love of the wilder aspects of nature, and impatience of the restraints of artificial life, had nearly induced him to become a huntsman or forester (jäger) in the royal service. However, at the age of twenty, his love of art became a decided vocation. The little property he had inherited or accumulated was dissipated during that war, which swept like a whirlwind over all Germany, overwhelming prince and peasant, artist, mechanic, in one wide-spreading desolation. Since that time Retzsch has depended on his talents alone—content to live poor in a poor country. He has, by the exertion of his talents, achieved for himself a small independence, and contributed to the support of a large family of relations, also ruined by the casualties of war. His usual residence is at his own pretty little farm or vineyard a few miles from Dresden. When in the town, where his duties as professor of the academy frequently call him, he lodges in a small house in the Neustadt, close upon the banks of the Elbe, in a retired and beautiful situation. Thither I was conducted by our mutual friend N——, whose appreciation of Retzsch's talents, and knowledge of his peculiarities, rendered him the best possible intermediator on this occasion.

The professor received us in a room which appeared to answer many purposes, being obviously a sleeping as well as a sitting-room, but perfectly neat. I saw at once that there was everywhere a woman's superintending eye and thoughtful care; but did not know at the moment that he was married. He received us with open-hearted frankness, at the same time throwing on the stranger one of those quick glances which seemed to look through me: in return, I contemplated him with inexpressible interest. His figure is rather larger, and more portly than I had expected; but I admired his fine Titanic head, so large, and so sublime in its expression; his light blue eye, wild and wide, which seemed to drink in meaning and flash out light; his hair profuse, grizzled, and flowing in masses round his head: and his expanded brow full of poetry and power. In his deportment he is a mere child of nature, simple, careless, saying just what he feels and thinks at the moment, without regard to forms; yet pleasing from the benevolent earnestness of his manner, and intuitively polite without being polished.

After some conversation he took us into his painting room. As a colourist, I believe his style is criticised, and open to criticism; it is at least singular; but I must confess that while

I was looking over his things, I was engrossed by the one conviction ;—that while his peculiar merits, and the preference of one manner to another may be a matter of argument or taste, it is certain and indisputable, that no one paints *like* Retzsch, and that, in the original power and fertility of *conception*, in the quantity of *mind* which he brings to bear upon his subject, he is in his own style unequalled and inimitable. I was rather surprised to see in some of his designs and pencil drawings, the most elaborate delicacy of touch, and most finished execution of parts, combined with a fancy which seems to run wild over his paper or his canvass ; but only *seems*—for it must be remarked, that with all this luxuriance of imagination, there is no exaggeration either of form or feeling ; he is peculiar, fantastic, even extravagant—but never false in sentiment or expression. The reason is, that in Retzsch's character the moral sentiments are strongly developed ; where *they* are deficient, let the artist who aims at the highest poetical department of excellence despair ; for no possession of creative talent, nor professional skill, nor conventional taste, will supply that main deficiency.

I saw in Retzsch's atelier many things novel, beautiful, and interesting ; but will note only a few, which have dwelt upon my memory as being characteristic of the man as well as the artist.

There was, on a small panel, the head of an angel smiling. He said he was often pursued by dark fancies, haunted by melancholy forebodings, desponding over himself and his art, " and he resolved to create an angel for himself, which should smile upon him out of heaven." So he painted this most lovely head, in which the radiant spirit of joy seems to beam from every feature at once ; and I thought, while I looked upon it, that it were enough to exorcise a whole legion of blue devils. It is rarely that we can associate the mirthful with the beautiful and the sublime—even I could have deemed it next to impossible ; but the effulgent cheerfulness of this divine face corrected that idea, which, after all, is not in bright lovely nature, but in the shadow which the mighty spirit of humanity casts from his wings, as he hangs brooding over her, between heaven and earth.

Afterward he placed upon his easel a wondrous face, which made me shrink back—not with terror, for it was perfectly beautiful—but with awe, for it was unspeakably fearful : the hair streamed back from the pale brow—the orbs of sight appeared at first two dark, hollow, unfathomable spaces, like

those in a scull; but when I drew nearer, and looked attentively, two lovely living eyes looked at me again out of the depth of shadow, as if from the bottom of an abyss. The mouth was divinely sweet, but sad, and the softest repose rested on every feature. This, he told me, was the ANGEL OF DEATH: it was the original conception of a head for the large picture now at Vienna, representing the Angel of Death bearing aloft two children into the regions of the blessed; the heavens opening above, and the earth and stars sinking beneath his feet.

The next thing which struck me was a small picture—two satyrs butting at each other, while a shepherd carries off the nymph for whom they are contending. This was most admirable for its grotesque power and spirit, and, moreover, extremely well coloured. Another in the same style represented a satyr sitting on a wine-skin, out of which he drinks; two arch-looking nymphs are stealing on him from behind, and one of them pierces the wine-skin with her hunting-spear.

There was a portrait of himself, but I would not laud it—in fact, he has not done himself justice. Only a colossal bust, in the same style, and wrought with the same feeling as Danneckar's bust of Schiller, could convey to posterity an adequate idea of the head and countenance of Retzsch. I complimented him on the effect which his Hamlet had produced in England; he told me that it had been his wish to illustrate the Midsummer Night's Dream, or the Tempest, rather than Macbeth: the former he will still undertake, and, in truth, if any one succeeds in imbodying a just idea of a Miranda, a Caliban, a Titania, and the poetical burlesque of the Athenian clowns, it will be Retzsch, whose genius embraces at once the grotesque, the comic, the wild, the wonderful, the fanciful, the elegant!

A few days afterward we accepted Retzsch's invitation to visit him at his *campagna*—for whether it were farm-house, villa, or vineyard, or all together, I could not well decide. The drive was delicious. The road wound along the banks of the magnificent Elbe, the gently-swelling hills, all laid out in vineyards, rising on our right; and though it was in November, the air was soft as summer. Retzsch, who had perceived our approach from his window, came out to meet us—took me under his arm as if we had been friends of twenty years standing, and leading me into his picturesque *domicile*, introduced me to his wife—as pretty a piece of domestic poetry as one shall see in a summer's day. She was the daughter of a vine-dresser, whom Retzsch fell in love with while she was yet almost a child, and educated for his wife—at least so runs the

tale. At the first glance I detected the original of that countenance which, more or less idealized, runs through all his representations of female youth and beauty: here was the model, both in feature and expression; she smiled upon us a most cordial welcome, regaled us with delicious coffee and cakes prepared by herself, then taking up her knitting, sat down beside us; and while I turned over admiringly the beautiful designs with which her husband had decorated her album, the looks of veneration and love with which she regarded him, and the expression of kindly, delighted sympathy with which she smiled upon me, I shall not easily forget. As for the album itself, queens might have envied her such homage: and what would not a dilettante collector have given for such a possession!

I remember two or three of these designs which must serve to give an idea of the rest:—1st. The good genius descending to bless his wife.—2d. The birthday of his wife—a lovely female infant is asleep under a vine, which is wreathed round the tree of life; the spirits of the four elements are bringing votive gifts with which they endow her. 3d. The Enigma of Human Life. The Genius of Humanity is reclining on the back of a gigantic sphinx, of which the features are averted, and partly veiled by a cloud; he holds a rose half-withered in his hand, and looks up with a divine expression towards two butterflies which have escaped from the chrysalis state, and are sporting above his head; at his feet are a dead bird and reptile—emblematical of sin and death. 4th. The genius of art, represented as a young Apollo, turns, with a melancholy, abstracted air, the handle of a barrel-organ, while Vulgarity, Ignorance, and Folly listen with approbation; meantime his lyre and his palette lie neglected at his feet, together with an empty purse and wallet: the mixture of pathos, poetry, and satire in this little drawing can hardly be described in words. 5th. Hope, represented by a lovely group of playful children, who are peeping under a hat for a butterfly, which they fancy they have caught, but which has escaped, and is hovering above their reach. 6th. Temptation presented to youth and innocence by an evil spirit, while a good genius warns them to beware. In this drawing, the figures of the boy and girl, but more particularly of the latter, appeared to me of the most consummate and touching beauty. 7th. His wife walking on a windy day: a number of little sylphs are agitating her drapery, lifting the tresses of her hair, playing with her

sash; while another party have flown off with her hat, and are bearing it away in triumph.

After spending three or four hours delightfully, we drove home in silence by the gleaming, murmuring river, and beneath the light of silent stars. On a subsequent visit, Retzsch showed me many of these delicious *phantasie*, or fancies, as he termed them,—or more truly, little pieces of moral and lyrical poetry, thrown into palpable form, speaking in the universal language of the eye to the universal heart of man. I remember, in particular, one of striking and even of appalling interest. The Genius of Humanity and the Spirit of Evil are playing at chess for the souls of men: the Genius of Humanity has lost to his infernal adversary some of his principal pieces,—love, humility, innocence, and lastly, peace of mind;—but he still retains faith, truth, and fortitude; and is sitting in a contemplative attitude, considering his next move; his adversary, who opposes him with pride, avarice, irreligion, luxury, and a host of evil passions, looks at him with a *Mephistophiles'* expression, anticipating his devilish triumph. The pawns on the one side are prayers —on the other, doubts. A little behind stands the angel of conscience as arbitrator. In this most exquisite allegory, so beautifully, so clearly conveyed to the heart, there lurked a deeper moral than in many a sermon.

There was another beautiful little allegory of love, in the character of a Picklock, opening, or trying to open, a variety of albums, lettered, the "Human Heart, No. 1; Human Heart, No. 2;" while Philosophy lights him with her lantern. There were besides many other designs of equal poetry, beauty, and moral interest—I think, a whole portfolio full of them.

I endeavoured to persuade Retzsch that he could not do better than publish some of these exquisite *Fancies*, and when I left him he entertained the idea of doing so at some future period. To adopt his own language, the Genius of Art could not present to the Genius of Humanity a more delightful and a more profitable gift.*

* * * * * *

The following list of German painters comprehends those *only* whose works I had an opportunity of considering, and who appeared to me to possess decided merit. I might easily have extended this catalogue to thrice its length, had I included all those whose names were given to me as being distinguished and

* Since this was written, in November 1833, Retzsch has sent over to England a series of these *Fancies* for publication.

celebrated among their own countrymen. From Munich alone I brought a list of two hundred artists, and from other parts of Germany nearly as many more. But in confining myself to those whose productions I *saw*, I adhered to a principle which, after all, seems to be the best—viz. never to speak but of what we *know;* and then only of the individual impression: it is necessary to know so many things before we can give, with confidence, an opinion about any one thing!

While the literary intercourse between England and Germany increases every day, and a mutual esteem and understanding is the natural consequence of this approximation of mind, there is a singular and mutual ignorance in all matters appertaining to art, and consequently, a good deal of injustice and prejudice on both sides. The Germans were amazed and incredulous, when I informed them that in England there are many admirers of art, to whom the very names of Schnorr, Overbeck, Rauch, Peter Hess, Wach, Wagenbauer, and even their great Cornelius, are unknown; and I met with very clever, well-informed Germans, who had, by chance, *heard* of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and knew *something* of Wilkie, Turner, and Martin, from the engravings after their works; who thought Sir Joshua Reynolds and his engraver Reynolds one and the same person; and of Callcott, Landseer, Etty, and Hilton, and others of our shining lights, they knew nothing at all. I must say, however, that they have generally a more just idea of English art than we have of German art, and their veneration for Flaxman, like their veneration for Shakspeare, is a sort of enthusiasm all over Germany. Those who have contemplated the actual state of art, and compared the prevalent tastes and feelings in both countries, will allow that much advantage would result from a better mutual understanding. We English accuse the German artists of mannerism, of a formal, hard, and elaborate execution,—a pedantic style of composition, and sundry other sins. The Germans accuse us, in return, of excessive coarseness and carelessness, a loose sketchy style of execution, and a general inattention to truth of character.* "You English have no school of art," was often said to me; I could have replied—if it had not been a solecism in grammar—"You Germans have *too much* school." The "esprit de secte," which in Germany has broken up their

* We have among us a young German painter (Theodor von Holst), who, uniting the exuberant enthusiasm and rich imagination of this country with a just appreciation of the style of English art, is likely to achieve great things.

poetry, literature, and philosophy into schisms and schools, descends unhappily to art, and every professor, to use the Highland expression, has *his tail.*

At the same time we cannot deny to the Germans the merit of great earnestness of feeling, and that characteristic integrity of purpose which they throw into every thing they undertake or perform. Art with them is oftener held in honour, and pursued truly for its own sake, than among us: too many of our English artists consider their lofty and noble vocation simply as the means to an end, be that end fame or gain. Generally speaking, too, the German artists are men of superior cultivation, so that when the creative inspiration falls upon them, the material on which to work is already stored up: "nothing can come of nothing," and the sunbeams descend in vain on the richest soil, where the seed has not been sown.

It is certain that we have not in England any historical painters who have given evidence of their genius on so grand a scale as some of the historical painters of Germany have recently done. *We* know that it is not the genius, but the opportunity which has been wanting, but we cannot ask foreigners to admit this,—they can only judge from results, and they must either suppose us to be without eminent men in the higher walks of art,—or they must wonder, with their magnificent ideas of the incalculable wealth of our nobles, the prodigal expenditure of our rulers, and the grandeur of our public institutions, that painting has not oftener been summoned in aid of her eldest sister architecture. On the other hand, their school of portraiture and landscape is decidedly inferior to ours. Not only have they no landscape painters who can compare with Calcott and Turner, but they do not appear to have *imagined* the kind of excellence achieved by these wonderful artists. I should say, generally, that their most beautiful landscapes want atmosphere. I used to feel while looking at them as if I were in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump. Of their portraits I have already spoken; the eye which has rested in delight upon one of Wilkie's or Phillips's fine manly portraits (not to mention Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Lawrence), cannot easily be reconciled to the hard, frittered manner of some of the most admired of the German painters; it is a difference of taste, which I will not call natural but national; —the remains of the old gothic school, which, as the study of Italian art becomes more diffused, will be modified or pass away.

HISTORY.

Peter Cornelius, born at Dusseldorf in 1778, was for a considerable time the director (president) of the academy there, and is now the director of the academy of art at Munich: much of his time, however, is spent in Italy. The Germans esteem him their best historical painter. He has invention, expression, and power, but appears to me rather deficient in the feeling of beauty and tenderness. His grand works are the fresco painting in the Glyphtothek at Munich, already described.

Friederich Overbeck, born at Lubeck in 1789: he excels in scriptural subjects, which he treats with infinite grandeur and simplicity of feeling.

Wilhelm Wach, born at Berlin in 1787: first painter to the King of Prussia, and professor in the academy of Berlin: esteemed one of the best painters and most accomplished men in Germany. Not having visited Berlin, where his finest works exist, I have as yet seen but one picture by this painter—the head of an angel, at the palace of Peterstein, sublimely conceived, and most admirably painted. In the style of colour, in the singular combination of grand feeling and delicate execution, this picture reminded me of Leonardo da Vinci.

Professor Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld, born at Leipsig in 1794. His frescoes from the Nibelungen Lied in the new palace at Munich have been already mentioned at length.

Professor Heinrich Hesse: the frescoes in the Royal Chapel at Munich, already described.

Wilhelm Tischbein, born at Heyna in 1751. He is director of the academy at Naples, and highly celebrated. He must not be confounded with his uncle, a mediocre artist, who was the court painter of Hesse Cassel, and whose pictures swarm in all the palaces there.

Philip Veit, of Frankfort—fresco painter.

Joseph Schlotthauer, professor of historical and fresco painting at Munich. (I believe this artist is dead. He held a high rank.)

Clement Zimmermann, now employed in the Pinakothek, and in the new palace at Munich, where he takes a high rank as painter, and is not less distinguished by his general information, and his frank and amiable character.

Moritz Retzsch of Dresden.

Professor Vogel, of Dresden, principal painter to the King

of Saxony. He paints in fresco and history, but excels in portraits.

Steiler, of Munich, court painter to the King of Bavaria, esteemed one of the best portrait painters in Germany.

Goetzenberger, fresco painter. He is employed in painting the University Hall at Bonn.

Eduard Bendeman, of Berlin. I saw at the exhibition of the Kunstverein at Dusseldorf, a fine picture by this painter—"The Hebrews in Exile."

"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept."

The colouring I thought rather hard, but the conception and drawing were in a grand style.

Wilhelm Schadow, director of the academy at Dusseldorf.

Hetzsch of Stuttgardt.

The brothers Riepenhausen, of Göttingen, resident at Rome. They are celebrated for their designs of the pictures of Polygnotus, as described by Pausanius.

Koehler. He exhibited at the Kunstverein at Dusseldorf a picture of "Rebecca at the well," very well executed.

Ernst Förster, of Altenburg, employed in the palace at Munich. This clever young painter married the daughter of Jean Paul Richter.

Gassen, of Coblentz; Hiltensberger, of Suabia; Hermann, of Dresden; Foltz, of Bingen; Kaulbach, of Munich; Eugene Neurather, of Munich; Wilhelm Röckel, of Schleissheim; Von Schwind (I believe of Munich); Wilhelm Lindenschmidt, of Mayence. All these painters are at present in the service of the King of Bavaria.

Julius Hübner of Breslaw—portraits; Greven, of Cologne —portraits.

SMALL SUBJECTS AND CONVERSATION PIECES.

Peter Hess, of Munich, one of the most eminent painters in Germany. In his choice of subjects he reminded me sometimes of Eastlake, and sometimes of Wilkie, and his style is rather in Wilkie's first manner. His pictures are full of spirit, truth, and character.

Dominique Quaglio, of Munich. Interiors, &c. He also ranks very high: he reminds me of Frazer.

Major General von Heydeck, of Munich, an amateur painter of merited celebrity. In the collection of M. de Klenze, and in the Leuchtenberg Gallery, there are some small battle-pieces,

scenes in Greece and Spain, and other subjects by Von Heydeck, very admirably painted.

F. Müller, of Cassel. At the exhibition at Dusseldorf I saw a picture by this artist, "A rustic bridal procession in the Campagna," painted with a freedom and lightness of pencil not common among the German artists.

Plüddeman, of Colberg.

T. B. Sonderland, of Dusseldorf. Fairs and merrimakings.

H. Rustige. The same subjects. Both are good artists.

H. Kretzschmar, of Pomerania. His picture of "Little Red Ridinghood" (Rothkäppchen), at the Kunstverein, at Dusseldorf, had great merit.

Adolf Schrötte. Rustic scenes in the Dutch manner.

LANDSCAPE.

Dahl, a Norwegian settled at Dresden, esteemed one of the best landscape painters in Germany. There is a very fine sea-piece by this artist in the possession of the Countess von Seebach at Dresden, with, however, all the characteristic *peculiarities* of the German school.

T. D. Passavant, of Frankfort.

Friedrich, of Dresden, one of the most *poetical* of the German landscape painters. He is rather a mannerist in colour, like Turner, but in the opposite excess: his genius revels in gloom, as that of Turner revels in light.

Professor von Dillis, of Munich.

Max Wagenbauer, of Munich. He is called, most deservedly, the German Paul Potter.

Jacob Dorner, of Munich. A charming painter; perhaps a little too minute in his finishing.

Catel, of Dusseldorf. Scenes on the Mediterranean. This painter resides chiefly in Italy; but in the collection of M. de Klenze I saw some admirable specimens of his works.

Rothman, of Heidelberg. I saw some pictures and sketches by this young painter, full of genius and feeling.

Fries of Munich, a young painter of great promise. He put an end to his own life, while I was at Munich, in a fit of delirium, caused by fever, and was very generally lamented.

Wilhelm Schirmer, of Juliers, an exceedingly fine landscape painter.

Andreas Achenbach, of Dusseldorf: he has also great merit.

There are several female artists in Germany of more or less celebrity. The Baroness von Freyberg (born Electrina Stuntz) holds the first rank in original talent. She resides near Munich, but no longer paints professionally.

The Countess Julie von Egloffstein has also the rare gift of original and creative genius.

Luise Sidlar, of Weimar; Madlle. de Winkel and Madame de Loqueyssie, of Dresden, are distinguished in their art. The two latter are exquisite copyists.

In architecture, Leo von Klenze and Professor Girtner, of Munich; and Heideloff of Nüremburg, are deservedly celebrated in Germany.

The most distinguished sculptors in Germany are Christian Rauch, and Christian Friedrich Tieck, of Berlin; Johan Heinrich von Dannecker, of Stuttgardt; Schwanthaler, Eberhardt, Bandel, Kirchmayer, Mayer, all of Munich; Reitchel, of Dresden; and Imhoff, of Cologne. Those of their works which I had an opportunity of seeing have been mentioned in the course of these sketches.

HARDWICKE.

Who that has exulted over the heroic reign of our gorgeous Elizabeth, or wept over the fate of Mary Stuart, but will remember the name of the only woman whose high and haughty spirit outfaced the lion port of one queen, and whose audacity trampled over the sorrows of the other—

"Brow-beating her fair form, and troubling her sweet pride!"

But this is anticipation. If it be so laudable, according to the excellent, oft-quoted advice of the giant Moulineau, to *begin at the beginning*,* what must it be to improve upon the precept? for so, in relating the fallen and fading glories of Hardwicke, do I intend to exceed even "mon ami le Belier" in historic accuracy, and take up our tale at a period ere Hardwicke itself—the Hardwicke that now stands—had a beginning.

There lived, then, in the days of Queen Bess, a woman well worthy to be her majesty's namesake,—Elizabeth Hardwicke, more commonly called, in her own country, Bess of Hardwicke, and distinguished in the page of history as the *old* Countess of Shrewsbury. She resembled Queen Elizabeth in all her best and worst qualities, and, putting royalty out of the scale, would certainly have been more than a match for that sharp-witted virago, in subtlety of intellect, and intrepidity of temper and manner.

She was the only daughter of John Hardwicke, of Hardwicke,† and being early left an orphan and an heiress, was

* "Belier! mon ami! commence par le commencement?"—*Contes de Hamilton.*

† A manor situated on the borders of Derbyshire, between Chesterfield and Mansfield.

married ere she was fourteen, to a certain Master Robert Barley, who was about her own age. Death dissolved this premature union within a few months, but her husband's large estates had been settled on her and her heirs; and at the age of fifteen, Dame Elizabeth was a blooming widow, amply dowered with fair and fertile lands, and free to bestow her hand again where she listed.

Suitors abounded, of course; but Elizabeth, it should seem, was hard to please. She was beautiful, if the annals of her family say true,—she had wit, and spirit, and above all, an infinite love of independence. After taking the management of her property into her own hands, she for some time reigned and revelled (with all decorum be it understood) in what might be truly termed a state of single blessedness; but at length, tired of being lord and lady too—"master o'er her vassals," if not exactly "queen o'er herself"—she thought fit, having reached the discreet age of four-and-twenty, to bestow her hand on Sir William Cavendish. He was a man of substance and power, already enriched by vast grants of abbey lands in the time of Henry VIII.,* all which, by the marriage contract, were settled on the lady. After this marriage, they passed some years in retirement, having the wisdom to keep clear of the political storms and factions which intervened between the death of Henry VIII. and the accession of Mary, and yet the sense to profit by them. While Cavendish, taking advantage of these troublous times, went on adding manor after manor to his vast possessions, dame Elizabeth was busy providing heirs to inherit them: she became the mother of six hopeful children, who were destined eventually to found two illustrious dukedoms, and mingle blood with the oldest nobility of England—nay, with royalty itself. "Moreover," says the family chronicle, "the said Dame Elizabeth persuaded her husband, out of the great love he had for her, to sell his estates in the south, and purchase lands in her native county of Derby, wherewith to endow her and her children, and at her farther persuasion he began to build the noble seat of Chatsworth, but left it to her to complete, he dying about the year 1559."

Apparently, this second experiment in matrimony pleased the lady of Hardwicke better than the first, for she was not long a widow. We are not in this case informed how long—her

* The Cavendishes were originally of Suffolk. Whether this William Cavendish was the same who was gentleman usher and secretary to Cardinal Wolsey, is, I believe, a disputed point.

biographer having discreetly left it to our imagination ; and the Peerages, though not in general famed for discretion on such points, have in this case affected the same delicate uncertainty. However this may be, she gave her hand, after no long courtship, to Sir William St. Loo, captain of Elizabeth's guard, and then chief butler of England—a man equally distinguished for his fine person and large possessions, but otherwise not superfluously gifted by nature. So well did the lady manage *him*, that, with equal hardihood and rapacity, she contrived to have all his "fair lordships in Gloucestershire and elsewhere" settled on herself and her children, to the manifest injury of St. Loo's own brothers, and his daughters by a former union : and he dying not long after without any issue by her, she made good her title to his vast estates, added them to her own, and they became the inheritance of the Cavendishes.

But three husbands, six children, almost boundless opulence, did not yet satisfy this extraordinary woman—for extraordinary she certainly was, not more in the wit, subtlety, and unflinching steadiness of purpose with which she amassed wealth and achieved power, but in the manner in which she used both. She ruled her husband, her family, her vassals, despotically, needing little aid, suffering no interference, asking no counsel. She managed her immense estates, and the local power and political weight which her enormous possessions naturally threw into her hands, with singular capacity and decision. She farmed the lands; she collected her rents ; she built ; she planted ; she bought and sold ; she lent out money on usury ; she traded in timber, coals, lead : in short, the object she had apparently proposed to herself, the aggrandizement of her children by all and any means, she pursued with a wonderful perseverance and good sense. Power so consistently wielded, purposes so indefatigably followed up, and means so successfully adapted to an end, are, in a female, very striking. A slight sprinkling of the softer qualities of her sex, a little more elevation of principle, would have rendered her as respectable and admirable as she was extraordinary ; but there was in this woman's mind the same "fond de vulgarité" which we see in the character of Queen Elizabeth, and which no height of rank, or power, or estate could do away with. In this respect the lady of Hardwicke was much inferior to that splendid creature, Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Cumberland, another masculine spirit in the female form, who had the same propensity for building castles and mansions, the same passion for power and independence, but with more true gene-

rosity and magnanimity, and a touch of poetry and genuine nobility about her, which the other wanted: in short, it was all the difference between the amazon and the heroine. It is curious enough that the Duke of Devonshire should be the present representative of both these remarkable women.

But to return: Bess of Hardwicke was now approaching her fortieth year; she had achieved all but nobility—the one thing yet wanting to crown her swelling fortunes. About the year 1565 (I cannot find the exact date) she was sought in marriage by George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. There is no reason to doubt what is asserted, that she had captivated the earl by her wit and her matronly beauty.* He could hardly have married her from motives of interest: he was himself the richest and greatest subject in England; a fine chivalrous character, with a reputation as unstained as his rank was splendid, and his descent illustrious. He had a family by a former wife (Gertrude Manners) to inherit his titles, and *her* estates were settled on her children by Cavendish. It should seem, therefore, that mutual inclination alone could have made the match advantageous to either party; but Bess of Hardwicke was still Bess of Hardwicke. She took advantage of her power over her husband in the first days of their union. "She induced Shrewsbury by entreaties or threats to sacrifice, in a measure, the fortune, interest, and happiness of himself and family to the aggrandizement of her and her family."† She contrived in the first place to have a large jointure settled on herself; and she arranged a double union, by which the wealth and interests of the two great families should be amalgamated. She stipulated that her eldest daughter Mary Cavendish, should marry the earl's son Lord Talbot; and that his youngest daughter Grace Talbot, should marry her eldest son Henry Cavendish.

The French have a proverb worthy of their gallantry—"*Ce que femme veut, Dieu veut:*" but even in the feminine gender we are sometimes reminded of another proverb equally significant—"*L'homme propose et Dieu dispose.*" Now was Bess of Hardwicke queen of the Peak; she had built her aerie so high, it seemed to dally with the winds of heaven; her young eaglets were worthy of their dam, ready plumed to fly at fortune; she had placed the coronet of the oldest peerage in England on her own brow, she had secured the reversion of it to her daughter, and she had married a man whose character

* Bishop Kennet's Memoirs of the family of Cavendish.
† Lodge's Illustrations of British History.

was indeed opposed to her own, but who, from his chivalrous and confiding nature, was calculated to make her happy, by leaving her mistress of herself.

In 1568, Mary Stuart, flying into England, was placed in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and remained under his care for sixteen years, a long period of restless misery to the unhappy earl not less than to his wretched captive. In this dangerous and odious charge was involved the sacrifice of his domestic happiness, his peace of mind, his health, and great part of his fortune. His castle was converted into a prison, his servants into guards, his porter into a turnkey, his wife into a spy, and himself into a jailer, to gratify the ever-waking jealousy of Queen Elizabeth."* But the earl's greatest misfortune was the estrangement, and at length enmity, of his violent, high-spirited wife. She beheld the unhappy Mary with a hatred for which there was little excuse, but many intelligible reasons; she saw her, not as a captive committed to her womanly mercy, but as an intruder on her rights. Her haughty spirit was continually irritated by the presence of one in whom she was forced to acknowledge a superior, even in that very house and domain where she herself had been used to reign as absolute queen and mistress. The enormous expenses which this charge entailed on her household were distracting to her avarice; and, worse than all, jealousy of the youthful charms and winning manners of the Queen of Scots, and of the constant intercourse between her and her husband, seem at length to have driven her half frantic, and degraded her, with all her wit, and sense, and spirit, into the despicable treacherous tool of the more artful and despotic Elizabeth, who knew how to turn the angry and jealous passions of the countess to her own purposes.

It was not, however, all at once that matters rose to such a height: the fire smouldered for some time ere it burst forth. There is a letter preserved among the Shrewsbury correspondence† which the countess addressed to her husband from Chatsworth, at a time when the earl was keeping guard over Mary at Sheffield castle. It is a most curious specimen of character. It treats chiefly of household matters, of the price and goodness of malt and hops, iron and timber, and reproaches him for not sending her money which was due to her, adding, "I see, out of sight out of mind with you;" she sarcastically inquires

* Scott's Memoirs of Sir Ralph Sadler.
† Lodge's "Illustrations."

"how his charge and *love* doth;" she sends him "some *letyss* (lettuces) for that he loves them" (this common sallad herb was then a rare delicacy); and she concludes affectionately, "God send my juill helthe." The incipient jealousy betrayed in this letter soon after broke forth openly with a degree of violence towards her husband, and malignity towards his prisoner, which can hardly be believed. There is distinct evidence that Shrewsbury was not only a trustworthy, but a rigorous jailer; that he detested the office forced upon him; that he often begged in the most abject terms to be released from it; and that, harassed on every side by the tormenting jealousy of his wife, the unrelenting severity and mistrust of Elizabeth, and the complaints of Mary, he was seized with several fits of illness, and once by a mental attack, or "phrenesie," as Cecil terms it, brought on by the agitation of his mind; yet the idea of resigning his office, except at the pleasure of Queen Elizabeth, never seems to have entered his imagination.

On one occasion Lady Shrewsbury went so far as to accuse her husband openly of intriguing with his prisoner, in every sense of the word; and she at the same time abused Mary in terms which John Knox himself could not have exceeded. Mary, deeply incensed, complained of this outrage: the earl also appealed to Queen Elizabeth, and the countess and her daughter, Lady Talbot, were obliged to declare upon oath, that this accusation was false, scandalous, and malicious, and that they were not the authors of it. This curious affidavit of the mother and daughter is preserved in the Record office.

In a letter to Lord Leicester, Shrewsbury calls his wife "his wicked and malicious wife," and accuses her and "her imps," as he irreverently styles the whole brood of Cavendishes, of conspiring to sow dissensions between him and his eldest son. These disputes being carried to Elizabeth, she set herself with heartless policy to foment them in every possible way. She deemed that her safety consisted in employing one part of the earl's family as spies on the other. In some signal quarrel about the property round Chatsworth, she commanded the earl to submit to his wife's pleasure: and though no "tame snake" towards his imperious lady, as St. Loo and Cavendish had been before him, he bowed at once to the mandate of his unfeeling sovereign—such was the despotism and such the loyalty of those days. His reply, however, speaks the bitterness of his heart. "Sith that her majesty hath set down this hard sentence against me to my perpetual infamy and dishonour, that I should be ruled and overrunne by my wife, so bad and wicked a

woman; yet her majesty shall see that I will obey her majesty's commandment, though no curse or plague on the earth could be more grievous to me." * * "It is too much," he adds, "to be made my wife's pensioner." Poor Lord Shrewsbury! Can one help pitying him?

Not the least curious part of this family history is the double dealing of the imperious countess. While employed as a spy on Mary, whom she detested, she, from the natural fearlessness and frankness of her temper, not unfrequently betrayed Elizabeth, whom she also detested. While in attendance on Mary, she often gratified her own satirical humour, and amused her prisoner by giving her a coarse and bitter portraiture of Elizabeth, her court, her favourites, her miserable temper, her vanity, and her personal defects. Some reports of these conversations soon reached the queen (who is very significantly drawn in one of her portraits in a dress embroidered over with eyes and ears), and she required from Mary an account of whatever Lady Shrewsbury had said to her prejudice. Mary, hating equally the rival who oppressed her and the domestic harpy who daily persecuted her, was nothing loath to indulge her feminine spirit against the two, and sent Elizabeth such a circumstantial list of the most gross and hateful imputations (all the time politely assuring her good sister that she did not believe a word of them), that the rage and mortification of the queen must have exceeded all bounds.* She kept the letter secret; but Lady Shrewsbury never was suffered to appear in court after the death of Mary had rendered her services superfluous.

Through all these scenes, the Lady of Hardwicke still pursued her settled purpose. Her husband complained that he was "never quiet to satisfy her greedie appetite for money for purchases to set up her children." Her ambition was equally insatiate, and generally successful: but in one memorable instance she overshot her mark. She contrived (unknown to her lord) to marry her favourite daughter Elizabeth Cavendish, to Lord Lennox, the younger brother of the murdered Darnley, and consequently standing in the same degree of relationship to the crown. Queen Elizabeth, in the extremity of her rage and consternation, ordered both the dowager Lady Lennox and Lady Shrewsbury to the Tower, where the

* This celebrated letter is yet preserved, and well known to historians and antiquarians. It is sufficient to say that scarce any part of it would bear transcribing.

latter remained for some months; we may suppose, to the great relief of her husband. He used, however, all his interest to excuse her delinquency, and at length procured her liberation. But this was not all. Elizabeth Cavendish, the young Lady Lennox, while yet in all her bridal bloom, died in the arms of her mother, who appears to have suffered that searing, lasting grief which stern hearts sometimes feel. The only issue of this marriage was an infant daughter, that unhappy Arabella Stuart, who was one of the most memorable victims of jealous tyranny which our history has recorded. Her very existence, from her near relationship to the throne, was a crime in the eyes of Elizabeth and James I. There is no evidence that Lady Shrewsbury indulged in any ambitious schemes for this favourite grand-daughter, "her dear jewel, Arbell," as she terms her:* but she did not hesitate to enforce her claims to royal blood by requiring 600*l.* a year from the treasury for her board and education as became the queen's kinswoman. Elizabeth allowed her 200*l.* a year, and this pittance Lady Shrewsbury accepted. Her rent-roll was at this time 60,000*l.* a year, equal to at least 200,000*l.* at the present day.

The Earl of Shrewsbury died in 1590, at enmity to the last moment with his wife and son; and the Lady of Hardwicke having survived four husbands, and seeing all her children settled and prosperous, still absolute mistress over her family, resided during the last seventeen years of her life in great state and plenty at Hardwicke, her birth-place. Here she superintended the education of Arabella Stuart, who, as she grew up to womanhood, was kept by her grandmother in a state of seclusion, amounting almost to imprisonment, lest the jealousy of Elizabeth should rob her of her treasure.†

Next to the love of money and power, the chief passion of this magnificent old beldam was building. It is a family tradition, that some prophet had foretold that she should never die as long as she was building, and she died at last, in 1607, during a hard frost, when her labourers were obliged to suspend their work. She built Chatsworth, Oldcotes, and Hardwicke; and Fuller adds in his quaint style that she left "two sacred (besides civil) monuments of her memory; one that I hope will not be taken away (her splendid tomb, erected by

* See two of her letters in Sir Henry Ellis's Collection.

† See some letters in Ellis's Collection, vol. ii. series 1, which show with what constant jealousy Lady Shrewsbury and her charge were watched by the court.

herself*), and one that I am sure cannot be taken away, being registered in the court of heaven, viz. her stately almshouses for twelve poor people at Derby."

Of Chatsworth, the hereditary palace of the Dukes of Devonshire, all its luxurious grandeur, all its treasures of art, it is not here "my hint to speak." It has been entirely rebuilt since the days of its founder. Oldcotes was once a magnificent place. There is a tradition at Hardwicke that old Bess, being provoked by a splendid mansion which the Suttons had lately erected within view of her windows, declared she would build a finer dwelling for the owlets (hence Owlcots or Oldcotes). She kept her word, more truly perhaps than she intended, for Oldcotes has since become literally a dwelling for the owls; the chief part of it is in ruins, and the rest converted into a farm-house. Her younger daughter, Frances Cavendish, married Sir Henry Pierrepoint, of Holme-Pierpoint, and one of the grand-daughters married another Pierrepoint—through one of these marriages, but I know not which, Oldcotes has descended to the present Earl Manvers.

The mansion of Hardwicke was commenced about the year 1592, and finished in 1597. It stands about a stone's throw from the old house in which the old countess was born, and which she left standing, as if, says her biographer, she intended to construct her bed of state close by her cradle. This fine old ruin remains, gray, shattered, and open to all the winds of heaven, almost overgrown with ivy, and threatening to tumble about the ears of the bats and owls which are its sole inhabitants. One majestic room remains entire. It is called the "Giant's Chamber," from two colossal figures in Roman armour which stand over the huge chimney-piece. This room has long been considered by architects as a perfect specimen of grand and beautiful proportion, and has been copied at Chatsworth and at Blenheim.†

It must have been in this old hall, and not in the present edifice, that Mary Stuart resided during her short stay at Hardwicke. I am sorry to disturb the fanciful or sentimental

* In All Hallows, in Derby. After leaving Hardwicke, I went, of course, to pay my respects to it. It is a vast and gorgeous shrine of many coloured marbles, covered with painting, gilding, emblazonments, and inscriptions, within which the lady lies at full length in a golden ruff, and a most sumptuous farthingale.

† As the measurements are interesting from this fact, I took care to note them exactly, as follows:—length 55 feet 6 inches; breadth 30 feet 6 inches; height 24 feet 6 inches.

tourists and sight-seers ; but so it is, or rather so it must have been. Yet it is not surprising that the memory of Mary Stuart should now form the principal charm and interest of Hardwicke, and that she should be in a manner the tutelary genius of the place. Chatsworth has been burnt and rebuilt. Tutbury, Sheffield castle, Wingfield, Fotheringay, and the old house of Hardwicke, in short every place which Mary inhabited during her captivity, all lie in ruins, as if struck with a doleful curse. But Hardwicke Hall exists just as it stood in the reign of Elizabeth. The present Duke of Devonshire, with excellent taste and feeling, keeps up the old costume within and without. The bed and furniture which had been used by Mary, the cushions of her oratory, the tapestry wrought by her own hands, have been removed hither, and are carefully preserved. There can be no doubt of the authenticity of these relics, and there is enough surely to consecrate the whole to our imagination. Moreover, we have but to go to the window and see the very spot, the very walls which once enclosed her, the very casements from which she probably gazed with a sigh over the far hills ; and indulge, without one intrusive doubt, in all the romantic, and fascinating, and mysterious, and sorrowful associations which hang round the memory of Mary Stuart.

With what different eyes may people view the same things ! "We receive but what we give," says the poet ; and all the light, and glory, and beauty with which certain objects are in a manner *suffused* to the eye of fancy, must issue from our own souls, and be reflected back to us, else 'tis all in vain.

> "We may not hope from outward forms to win,
> The passion and the life, whose fountains are within !"

When Gray, the poet, visited Hardwicke, he fell at once into a very poet-like rapture, and did not stop to criticise pictures, and question authorities. He says in one of his letters to Dr. Wharton, "Of all the places I have seen in my return from you, Hardwicke pleased me most. One would think that Mary Queen of Scots was but just walked down into the park with her guard for half an hour : her gallery, her room of audience, her ante-chamber, with the very canopies, chair of state, footstool, *lit de repos*, oratory, carpets, hangings, just as she left them, a little tattered indeed, but the more venerable," &c. &c.

Now let us hear Horace Walpole, antiquarian, virtuoso,

dilettante, filosofastro—but, in truth, no poet. He is, however, in general so good-natured, so amusing, and so tasteful, that I cannot conceive what put him into such a Smelfungus humour when he visited Hardwicke, with a Cavendish too at his elbow as his cicerone!

He says, "The duke sent Lord John with me to Hardwicke, where I was again disappointed; but I will not take relations from others; they either don't see for themselves, or can't see for me. How I had been promised that I should be charmed with Hardwicke, and told that the Devonshires ought to have established themselves there! Never was I less charmed in my life. The house is not Gothic, but of that *betweenity* that intervened when Gothic declined, and Palladian was creeping in; rather, this is totally naked of either. It has vast chambers—ay, vast, such as the nobility of that time delighted in, and did not know how to furnish. The great apartment is exactly what it was when the Queen of Scots was kept there.* Her council-chamber (the council-chamber of a poor woman who had only two secretaries, a gentleman usher, an apothecary, a confessor, and three maids) is so outrageously spacious that you would take it for King David's, who thought, contrary to all modern experience, that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. At the upper end is the state, with a long table, covered with a sumptuous cloth, embroidered and embossed with gold—at least what was gold; so are all the tables. Round the top of the chamber runs a monstrous frieze, ten or twelve feet deep, representing a stag-hunt in miserable plastered relief.†

"The next is her dressing-room, hung with patchwork on black velvet; then her state bed-chamber. The bed has been rich beyond description, and now hangs in costly golden tatters; the hangings, part of which they say her majesty worked, are composed of figures as large as life, sewed and embroidered on black velvet, white satin, &c., and represent the virtues that were necessary to her, or that she was found to have—as patience, temperance,‡ &c. The fire-screens are particular;—

* Horace Walpole, as an antiquarian, should have known that Mary was never kept *there*.

† It had formerly been richly painted, and must then have had an effect superior to tapestry; the colours are still visible here and there.

‡ Mary's own account of her occupations displays the natural elegance of her mind. "I asked her grace, since the weather did cut off all exercises abroad, how she passed her time within? She sayd that all day she wrought with her needle, and that the diversitie of the colours made the work appear less tedious, and that she continued at it till pain made her to

pieces of yellow velvet, fringed with gold, hung on a cross-bar of wood, which is fixed on the top of a single stick that rises from the foot.* The only furniture which has any appearance of taste are the table and cabinets, which are of oak, richly carved."

(I must observe *en passant*, that I wonder Horace did not go mad about the chairs, which are exactly in the Strawberry Hill taste, only infinitely finer, crimson velvet, with backs six feet high, and sumptuously carved.)

"There is a private chamber within, where she lay: her arms and style over the door. The arras hangs over all the doors. The gallery is sixty yards in length, covered with bad tapestry and wretched pictures of Mary herself, Elizabeth in a gown of sea-monsters, Lord Darnley, James the Fifth and his queen (curious), and a whole history of kings of England not worth sixpence apiece.†

"There is a fine bank of old oaks in the park over a lake: nothing else pleased me there."

Nothing else! Monsieur Traveller?—certes, this is one way of seeing things! Yet, perhaps, if I had only visited Hardwicke as a casual object of curiosity—had merely walked over the place—I had left it, like Gray, with some vague impression of pleasure, or like Walpole, with some flippant criticisms, according to the mood of the moment; or, at the most, I had quitted it as we generally leave show-places, with some confused recollection of state-rooms, and blue-rooms, and yellow-rooms, and storied tapestries, and nameless, or misnamed pictures, floating through the muddled brain; but it was far otherwise: I was ten days at Hardwicke—ten delightful days—time enough to get it by heart; ay, and what is more, ten *nights*; and I am convinced that to feel all the interest of such a place one should sleep in it. There is much, too, in first

give o'er; and with that laid her hand on her left side, and complayned of an old grief newly increased there. Upon this occasion she, the Scottish queen, with the agreeable and lively wit natural to her, entered into a pretty disputable comparison between carving, painting, and working with the needle, affirming painting, in her opinion, for the most commendable quality."—*Letter of Nicholas White to Cecil.*

* I was as much delighted by these singular fire-screens as Horace himself could have been; they are about seven feet high. The yellow velvet suspended from the bar is embossed with black velvet, and intermingled with embroidery of various colours and gold—something like a Persian carpet—but most dazzling and gorgeous in the effect. I believe there is nothing like them anywhere.

† Now replaced by the family portraits brought from Chatsworth.

impressions, and the circumstances under which we approached Hardwicke were sufficiently striking. It was on a gusty, dark autumnal evening; and as our carriage wound slowly up the hill, we could but just discern an isolated building, standing above us on the edge of the eminence, a black mass against the darkening sky. No light was to be seen, and when we drove clattering under the old gateway, and up the paved court, the hollow echoes broke a silence which was almost awful. Then we were ushered into a hall so spacious and lofty that I could not at the moment discern its bounds; but I had glimpses of huge escutcheons, and antlers of deer, and great carved human arms projecting from the walls, intended to sustain lamps or torches, but looking as if they were stretched out to clutch one. Thence up a stone staircase, vast, and grand, and gloomy—leading we knew not where, and hung with pictures of we knew not what—and conducted into a chamber fitted up as a dining-room, in which the remnants of antique grandeur, the rich carved oak wainscoting, the tapestry above it, the embroidered chairs, the colossal armorial bearings above the chimney, and the huge recessed windows, formed a curious contrast with the comfortable modern sofas and easy chairs, the blazing fire, and table hospitably spread in expectation of our arrival. Then I was sent to repose in a room hung with rich faded tapestry. On one side of my bed I had King David dancing before the ark, and on the other the judgment of Solomon. The executioner in the latter piece, a grisly giant, seven or eight feet high, seemed to me, as the arras stirred with the wind, to wave his sword, and looked as if he were going to eat up the poor child, which he flourished by one leg; and for some time I lay awake, unable to take my eyes from the figure. At length fatigue overcame this unpleasant fascination, and I fell asleep.

The next morning I began to ramble about, and so day after day, till every stately chamber, every haunted nook, every secret door, curtained with heavy arras, and every winding stair, became familiar to me. What a passion our ancestors must have had for space and light! and what an ignorance of comfort! Here are no ottomans of eider-down, no spring cushions, no "boudoirs etroits, où l'on ne boude point," no "demijour de rendezvous;" but what vast chambers! what interminable galleries! what huge windows pouring in floods of sunshine! what great carved oak chests, such as Iachimo hid himself in! now stuffed full of rich tattered hangings, tarnished gold fringes, and remnants of embroidered quilts, what acres—not yards—

of tapestries, once of "sky-tinctured woof," now faded and motheaten! what massy chairs and immoveable tables! what heaps of portraits, the men looking so grim and magnificent, and the women so formal and faded! Before I left the place I had them all by heart; there was not one among them who would not have bowed or courtesied to me out of their frames.

But there were three rooms in which I especially delighted, and passed most of my time. The first was the council-chamber described by Walpole: it is sixty-five feet in length, by thirty-three in width, and twenty-six feet high. Rich tapestry, representing the story of Ulysses, runs round the room to the height of fifteen or sixteen feet, and above it the stag-hunt in ugly relief. On one side of this room there is a spacious recess, at least eighteen or twenty feet square; and across this, from side to side, to divide it from the body of the room, was suspended a magnificent piece of tapestry (real Gobelin's) of the time of Louis Quatorze, still fresh and even vivid in tint, which from its weight hung in immense wavy folds; above it we could just discern the canopy of a lofty state-bed, with nodding ostrich plumes, which had been placed there out of the way. The effect of the whole, as I have seen it, when the red western light streamed through the enormous windows, was, in its shadowy beauty and depth of colour, that of a "realized Rembrandt"—if, indeed, even Rembrandt ever painted any thing at once so elegant, so fanciful, so gorgeous, and so gloomy.

From this chamber, by a folding-door, beautifully inlaid with ebony, but opening with a common latch, we pass into the library, as it is called. Here the Duke of Devonshire generally sits when he visits Hardwicke, perhaps on account of the glorious prospect from the windows. It contains a grand piano, a sofa, and a range of book-shelves, on which I found some curious old books. Here I used to sit and read the voluminous works of that dear, half-mad, absurd, but clever and good-natured Duchess of Newcastle,* and yawn and laugh alternately: or pore over Guillim on Heraldry; fit studies for the place!

In this room are some good pictures, particularly the portrait of Lady Anne Boyle, daughter of the first Earl of Burlington, the Lady Sandwich of Charles the Second's time. This is, without exception, the finest specimen of Sir Peter Lely I ever saw—so unlike the usual style of his half-dressed,

* Margaret Cavendish, wife of the first Duke of Newcastle.

leering women—so full of pensive grace and simplicity—the hands and arms so exquisitely drawn, and the colouring so rich and so tender, that I was at once surprised and enchanted. There is also a remarkably fine picture of a youth with a monkey on his shoulder, said to be Jeffrey Hudson (Queen Henrietta's celebrated dwarf), and painted by Vandyke. I doubt both.

Over the chimney of this room there is a piece of sculptured bas-relief, in Derbyshire marble, representing Mount Parnassus, with Apollo and the Muses; in one corner the arms of Queen Elizabeth, and in the other her cipher E. R., and the royal crown. I could neither learn the meaning of this nor the name of the artist. Could it have been a gift from Queen Elizabeth? There is, I think in the next room, another piece of sculpture representing the marriage of Tobias; and I remember a third, representing a group of Charity. The workmanship of all these is surprisingly good for the time, and some of the figures very graceful. I am surprised that they escaped the notice of Horace Walpole, in his remarks on the decorations of Hardwicke.* Richard Stephens, a Flemish sculptor and painter, and Valerio Vicentino, an Italian carver in precious stones, were both employed by the munificent Cavendishes of that time; and these pieces of sculpture were probably the work of one of these artists.

When tired of turning over the old books, a door concealed behind the arras admitted me at once into the great gallery—my favourite haunt and daily promenade. It is near one hundred and eighty feet in length, lighted along one side by a range of stupendous windows, which project outwards from so many angular recesses. In the centre pier is a throne, or couch of state, on a raised platform, under a canopy of crimson and gold, surmounted by plumes of ostrich feathers. The walls are partly tapestried, and covered with some hundreds of family pictures; none indeed of any superlative merit—none that emulate within a thousand degrees the matchless Vandykes and glorious Titians of Devonshire House; but among many that are positively bad, and more that are lamentably mediocre as works of art, there are several of great interest. At each end of this gallery is a door, and according to the tradition of the place, every night, at the witching hour of twelve, Queen Elizabeth enters at one door, and Mary of Scotland at the other; they advance to the centre, courtesy profoundly, then sit down

* Anecdotes of Painting. Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

together under the canopy, and converse amicably,—till the crowing of the cock breaks up the conference, and sends the two majesties back to their respective hiding-places.

Somebody who was asked if he had ever seen a ghost? replied gravely, "No; but I was once very near seeing one!" In the same manner I was once very near being a witness to one of these ghostly confabs.

Late one evening, having left my sketch-book in the gallery, I went to seek it. I made my way up the great stone staircase with considerable intrepidity, passed through one end of the council-chamber without casting a glance through the palpable obscure, the feeble ray of my wax-light just spreading about a yard around me, and lifting aside the tapestry door, stepped into the gallery. Just as the heavy arras fell behind me, with a dull echoing sound, a sudden gust of wind came rushing by, and extinguished my taper. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—not that I felt afraid—O no! but just a little what the Scotch call "eerie." A thrill, not altogether unpleasant, came over me: the visionary turn of mind which once united me in fancy "with the world unseen," had long been sobered and reasoned away. I heard no "viewless paces of the dead," nor "airy skirts unseen that rustled by;" but what I did see and hear was enough. The wind whispering and moaning along the tapestried walls, and every now and then rattling twenty or thirty windows at once, with such a crash!—and the pictures around just sufficiently perceptible in the faint light to make me fancy them staring at me. Then immediately behind me was the very recess, or rather abyss, where Queen Elizabeth was at that moment settling her farthingale, to sally out upon me; and before me, but lost in blackest gloom, the spectral door where Mary—not that I should have minded encountering poor Mary, provided always that she had worn her own beautiful head where heaven placed it, and not carried it, as Bertrand de Born carried *his*, "a guisa di lanterna."* As to what followed, it is a secret. Suffice it that I found myself by the fireside in my bedroom, without any very distinct recollection of how I got there.

Of all the scenes in which to moralize and meditate, a picture gallery is to me the most impressive. With the most intense feeling of the beauty of painting, I cannot help thinking with Dr. Johnson, that as far as regards portraits, their chief ex-

* Dante. Inferno, Canto 28.

cellence and value consist in the likeness and the authenticity,* and not in the merit of the execution. When we can associate a story or a sentiment with every face and form, they almost live to us—they do in a manner speak to us. There is speculation in those fixed eyes—there is eloquence in those mute lips—and, O! what tales they tell! One of the first pictures which caught my attention as I entered the gallery was a small head of Arabella Stuart, when an infant. The painting is poor enough: it is a little round rosy face in a child's cap, and she holds an embroidered doll in her hand. Who could look on this picture, and not glance forward through succeeding years, and see the pretty playful infant transformed into the impassioned woman, writing to her husband—"In sickness, and in despair, wheresoever thou art, or howsoever I be, it sufficeth me always that thou art mine!" Arabella Stuart was not clever; but not Heloise, nor Corinne, nor Madlle. De l'Espinasse ever penned such a dear little morsel of touching eloquence—so full of all a woman's tenderness! Her stern grandmother, the lady and foundress of Hardwicke, hangs near. There are three pictures of her: all the faces have an expression of sense and acuteness, but none of them the beauty which is attributed to her. There are also two of her husbands, Cavendish and Shrewsbury. The former a grave, intelligent head; the latter very striking from the lofty furrowed brow, the ample beard, and regular but care-worn features. A little farther on we find his son Gilbert, seventh earl of Shrewsbury, and Mary Cavendish, wife of the latter, and daughter of Bess of Hardwicke. She resembled her mother in features as in character. The expression is determined, intelligent, and rather cunning. Of her haughty and almost fierce temper, a curious instance is recorded. She had quarrelled with her neighbours, the Stanhopes, and not being able to defy them with sword and buckler, she sent one of her gentlemen, properly attended, with a message to Sir Thomas Stanhope, to be delivered in presence of witnesses, in these words—"My lady hath commanded me to say thus much to you: that though you be more wretched, vile, and miserable than any creature living, and for your wickedness become more ugly in shape than the vilest toad in the world; and one to whom none of any reputa-

* Life of Johnson, vol. ii. p. 144. Boswell asked, "Are you of that opinion as to the portraits of ancestors one has never seen?" Johnson—"It then becomes of still *more* consequence that they should be like."

tion would vouchsafe to send any message; yet she hath thought good to send this much to you, that she be contented you should live, and doth noways wish your death, but to this end: that all the plagues and miseries that may befall any man, may light on such a caitiff as you are," &c. (and then a few anathemas, yet more energetic, not fit to be transcribed by "pen polite," but ending with *hell-fire*). "With many other opprobrious and hateful words which could not be remembered, because the bearer would deliver it but once, as he said he was commanded; but said if he had failed in any thing, it was in speaking it more mildly, and not in terms of such disdain as he was commanded." We are not told whether the gallantry of Stanhope suffered him to throw the herald out of the window who brought him this gentle missive. As for the termagant countess, his adversary, she was afterward imprisoned in the Tower for upwards of two years, on account of Lady Arabella Stuart's stolen match with Lord Seymour. She ought assuredly to have "brought forth men children only;" but she left no son. Her three daughters married the earls of Pembroke, of Arundel, and of Kent.

The portraits of James V. of Scotland and his queen, Mary of Guise, are extremely curious. There is something ideal and elegant about the head of James V.—the look we might expect to find in a man who died from wounded feeling. His more unhappy daughter, poor Mary, hangs near—a full length in a mourning habit, with a white cap (of her own peculiar fashion), and a veil of white gauze. This, I believe, is the celebrated picture so often copied and engraved. It is dated 1578, the thirty-sixth of her age, and the tenth of her captivity. The figure is elegant, and the face pensive and sweet.* Beside her, in strong contrast, hangs Elizabeth, in a most preposterous farthingale, and a superabundance of all her usual absurdities and enormities of dress. The petticoat is embroidered over with snakes, crocodiles, and all manner of creeping things. We feel almost inclined to ask whether the artist could possibly have intended them as emblems, like the eyes

* This picture and the next are said to be by Richard Stevens, of whom there is some account in Walpole (Anecdotes of Painting). Mary also sat to Hilliard and to Zucchero. The lovely picture by Zucchero is at Chiswick. There is another small head of her at Hardwicke, said to have been painted in France, in a cap and feather. The turn of the head is airy and graceful. As to the features, they have been so marred by some *soi-disant* restorer, it is difficult to say what they may have been originally.

and ears in her picture at Hatfield; but it may have been one of the three thousand gowns, in which Spenser's Gloriana, Raleigh's Venus, loved to array her old wrinkled, crooked carcass. Katherine of Arragon is here—a small head in a hood: the face not only harsh, as in all her pictures, but vulgar, a characteristic I never saw in any other. There is that peculiar expression round the mouth which might be called either decision or obstinacy. And here too is the famous Lucy Harrington, Countess of Bedford, the friend and patroness of Ben Jonson, looking sentimental in a widow's dress, with a white pocket handkerchief. There is character enough in the countenance to make us turn with pleasure to Ben Jonson's exquisite eulogium on her.

"I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, *pride:*
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned and a manly soul
I purposed her; that should with even powers
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours!"

Farther on is another more celebrated woman, Christian Bruce, the second Countess of Devonshire, so distinguished in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II. She had all the good qualities of Bess of Hardwicke: her sense, her firmness, her talents for business, her magnificent and independent spirit, and none of her faults. She was as feminine as she was generous and high-minded; fond of literature, and a patroness of poets and learned men:—altogether a noble creature. She was the mother of that lovely Lady Rich, "the wise, the fair, the virtuous, and the young,"* whose picture by Vandyke is at Devonshire-house, and there are two pictures at Hardwicke of her handsome, gallant, and accomplished son Charles Cavendish, who was killed at the battle of Gainsborough. Many fair eyes almost wept themselves blind for his loss, and his mother never recovered the "sore heart-break of his death."

There are several pictures of her grandson, the first Duke of Devonshire—the patriot, the statesman, the munificent patron of letters, the poet, the man of gallantry, and, to crown all, the handsomest man of his day. He was one of the leaders in the revolution of 1688—for be it remembered that the Cavendishes, from generation to generation, have ennobled their nobility by their love of liberty, as well as their love of literature

* Waller's lines on Lady Rich.

and the arts. One picture of this duke on horseback, *en grand costume à la Louis Quatorze*, is so embroidered and bewigged, so plumed, and booted, and spurred, that he is scarcely to be discerned through his accoutrements. A cavalier of those days in full dress must have been a ponderous concern; but then the ladies were as formidably vast and aspiring. The petticoats at this time were so discursive, and the head-dresses so ambitious, that I think it must have been to save in canvass what they expended in satin or brocade, that so many of the pretty women of that day were painted *en bergère*.

Apropos to the first Duke of Devonshire: I cannot help remarking the resemblance of the present duke to his illustrious ancestor, as well as to several other portraits, and particularly to a very distant relative—the first Countess of Burlington, who was, I believe the great-grandmother of his grace's grandmother;—in both these instances the likeness is so striking as to be recognised at once, and not without a smiling exclamation of surprise.

Another interesting picture is that of Rachael Russell, the second Duchess of Devonshire, daughter of that heroine and saint Lady Russell: the face is very beautiful, and the air elegant and high-bred—with rather a pouting expression in the full red lips.

Here is also the third duchess, Miss Hoskins, a great city heiress. The painter, I suspect, has flattered her, for she had not in her day the reputation of beauty. When I looked at this picture, so full of delicate, and youthful, and smiling loveliness, I could not help recurring to a passage in Horace Walpole's letters, in which he alludes to this sylph-like being, as the "ancient grace," and congratulates himself on finding her in good-humour.

But of all the female portraits, the one which struck me most was that of Lady Charlotte Boyle, the young Marchioness of Hartington, in a masquerade habit of purple satin, embroidered with silver; a fanciful little cap and feathers, thrown on one side, and the dark hair escaping in luxuriant tresses; she holds a mask in her hand, which she has just taken off, and looks round upon us in all the consciousness of happy and high-born loveliness. She was the daughter and heiress of Richard Boyle, the last Earl of Burlington and Cork, and Baroness Clifford in her own right. The merits of the Cavendishes were their own, but their riches and power, in several instances, were brought into the family by a softer influence. Through her, I believe, the vast estates of the Boyles and Cliffords in Ireland and the north of England, including Chiswick and Bol-

ton Abbey, have descended to her grandson, the present duke.* There are several pictures of her here—one playing on the harpsichord, and another, small and very elegant, in which she is mounted on a spirited horse. There are two heads of her in crayons, by her mother, Lady Burlington,† ill-executed, but said to be like her. And another picture, representing her and her beautiful but ill-fated sister, Lady Dorothy, who was married very young to Lord Euston, and died six months afterward, in consequence of the brutal treatment of her husband.‡ All the pictures of Lady Hartington have the same marked character of pride, intellect, vivacity, and loveliness. But short was her gay and splendid career! She died of a decline in the sixth year of her marriage, at the age of four-and-twenty.

Here is also her father, Lord Burlington, celebrated by Pope (who has dedicated to him the second of his epistles "on the use of riches"), and styled by Walpole "the Apollo of the Arts, which he not only patronised, but studied and cultivated; his enthusiasm for architecture was such, that he not only designed and executed buildings for himself (the villa at Chiswick, for example), but contributed great sums to public works; and at his own expense published an edition of the designs of Palladio and of Inigo Jones. In one picture of Lord Burlington there is a head of his idol, Inigo Jones, in the background. There is also a good picture of Robert Boyle, the philosopher, a spare, acute, contemplative, interesting face, in which there is as much sensibility as thought. He is said to have died of grief for the loss of his favourite sister, Lady Ranelagh; and when we recollect who and what *she* was—the sole friend of the solitary heart—the partner of his studies, and with qualities which rendered her the object of Milton's enthusiastic admiration, and almost tender regard, we

* William, sixth Duke of Devonshire.

† "Lady Dorothy Savile, daughter of the Marquis of Halifax: she had no less attachment to the arts than her husband; she drew in crayons, and succeeded admirably in likenesses, but working with too much rapidity, did not do justice to her genius; she had an uncommon talent too for caricature."—*Anecdotes of Painting.*

‡ He was a monster; and no wife of the coarsest plebeian profligate could have suffered more than this lovely, amiable being, of the highest blood and greatest fortune in England. "She was," says the affecting inscription on her picture at Chiswick, "the comfort and joy of her parents, the delight of all who knew her angelic temper, and the admiration of all who saw her beauty. She was married October 10th, 1741, and delivered by death from misery, May 2d, 1742."

But how did it happen that, from a condition like this, there was no release but by *death?*—See Horace Walpole's Correspondence to Sir Horace Mann, vol. i. p. 328.

scarce think less of her brother's philosophy, that it afforded him no consolation for the loss of *such* a sister.

On the other side hangs another philosopher, Thomas Hobbes, of Malmsbury, whose bold speculations in politics and metaphysics, and the odium they drew on him, rendered his whole life one continued warfare with established prejudices and opinions. He was tutor in the family of the first Earl of Devonshire, in 1607—remained constantly attached to the house of Cavendish—and never lost their countenance and patronage in the midst of all the calumnies heaped upon him. He died at Hardwicke under the protection of the first Duke of Devonshire, in 1678. This curious portrait represents him at the age of ninety-two. The picture is not good as a picture, but striking from the evident truth of the expression—uniting the last lingering gleam of thought with the withered, wrinkled, and almost ghastly decrepitude of extreme age. It has, I believe, been engraved by Hollar.

I looked round for Henry Cavendish, the great chymist and natural philosopher—another bright ornament of a family every way ennobled—but there is no portrait of him at Hardwicke. I was also disappointed not to find the "limned effigy," as she would call it, of my dear Margaret of Newcastle.

There are plenty of kings and queens, truly not worth "sixpence apiece," as Walpole observes; but there is one picture I must not forget—that of the brave and accomplished Earl of Derby, who was beheaded at Bolton-le-Moor, the husband of the heroic "Lady of Lathom," who figures in Peveril of the Peak. The head has a grand melancholy expression, and I should suppose it to be a copy from Vandyke.

Besides these, were many others calculated to awaken in the thoughtful mind both sweet and bitter fancies. How often have I walked up and down this noble gallery lost in "commiserating reveries" on the vicissitudes of departed grandeur! —on the nothingness that life could give!—on the fate of youthful beauties who lived to be broken-hearted, grow old, and die! —on heroes that once walked the earth in the blaze of their fame, now gone down to dust and an endless darkness!—on bright faces, "petries de lis et de roses," since time-wrinkled! —on noble forms since mangled in the battle-field!—on high-born heads that fell beneath the axe of the executioner! O, ye starred and ribanded! ye jewelled and embroidered! ye wise, rich, great, noble, brave, and beautiful, of all your loves and smiles, your graces and excellences, your deeds and honours —does then a "painted board circumscribe all?"

ALTHORPE.

A FRAGMENT.

It was on such a day as I have seen in Italy in the month of December, but which, in our chill climate, seemed so unseasonably, so ominously beautiful, that it was like the hectic loveliness brightening the eyes and flushing the cheek of consumption,—that I found myself in the domains of Althorpe. Autumn, dying in the lap of winter, looked out with one bright parting smile;—the soft air breathed of summer; the withered leaves, heaped on the path, told a different tale. The slant, pale sun shone out with all heaven to himself; not a cloud was there, not a breeze to stir the leafless woods—those venerable woods, which Evelyn loved and commemorated:* the fine majestic old oaks, scattered over the park, tossed their huge bare arms against the blue sky; a thin hoar frost, dissolving as the sun rose higher, left the lawns and hills sparkling and glancing in its ray; now and then, a hare raced across the open glade—

> "And with her feet she from the plashy earth
> Raises a mist, which glittering in the sun,
> Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run."

Nothing disturbed the serene stillness except a pheasant whirring from a neighbouring thicket, or at intervals the belling of the deer—a sound so peculiar, and so fitted to the scene, that I

* I was much struck with the inscription on a stone tablet, in a fine old wood near the house: "This wood was planted by Sir William Spencer, Knighte of the Bathe, in the year of our Lord 1624;"—on the other side, "Up and bee doing, and God will prosper." It is mentioned in Evelyn's "Sylva."

sympathized in the taste of one of the noble progenitors of the Spencers, who had built a hunting lodge in a sequestered spot that he might hear "the harte bell."

This was a day, an hour, a scene, with all its associations, its quietness and beauty, "felt in the blood, and felt along the heart." All worldly cares and pains were laid asleep; while memory, fancy, and feeling waked. Althorpe does not frown upon us in the gloom of remote antiquity; it has not the warlike glories of some of the baronial residences of our old nobility; it is not built like a watch-tower on a hill, to lord it over feudal vassals; it is not bristled with battlements and turrets. It stands in a valley, with the gradual hills undulating round it, clothed with rich woods. It has altogether a look of compactness and comfort, without pretension, which, with the pastoral beauty of the landscape, and low situation, recall the ancient vocation of the family, whose grandeur was first founded, like that of the patriarchs of old, on the multitude of their flocks and herds.* It was in the reign of Henry the Eighth that Althorpe became the principal seat of the Spencers, and no place of the same date can boast so many delightful, romantic, and historical associations. There is Spenser the poet, "high-priest of all the Muses' mysteries," who modestly claimed, as an honour, his relationship to those Spencers who now, with a just pride, boast of *him*, and deem his Faery Queen "the brightest jewel in their coronet;" and the beautiful Alice Spencer, countess of Derby, who was celebrated in early youth by her poet-cousin, and for whom Milton, in her old age, wrote his "Arcades." At Althorpe, in 1603, the queen and son of James the First were, on their arrival in England, nobly entertained with a mask, written for the occasion by Ben Jonson, in which the young ladies and nobles of the country enacted nymphs and fairies, satyrs and hunters, and danced to the sound of "excellent soft music," their scenery the natural woods, their stage the green lawn, their canopy the summer sky. What poetical picturesque hospitality! In these days it would have been a dinner, with French cooks and confectioners express from London to dress it. Here lived Waller's famous Sacharissa, the first Lady Sunderland—so beautiful and good, so interesting in herself, she needed not his wit nor his poetry to enshrine her. Here she parted from her young husband,† when he left her to join

* See the accounts of Sir John Spencer, in Collins's Peerage, and prefixed to Dibdins' "Ædes Althorpianæ."

† Henry, first Earl of Sunderland.

the king in the field; and here, a few months after, she received the news of his death in the battle of Newbury, and saw her happiness wrecked at the age of three-and-twenty. Here plotted her distinguished son, that Proteus of politics, the second Lord Sunderland. Charles the First was playing at bowls on the green at Althorpe, when Colonel Joyce's detachment surprised him, and carried him off to imprisonment and to death. Here the excellent and accomplished Evelyn used to meditate in the "noble gallerie," and in the "ample gardens," of which he has left us an admiring and admirable description, which would be as suitable to-day as it was a hundred and fifty years ago, with the single exception of the great proprietor, deservedly far more honoured in this generation than was his apostate time-serving ancestor, the Lord Sunderland of Evelyn's day.* When the Spencers were divided, the eldest branch of the family becoming Dukes of Marlborough, and the youngest Earls Spencer—if the former inherited glory, Blenheim, and poverty—to the latter have belonged more true and more substantial distinctions: for the last three generations, the Spencers have been remarked for talents, for benevolence, for constancy, for love of literature, and patronage of the fine arts.

The house retains the form described by Evelyn—that of a half H: a slight irregularity is caused by the new Gothic room, built by the present earl, to contain part of his magnificent library, which, like the statue in the Castle of Otranto, had grown "too big for what contained it." We entered by a central door the large and lofty hall, or vestibule, hung round with pictures of fox-chases and those who figured in them, famous hunters, quadruped and biped, all as large as life, spread over as much canvass as would make a mainsail for a man-of-war. These huge perpetrations are of the time of Jack Spencer, a noted Nimrod in his day; and are very fine, as we were told, but they did not interest me. I had caught a glimpse of the superb staircase, hung round with pictures above and below, and not the less interesting as having been erected by Sacharissa herself during the few years she was mistress of Althorpe. A face looked at us from over an opposite door, which there was no resisting. Does the reader remember Horace Walpole's pleasant description of a party of *seers* posting through the apartments of a show-place? "They

* This Lord Sunderland not only changed his party and his opinions, but his religion, with every breath that blew from the court.

come ; ask what such a room is called ?—write it down ; admire a lobster or cabbage in a Dutch market piece ; dispute whether the last room was green or purple ; and then hurry to the inn, for fear the fish should be over-dressed."* We were not such a party ; but with imaginations ready primed to take fire, and memories enriched with all the associations the place could suggest, to us every portrait was a history. The orthodox style of seeing the house is to turn to the left, and view the ground-floor apartments first : but the face I have mentioned seemed to beckon me straightforward, and I could not choose but obey the invitation : it was that of Lady Bridgewater, the loveliest of the four lovely daughters of the Duke of Marlborough : she had the misfortune to be painted by Jervas, and the good fortune to be celebrated by Pope as the "tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife ;" and again—

> "Thence Beauty, waking, all her forms supplies—
> An angel's sweetness—or Bridgewater's eyes."

Jervas was supposed to have been presumptuously and desperately in love with this beautiful woman, who died at the age of five-and-twenty : hence Pope has taken the liberty—by a poetical license, no doubt—to call her, in his Epistle to Jervas, "*thy* Bridgewater." Two of her fair sisters, the Duchess of Montagu and Lady Godolphin, hung near her ; and above, her fairer sister Lady Sunderland. Ascending the magnificent staircase, a hundred faces look down upon us, in a hundred different varieties of expression, in a hundred different costumes. Here are Queen Anne and Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, placed amicably side by side, as in the days of their romantic friendship, when they conversed and corresponded as Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman : the beauty, the intellect, the spirit, are all on the side of the imperious duchess ; the poor queen looks like what she was, a good-natured fool. On the left is the cunning abigail, who supplanted the duchess in favour of Queen Anne—Mrs. Masham. Proceeding along the gallery, we are met by the portrait of that angel-devil, Lady Shrewsbury,† whose exquisite beauty fascinates at once and shocks the eye like the gorgeous colour of an adder. I believe the story of her holding the Duke of Buckingham's horse while he shot her husband in a duel, has been disputed ; but her attempt to assassinate Killegrew, while she sat by in her

* Horace Walpole's Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 227.
† Anne Brudenel.

carriage,* is too true. So far had her depravities unsexed her!

> ———"Lorsque la vertu, avec peine abjurée,
> Nous fait voir une femme à ses fureurs livrée,
> S'irritant par l'effort que ce pas a couté,
> Son âme avec plus d'art a plus de cruauté."

She was even less famous for the number of her lovers, than the catastrophes of which she was the cause.

> "Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
> Two in a duel fell, and one ran mad."

Not two, but half a dozen fell in duels; and if her lovers "ran mad," it was in despite, not in despair. Lady Shrewsbury is past jesting or satire; and after a first involuntary pause of admiration before her matchless beauty, we turn away with horror. For the rest of the portraits on this vast staircase, it would take a volume to give a *catalogue raisonnée* of them. We pass, then, into a corridor hung with two large and very mediocre landscapes, representing Tivoli and Terni. Any attempt, even the best, to paint a cataract, *must* be abortive. How render to the fancy the two grandest of its features —sound and motion? the thunder and the tumult of the headlong waters? We will pass on to the gallery, and lose ourselves in its enchantments.

Where shall we begin?—Anywhere. Throw away the catalogue: all are old acquaintances. We are tempted to speak to them, and they look as if they could courtesy to us. The very walls breathe around us. What Vandykes—what Lelys—what Sir Joshuas! what a congregation of all that is beauteous and noble!—what Spencers, Sydneys, Digbys, Russels, Cavendishes, and Churchills!—O what a scene to moralize, to philosophize, to sentimentalize in!—what histories in those eyes, that look yet see not!—what sermons on those lips that all but speak; I would rather reflect in a picture-gallery, than elegize in a churchyard. The "poca polvere che nulla sente," can only tell us we must die; these, with a more useful and deep-felt morality, tell us how to live.

Yet I cannot say I felt thus pensive and serious the first time I looked round the gallery at Althorpe. Curiosity, excitement, interest, admiration—a crowd of quick successive

* See Pepys's Diary.

images and recollections fleeting across the memory—left me no time to think. I remember being startled, the moment I entered, by a most extraordinary picture,—the second Prince of Orange, and his preceptor Katts, by Flinck. The eyes of the latter are really shockingly alive; they stare out of the canvass, and glitter and fascinate like those of a serpent. If I had been a Roman Catholic, I should have crossed myself, as I looked at them, to shield me from their evil and supernatural expression.* The picture of the two Sforzas, Maximilian and his brother Francis, by Albert Durer, is quite a curiosity; and so is another, by Holbein, near it, containing the portraits of Henry the Eighth, his daughter Mary, and his jester, Will Somers,—all full of individuality and truth. The expression in Mary's face, at once saturnine, discontented, and vulgar, is especially full of character. These last three pictures are curious and valuable as specimens of art; but they are not pleasing. We turn to the matchless Vandykes, at once admirable as paintings, and yet more interesting as portraits. A full-length of his master and friend, Rubens, dressed in black, is magnificent; the attitude particularly graceful. Near the centre of the gallery is the charming full-length of Queen Henrietta Maria, a well-known and celebrated picture. She is dressed in white satin, and stands near a table on which is a vase of white roses, and, more in the shade, her regal crown. Nothing can be in finer taste than the contrast between the rich, various, but subdued colours of the carpet and background, and the delicate, and harmonious, and brilliant tints which throw out the figure. None of the pictures I had hitherto seen of Henrietta, either in the king's private collection or at Windsor, do justice to the sparkling grace of her figure, or the vivacity and beauty of her eyes, so celebrated by all the contemporary poets. Waller, for instance:—

> "Could nature then no private woman grace,
> Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
> Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
> Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?"

Davenant styles her, very beautifully, "The rich-eyed darling of a monarch's breast." Lord Holland, in the description he sent from Paris, dwells on the charm of her eyes, her smile,

* I was told that a female servant of the family was so terrified by this picture, that she could never be prevailed on to pass through the door near which it hangs, but made a circuit of several rooms to avoid it.

and her graceful figure, though he admits her to be rather *petite;* and if the poet and the courtier be distrusted, we have the authority of the puritanic Sir Symond d'Ewes, who allows the influence of her "excellent and sparkling black eyes." Henrietta could be very seductive, and had all the French grace of manner; but, as is well known, she could play the virago, "and cast such a scowl as frightened all the lords and ladies in waiting." Too much importance is attached to her character and her influence over her husband, in the histories of that time. She was a fascinating, but a superficial and volatile French-woman. With all her feminine love of sway, she had not sufficient energy to govern; and with all her disposition to intrigue, she never had discretion enough to keep her own or the king's secrets. When she rushed through a storm of bullets to save a favourite lap-dog; or when, amid the shrieks and entreaties of her terrified attendants, she commanded the captain of her vessel to "blow up the ship rather than strike to the Parliamentarian,"—it was more the spirit and wilfulness of a woman, who, with all her faults, had the blood of Henri Quatre in her veins, than the mental energy and resolute fortitude of a heroine. Near her hangs her daughter, who inherited her grace, her beauty, her petulance,—the unhappy Henriette d'Orleans,* fair, radiant, and lively, with a profusion of beautiful hair; it is impossible to look from the mother to the daughter, without remembering the scene in Retz's memoirs, when the queen said to him, in excuse for her daughter's absence, "My poor Henrietta is obliged to lie in bed, for I have no wood to make a fire for her—et la pauvre enfant était transie de froid."

Another picture by Vandyke hangs at the top of the room, one of the grandest and most spirited of his productions. It represents William, the first Duke of Bedford, the father of Lord William Russell, when young, and his brother-in-law, the famous (and infamous) Digby, Earl of Bristol. How admirably Vandyke has caught the characters of the two men!—the fine commanding form of the duke, as he steps forward, the frank, open countenance, expressive of all that is good and noble, speak him what he was—not less than that of Digby, which, though eminently handsome, has not one elevated or amiable trait in the countenance; the drapery, background, and more especially the hands, are magnificentlypainted. On

* She is supposed to have been poisoned by her husband, at the instigation of the Chevalier de Lorraine.

one side of this superb picture, hangs the present Earl Spencer when a youth; and on the other, his sister Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, at the age of eighteen, looking all life and high-born loveliness, and reminding one of Coleridge's beautiful lines to her:—

> "Light as a dream your days their circlets ran
> From all that teaches brotherhood to man,
> Far, far removed! from want, from grief, from fear!
> Obedient music lull'd your infant ear;
> Obedient praises soothed your infant heart;
> Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,
> With many a bright obtrusive form of art,
> Detain'd your eye from nature. Stately vests,
> That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,
> Rich viands and the pleasurable wine,
> Were yours unearn'd by toil."—

And he thus beautifully alludes to her maternal character; for this accomplished woman set the example to the highest ranks, of nursing her own children:—

> "You were a mother! at your bosom fed
> The babes that loved you. You, with laughing eye,
> Each twilight thought, each nascent feeling read,
> Which you yourself created."

Alas, that such a beginning should have such an end!

Both these are whole-lengths, by Sir Joshua Reynolds: the middle tints are a little flown, else they were perfect; they suffer by being hung near the glowing yet mellowed tints of Vandyke.

We have here a whole bevy of the heroines of De Grammont, delightful to those who have what Walpole used to call the "De Grammont madness" upon them. Here is that beautiful, audacious termagant, Castlemaine, very like her picture at Windsor, and with the same characteristic bit of storm gleaming in the background.—Lady Denham,* the wife of the poet Sir John Denham, and niece of that Lord Bristol who figures in Vandyke's picture above mentioned—a lovely creature, and a sweet picture—Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, who so long ruled the heart and counsels of Charles the Second, in Lely's finest style; the face has a look of blooming innocence, soon exchanged for coarseness and arrogance.

* Elizabeth Brooke, poisoned at the age of twenty.

The indolent, alluring Middleton, looking from under her sleepy eyelids, "trop coquette pour rebuter personne."—"La Belle Hamilton," the lovely prize of the volatile De Grammont; very like her portrait at Windsor, with the same finely formed bust and compressed ruby lips, but with an expression more vivacious and saucy, and less elevated.—Two portraits of Nell Gwyn, with the fair brown hair and small bright eyes they ought to have; *au reste*, with such prim, sanctified mouths, and dressed with such elaborate decency, that instead of reminding us of the "parole sciolte d'ogni freno, risi, vezzi, giuochi"—they are more like Beck Marshall, the puritan's daughter, on her good behaviour.*

Here is that extraordinary woman Hortense Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, the fame of whose beauty and gallantries filled all Europe, and once the intended wife of Charles the Second, though she afterward intrigued in vain for the less (or more) eligible post of *maitresse en titre*. What an extraordinary, wild, perverted, good-for-nothing, yet interesting set of women were those four Mancini sisters! all victims, more or less, to the pride, policy, or avarice of their cardinal uncle; all gifted by nature with the fervid Italian blood and the plotting Italian brain; all really *aventuriéres*, while they figured as duchesses and princesses. They wore their coronets and ermine as strolling players wear their robes of state—with a sort of picturesque awkwardness—and they proved rather too scanty to cover a multitude of sins.

This head of Hortense Mancini, as Cleopatra dissolving the pearl, is the most spirited, but the least beautiful, portrait I have seen of her. An appropriate pendant on the opposite side is her lover, philosopher, and eulogist, the witty St. Evremond—Grammont's "Caton de Normandie;" but instead of looking like a good-natured epicurean, a man "who thought as he liked, and liked what he thought,"† his nose is here wrinkled up into an expression of the most supercilious scorn, adding to his native ugliness.‡ Both these are by Kneller. Farther on is another of Charles's beauties, whose *sagesse* has never been disputed—Elizabeth Wriothesley, Countess of Northumberland, the sister of that half saint, half heroine, and *all* woman—Lady Russell.

* See the scene between Beck Marshall and Nell Gwyn, in "Pepys."

† Walpole.

‡ The gay, gallant St. Evremond, besides being naturally ugly, had a wen between his eyebrows. There is a fine picture of him and Hortense as Vertumnus and Pomona, in the Stafford gallery.

There is also a lovely picture of that magnificent brunette Miss Bagot. "Elle avait," says Hamilton, "ce teint rembruni qui plait tant quand il plait." She married Berkeley Lord Falmouth, a man who, though unprincipled, seems to have loved her; at least, was not long enough her husband to forget to be her lover: he was killed, shortly after his marriage, in the battle of Southwold-bay. This is assuredly one of the most splendid pictures Lely ever painted: and it is, besides, full of character and interest. She holds a cannon-ball in her lap (only an airy emblematical cannon-ball, for she poises it like a feather), and the countenance is touched with a sweet expression of melancholy: hence it is plain that she sat for it soon after the death of her first husband, and before her marriage with the witty Earl of Dorset.—Near her hangs another fair piece of witchcraft, "La Belle Jennings," who in her day played with hearts as if they had been billiard-balls; and no wonder, considering what *things* she had to deal with:* there was a great difference between her vivacity and that of her vivacious sister, the Duchess of Marlborough.—Old Sarah hangs near her. One would think that Kneller, in spite, had watched the moment to take a characteristic likeness, and catch, not the Cynthia, but the Fury of the minute; as, for instance, when she cut off her luxuriant tresses, so worshipped by her husband, and flung them in his face; for so she tosses back her disdainful head, and curls her lip like an insolent, pouting, spoiled, grown-up baby. The life of this woman is as fine a lesson on the emptiness of all worldly advantages, boundless wealth, power, fame, beauty, wit, as ever was set forth by moralist or divine.

> "By spirit robb'd of power—by warmth, of friends—
> By wealth, of followers!—without one distress,
> Sick of herself through very selfishness."†

And yet I suspect that the Duchess of Marlborough has never met with justice. History knows her only as Marlborough's wife, an intriguing dame d'honneur, and a cast-off favourite. Vituperated by Swift, satirized by Pope, ridiculed

* The pictures of Miss Jennings are very rare. This one at Althorpe was copied for H. Walpole, and I have heard of another in Ireland. Miss Jennings was afterward Duchess of Tyrconnel.

† Pope. One hates him for taking a thousand pounds to suppress this character of Atossa, and publishing it after all; yet who for a thousand pounds would have lost it?

by Walpole—what angel could have stood such bedaubing and from such pens?

"O she has fallen into a pit of ink!"

But glorious talents she had, strength of mind, generosity, the power to feel and inspire the strongest attachment,—and all these qualities were degraded, or rendered useless, by *temper!* Her avarice was not the love of money for its own sake, but the love of power; and her bitter contempt for "knaves and fools" may be excused, if not justified. Imagine such a woman as the Duchess of Marlborough out-faced, out-plotted by that crowned cipher, that sceptred commonplace, Queen Anne! It should seem that the constant habit of being forced to serve outwardly, where she really ruled,—the consciousness of her own brilliant and powerful faculties brought into immediate hourly comparison with the confined trifling understanding of her mistress, a disdain of her own forced hypocrisy, and a perception of the heartless baseness of the courtiers around her, disgusting to a mind naturally high-toned, produced at length that extreme of bitterness and insolence which made her so often "an imbodied storm." She was always a termagant—but of a very different description from the vulgar Castlemaine.

Though the picture of Colonel Russell, by Dobson, is really fine as a portrait, the recollection of the scene between him and Miss Hamilton*—his love of dancing, to prove he was not old and asthmatical, and his attachment to his "*chapeau pointu*," make it impossible to look at him without a smile—but a good-humoured smile, such as his lovely mistress gave him when she rejected him with so much politeness.—Arabella Churchill, the sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, and mistress of the Duke of York, has been better treated by the painter than by Hamilton; instead of "La grande créature, pale et decharnée," she appears here a very lovely woman. But enough of these equivocal ladies. No—before we leave them, there are yet two to be noticed, more equivocal, more interesting, and more extraordinary than all the rest put together—Bianca di Capello, who, from a washerwoman, became Grand-duchess of Florence, with less beauty than I should have expected, but as much *countenance;* and the beautiful, but appalling picture of Venitia Digby, painted after she was dead, by Vandyke;

* See his declaration of love—"Je suis frère du Comte de Bedford; je commande le regiment des gardes," &c.

she was found one morning sitting up in her bed, leaning her head on her hand, and lifeless; and thus she is painted. Notwithstanding the ease and grace of the attitude, and the delicacy of the features, there is no mistaking this for slumber: a heavier hand has pressed upon those eyelids, which will never more open to the light: there is a leaden lifelessness about them, too shockingly true and real—

> "It thrills us with mortality,
> And curdles to the gazer's heart."

Her picture at Windsor is the most perfectly beautiful and impressive female portrait I ever saw. How have I longed, when gazing at it, to conjure her out of her frame, and bid her reveal the secret of her mysterious life and death!—Nearly opposite to the dead Venitia, in strange contrast, hangs her husband, who loved her to madness, or was mad before he married her, in the very prime of life and youth. This picture, by Cornelius Jansen, is as fine as any thing of Vandyke's; the character expresses more of intellectual power and physical strength, than of that elegance of face and form we should have looked for in such a fanciful being as Sir Kenelm Digby: he looks more like one of the Athletæ than a poet, a metaphysician, and a "squire of dames."

There are three pictures of Waller's famed Sacharissa, the first Lady Sunderland: one in a hat, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, gay and blooming; the second, far more interesting, was painted about the time of her marriage with the young Earl of Sunderland, or shortly after—very sweet and lady-like. I should say that the high-breeding of the face and air was more conspicuous than the beauty; the neck and hands exquisite. Both these are Vandyke's. A third picture represents her about the time of her second marriage: the expression wholly changed—cold, sad, faded, but pretty still: one might fancy her contemplating, with a sick heart, the portrait of Lord Sunderland, the lover and husband of her early youth, who hangs on the opposite side of the gallery, in complete armour; he fell in the same battle with Lord Falkland, at the age of three-and-twenty. The brother of Sacharissa, the famous Algernon Sidney, is suspended near her; a fine head, full of contemplation and power.

Among the most interesting pictures in the gallery is an undoubted original of Lady Jane Grey. After seeing so many hideous, hard, prim-looking pictures and prints of this gentle-

spirited heroine, it is consoling to trust in the genuineness of a face which has all the sweetness and dignity we look for and ought to find. Then, by way of contrast, we have that most curious picture of Diana of Poitiers, once in the Crawfurd collection: it is a small half-length; the features fair and regular; the hair is elaborately dressed with a profusion of jewels; but there is no drapery whatever—"force pierreries et trés peu de linge," as Madame de Sevigné described the two Mancini.* Round the head is the legend from the 42d Psalm—"Comme le cerf braie après le décours des eaues, ainsi brait mon ame après toi, O Dieu," which is certainly an extraordinary application. In the days of Diana of Poitiers, the beautiful mistress of Henry the Second of France, it was the court fashion to sing the Psalms of David to dance and song tunes;† and the courtiers and beauties had each their favourite Psalm, which served as a kind of *devise:* this may explain the very singular inscription on this very singular picture. Here are also the portraits of Otway and Cowley, and of Montaigne; the last from the Crawfurd collection.

I had nearly omitted to mention a magnificent whole-length of the Duc de Guise—who was stabbed in the closet of Henry the Third—whose life contains materials for ten romances and a dozen epics, and whose death has furnished subjects for as many tragedies. And not far from him that not less daring, and more successful chief, Oliver Cromwell; a page is tying on his sash. There is a vulgar power and boldness about this head, in fine contrast with the high-born, fearless, chivalrous-looking Guise.

In the library is the splendid picture of Sofonisba Angusciola, by herself; she is touching the harpsichord, for, like many others of her craft, she excelled in music. Angelica Kauffman had nearly been an opera-singer. The instances of great painters being also excellent musicians are numerous; Salvator Rosa could have led an orchestra, and Vernet could not exist without Pergolesi's piano. But I cannot recollect an instance of a great musician by profession who has also been a painter; the range of faculties is generally more confined.

Rembrandt's large picture of his mother, which is, I think, the most magnificent specimen of this master now in England, hangs over the chimney in the same room with the Sofonisba.

* The Princess Colonna and the Duchess de Mazarin.

† Clement Marot had composed a version of the Psalms, then very popular. See *Bayle*, and the Curiosities of Literature.

The last picture I can distinctly remember is a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, with all his perfections combined in their perfection. It is that of a beautiful Frenchwoman, an intimate friend of the last Lady Spencer—with as much intellect, sentiment, and depth of feeling as would have furnished out twenty ordinary heads; all harmony in the colouring, all grace in the drawing.

Here then was food for the eye and for the memory—for sweet and bitter fancy—for the amateur, and for the connoisseur—for antiquary, historian, painter, and poet. Well might Horace Walpole say that the gallery at Althorpe was "endeared to the pensive spectator." He tells us in his letters, that when here (about seventy years since), he surprised the housekeeper by "his intimate acquaintance with all the faces in the gallery." I was amused at the thought that we caused a similar surprise in our day. I hope his female cicerone was as civil and intelligent as ours; as worthy to be the keeper of the pictorial treasures of Althorpe. When we lingered and lingered, spell-bound, and apologized for making such unconscionable demands on her patience, she replied, "that she was flattered; that she felt affronted when any visiter hurried through the apartments." Old Horace would have been delighted with her; and not less with the biblical enthusiasm of a village glazier, whom we found dusting the books in the library, and who had such a sublime reverence for old editions, unique copies, illuminated MSS., and rare bindings, that it was quite edifying.

* * * * *

MRS. SIDDONS.

[The following little sketch was written a few days after the death of Mrs. Siddons, and was called forth by certain paragraphs which appeared in the daily papers. A misapprehension of the real character of this remarkable woman, which I know to exist in the minds of many who admired and venerated her talents, has induced me to enlarge the first very slight sketch into a more finished but still inadequate portrait. I have spared no pains to verify the truth of my own conception by testimony of every kind that was attainable. I have penned every word as if I had been in that great final court where the thoughts of all hearts are manifested; and those who best knew the individual I have attempted to delineate, bear witness to the fidelity of the portrait as far as it goes. I must be permitted to add, that in this and the succeeding sketch I have not only been inspired by the wish to do justice to individual virtue and talent,—I wished to impress and illustrate that important truth, that a gifted woman may pursue a public vocation, yet preserve the purity and maintain the dignity of her sex—that there is no prejudice which will not shrink away before moral energy, and no profession which may not be made compatible with the respect due to us as women, the cultivation of every feminine virtue, and the practice of every private duty. I might here multiply examples and exceptions, and discuss causes and results; but it is a consideration I reserve for another opportunity.]

"*Implora pace!*"—She, who upon earth ruled the souls and senses of men, as the moon rules the surge of waters; the acknowledged and liege empress of all the realms of illusion; the crowned queen; the throned muse; the sceptred shadow of departed genius, majesty, and beauty,—supplicates *Peace!*

What unhallowed work has been going forward in some of the daily papers since this illustrious creature has been laid in her quiet unostentatious grave! ay, even before her poor

remains were cold! What pains have been taken to cater trifling scandal for the blind, heartless, gossip-loving vulgar! and to throw round the memory of a woman whose private life was as irreproachable as her public career was glorious, some ridiculous or unamiable association which should tend to unsphere her from her throne in our imagination, and degrade from her towering pride of place the heroine of Shakspeare, and the Muse of Tragedy!

That stupid malignity which revels in the martyrdom of fame—which rejoices when, by some approximation of the mean and ludicrous with the beautiful and sublime, it can for a moment bring down the rainbow-like glory in which the fancy invests genius to the drab-coloured level of mediocrity—is always hateful and contemptible; but in the present case it is something worse—it has a peculiar degree of *cowardly* injustice. If some elegant biographer informs us that the same hand which painted the infant Hercules, or Ugolino, or Mrs. Sheridan, half seraph and half saint, could clutch a guinea with satisfaction, or drive a bargain with a footman; if some discreet friend, from the mere love of truth, no doubt, reveal to us the puerile, lamentable frailties of that bright spirit which poured itself forth in torrents of song and passion; what then? 'tis pitiful, certainly wondrous pitiful, but there is no great harm done,—no irremediable injury inflicted; for there stand their works: the poet's immortal page, the painter's breathing canvass witness for them. "Death hath had no power yet upon *their* beauty"—over *them* scandal cannot draw her cold slimy finger;—on *them* calumny cannot breathe her mildew; nor envy wither *them* with a blast from hell. There they stand for ever to confute injustice, to rectify error, to defy malice; to silence, and long outlive, the sneer, the lie, the jest, the reproach. But *she*—who was of painters the model, the wonder, the despair;—she, who realized in her own presence and person the poet's divinest dreams and noblest creations;—she, who has enriched our language with a new epithet, and made the word *Siddonian* synonymous with all we can imagine of feminine grace and grandeur: she has left nothing behind her but the memory of a great name: she has bequeathed it to our reverence, our gratitude, our charity, and our sympathy; and if it is not to be sacred, I know not what is—or ever will be.

Mrs. Siddons, as an *artist*, presented a singular example of the union of all the faculties, mental and physical, which constitute excellence in her art, directed to the end for which they

seemed created. In any other situation or profession, some one or other of her splendid gifts would have been misplaced or dormant. It was her especial good fortune, and not less that of the time in which she lived, that this wonderful combination of mental powers and external graces was fully and completely developed by the circumstances in which she was placed.* "With the most commanding beauty of face and form, and varied grace of action; with the most noble combination of features, and extensive capability of expression in each of them; with an unequalled genius for her art, the utmost patience in study, and the strongest ardour of feeling; there was not a passion which she could not delineate; not the nicest shade, not the most delicate modification of passion, which she could not seize with philosophical accuracy, and render with such immediate force of nature and truth, as well as precision, that what was the result of profound study and unwearied practice appeared like sudden inspiration. There was not a height of grandeur to which she could not soar, nor a darkness of misery to which she could not descend; not a chord of feeling, from the sternest to the most delicate, which she could not cause to vibrate at her will. She had reached that point of perfection in art where it ceases to be art, and becomes a second nature. She had studied most profoundly the powers and capabilities of language; so that the most critical sagacity could not have suggested a delicacy of emphasis by which the meaning of the author might be more distinctly conveyed, or a shade of intonation by which the sentiment could be more fully or more faithfully expressed. While other performers of the past or present time have made approaches to excellence, or attain it now and then, Mrs. Siddons alone was pronounced faultless; and, in *her*, the last generation witnessed what we shall not see in ours,—no, nor our children after us;—that amazing union of splendid intellectual powers with unequalled charms of person, which, in the tragic department of her art, realized the idea of perfection."

Such was the magnificent portrait drawn of Mrs. Siddons twenty years ago; and it will be admitted by those who remember her, and must be believed by those who do not, that in this case, eulogy could not wander into exaggeration, nor enthusiasm be exalted beyond the bounds of truth.

I have heard people most unreasonably surprised or dis-

* Some of the sentences which follow (marked by inverted commas) are taken from a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, dated 1812, and attributed to Sir Walter Scott.

pleased, because this exceeding dignity of demeanour was not confined to the stage, but was carried into private life. Had it been merely conventional,—a thing put on and put off,—it might have been so; but the grandeur of her mind, and the light of her glorious beauty, were not as a diadem and robe for state occasions only: hers was not only dignity of manner and person, it was moral and innate, and, I may add, hereditary. Mrs. Siddons, with all her graces of form and feature, her magnificence of deportment, her deep-toned, measured voice, and impressive enunciation, was in reality a softened reflection of her more stern, stately, majestic mother, whose genuine loftiness of spirit and of bearing, whose rare beauty, and imperious despotism of character, have often been described to me as absolutely awful,—even her children trembled in her presence.

"All the Kembles," said Sir Thomas Lawrence, "have historical faces;" and for several generations their minds seem to have been cast in a poetical mould. It has, however, been disputed whether Mrs. Siddons possessed genius. Whether genius be exclusively defined as the creative and inventive faculty of the soul, or taken, in its usual acceptation, as "a mind of large general faculties, accidentally determined to some particular direction," I think she did possess it in both senses. The grand characteristic of her mind was power, but it was power of a very peculiar kind; it was slowly roused—slowly developed—not easily moved; her perceptions were not rapid, nor her sensations quick; she required time for every thing,—time to think, time to comprehend, time to speak. There was nothing superficial about her; no vivacity of manner; to petty gossip she would not descend, and evil-speaking she abhorred; she cared not to shine in general conversation. Like some majestic "Argosie," bearing freight of precious metal, she was aground and cumbrous and motionless among the shallows of common life; but set her upon the deep waters of poetry and passion—there was her element—there was her reign. Ask her an opinion, she could not give it you till she had looked on the subject, and considered it on every side,—then you might trust to it without appeal. Her powers, though not easily put in motion, were directed by an incredible energy; her mind, when called to action, seemed to rear itself up like a great wave of the sea, and roll forwards with an irresistible force. This prodigious intellectual power was one of her chief characteristics. Another was *truth*, which in the human mind is generally allied with power. It is, I think, a mistaken idea, that habits of impersonation on the stage tend to impair the sin-

cerity or the individuality of a character. If any injury is done in this way, it is by the continual and strong excitement of the vanity, the dependence on applause, which in time *may* certainly corrode away the integrity of the manner, if not of the mind. It is difficult for an admired actress not to be vain, and difficult for a very vain person to be quite unaffected, on or off the stage; it is, however, certain, that some of the truest persons I ever met with in my life were actresses. In the character of Mrs. Siddons, truth, and a reverence for truth, were commensurate with her vast power: heaven is not farther removed from earth than she was from falsehood. Allied to this conscientious turn was her love of order. She was extremely punctual in all her arrangements; methodical and exact in every thing she did; circumstantial and accurate in all she said. In little and in great things, in the very texture and constitution of her mind, she was integrity itself: "It was," said one of her most intimate friends, "a mind far above the average standard, not only in ability, but in moral and religious qualities; that these should have exhausted themselves in the world of fiction, may be regretted in reference to her individual happiness, but she certainly exercised, during her *reign*, a most powerful moral influence:—she excited the nobler feelings and higher faculties of every mind which came in contact with her own. I speak with the deepest sense of personal obligation: it was at a very early age that she repeated to me, in a manner and tone which left an indelible impression,

> 'Sincerity,
> Thou first of virtues! let no mortal leave
> Thy onward path,' &c.

and I never knew her to omit an opportunity of making her fine genius minister to piety and virtue." Now what are the bravoes of a whole theatre,

> "When all the thunder of the pit ascends,"

compared to such praise as this?

"Her mind" (again I am enabled to give the very words of one who knew her well) "was a perfect mirror of the sublime and beautiful; like a lake that reflected only the heavens above, or the summits of the mountains around; nothing below a certain level could appear in it. The ideal was her vital air. She breathed with difficulty in the atmosphere of this 'working-day world,' and withdrew from it as much as possible.

Hence her moral principles were seldom brought to bear upon the actual and ordinary concerns of life. She was rather the associate of 'the mighty dead,' than the fellow-creature of the living. To the latter she was known chiefly through others, and often through those who were incapable of reflecting her qualities faithfully, though impressed with the utmost veneration for her genius. In their very anxiety for what they considered her interests (and of her worldly interests she took *no charge*), they would in her name authorize prudential arrangements, which gave rise to the suspicion of covetousness, while she was sitting rapt in heavenly contemplation. Had she given her mind to the consideration and investigation of relative claims, she might on some occasions have acted differently—or, rather, *she* would have acted where in fact *others only* acted: for never, as I have reason to believe, was a case of distress *presented to her* without her being ready to give even till her 'hand lacked means.' Many of the poor in her neighbourhood were pensioned by her.

"She was credulous—simple—to an extraordinary degree. Profession had, therefore, too much weight with her. She was accustomed to *manifestations* of the sentiments she excited, and, in seeking the demonstration, sometimes overlooked the silent reality;—this was a consequence of her profession.

"She was not only exact in the performance of her religious duties; her religion was a pervading sentiment, influencing her to the strictest observance of truth and charity—I mean charity in judging others: the very active and excursive benevolence which

'*Seeks* the duty, nay, *prevents* the need,'

would have been incompatible with her toilsome, engrossing avocations, and with the visionary tendencies of her character. But the visionary has his own sphere of action, and can often touch the master-springs of other minds, so as to give the first impulse to the good deeds flowing from *them*. There are some who can trace back to the sympathies which Mrs. Siddons awakened, their devotedness to the cause of the suffering and oppressed. Faithfully did she perform the part in life which she believed allotted to her; and who may presume to judge that she did not choose the better part?"

The idea that she was a cold woman is eminently false. Her affections, like her intellectual powers, were slow, but tenacious; they enveloped in folds, strong as flesh and blood,

those whom she had found worthy and taken to her heart; and her happiness was more entwined with them than those who knew her only in her professional character could have supposed; she would return home from the theatre, every nerve thrilling with the excitement of sympathy, and applause, and admiration, and a cold look or word from her husband has sent her to bed in tears. She had that sure indication of a good heart and a fine mind, an exceeding love for children, and a power to attract and amuse them. It was remarked that her voice always softened in addressing a child. I remember a letter of hers relative to a young mother and her infant, in which, among other tender and playful things, she says, "I wonder whether Lady N—— is as good a talker of baby nonsense as I flatter myself *I* am!" A lady, who was intimate with her, happening to enter her bedroom early one morning, found her with two of her little grandchildren romping on her bed, and playing with the tresses of her long dark hair, which she had let down for their amusement. Her own children adored her; her surviving friends refer to her with tenderness, with gratitude, even with tears. I speak here of what I *know*. I have seldom been more touched to the heart than by the perusal of some of her *most* private letters and notes, which for tenderness of sentiment, genuine feeling, and simple yet forcible expression, could not be surpassed.* Actress though she was, she had no idea of doing any thing for the sake of appearances, or of courting popularity by any means but excellence in her art. She loved the elegances and refinements of life—enjoyed, and freely shared what she had toiled to obtain—and, in the early part of her career, was the frequent victim of her own kind and careless nature. She has been known to give generously, nobly,—to sympathize warmly; but did she deny to greedy selfishness or spendthrift vanity the twentieth demand on her purse or her benevolence? Was she, while absorbed

* I am permitted to give the following little extract as farther illustrating that tenderness of nature which I have only touched upon. "I owe —— —— a letter, but I don't know how it is, now that I am arrived at that time of life when I supposed I should be able to sit down and indulge my natural indolence, I find the business of it thickens and increases around me; and I am now as much occupied about the affairs of others as I have been about my own. I am just now expecting my son George's two babies from India. The ship which took them from their parents, I thank heaven, is safely arrived: *Oh! that they could know it!* For the present I shall have them near me. There is a school between my little hut and the church, where they will have delicious air, and I shall be able to see the poor dears every day."

in her poetical, ideal existence, the dupe of exterior shows in judging of character? Or did she, from total ignorance of, or indifference to, the commonplace prejudices, or customary forms of society, unconsciously wound the *amour-propre* of some shallow flatterer or critic,—or by bringing the gravity and glory of her histrionic impersonations into the frivolities and hard realities of this our world, render herself obnoxious to vulgar ridicule?—then was she made to feel what it is to live in the public eye: then flew round the malignant slander, the vengeful lie, the base sneer, the impertinent misinterpretation of what few could understand and fewer feel! Reach *her* these libels could not—but sometimes they reached those whose affectionate reverence fenced her round from the rude contact of real life. In some things Mrs. Siddons was like a child. I have heard anecdotes of her extreme simplicity, which by the force of contrast made me smile—at *them*, not at *her:* who could have laughed at Mrs. Siddons? I should as soon have thought of laughing at the Delphic Sybil.

As an artist, her genius appears to have been slowly developed. She did not, as it has been said of her niece, "spring at once into the chair of the Tragic Muse;" but toiled her way up to glory and excellence in her profession, through length of time, difficulties, and obstacles innumerable. She was exclusively professional; and all her attainments, and all her powers, seem to have been directed to one end and aim. Yet I suppose no one would have said of Mrs. Siddons, that she was a "*mere actress*," as it was usually said of Garrick that he was a "*mere player;*"—the most admirable and versatile actor that ever existed; but still the mere player;—nothing more—nothing better. He does not appear to have had a tincture of that high gentlemanly feeling, that native elevation of character, and general literary taste which strike us in John Kemble and his brother Charles; nor any thing of the splendid imagination, the enthusiasm of art, the personal grace and grandeur, which threw such a glory around Mrs. Siddons. Of John Kemble it might be said,* as Dryden said of Harte in his time, that "kings and princes might have come to him, and taken lessons how to comport themselves with dignity." And with the noble presence of Mrs. Siddons, we associated in public and in private something absolutely awful. We were accustomed to bring

* I believe it *has* been said; but, like Madlle. de Montpensier, my imagination and my memory are sometimes confounded.

her before our fancy as one habitually elevated above the sphere of familiar life,—

> "Attired in all the majesty of art—
> Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul
> That hates to have her dignity profan'd
> By any relish of an earthly thought."*

Who was it?—(I think Northcote the painter,) who said he had seen a group of young ladies of rank, Lady Fannys and Lady Marys, peeping through the half-open door of a room where Mrs. Siddons was sitting, with the same timidity and curiosity as if it had been some preternatural being—much more than if it had been the queen: which I can easily believe. I remember that the first time I found myself in the same room with Mrs. Siddons (I was then about twenty), I gazed on her as I should have gazed at one of the Egyptian pyramids—nay, with a deeper awe, for what is material and physical immensity, compared with moral and poetical grandeur? I was struck with a sensation which made my heart pause, and rendered me dumb for some minutes; and when I was led into conversation with her, my first words came faltering and thick,—which never certainly would have been the case in presence of the autocratrix of all the Russias. The greatest, the noblest in the land approached her with a deference not unmingled with a shade of embarrassment, while she stood in regal guise majestic, with the air of one who bestowed and never received honour.† Nor was this feeling of her power,—which was derived, partly from her own peculiar dignity of deportment, partly from her association with all that was grand, poetical, terrible,—confined to those who could appreciate the full measure of her endowments. Every member of that public, whose idol she was, from the greatest down to the meanest, felt it more or less. I knew a poor woman who once went to the house of Mrs. Siddons to be paid by her daughter for some embroidery. Mrs. Siddons happened to be in the room, and the woman, perceiving who it was, was so overpowered that she could not count her money, and scarcely dared to draw her breath. "And when I went away, ma'am," added she, in describing her own sensations, "I walked all the way down the street feeling myself a great deal taller." This was the same unconscious

* Ben Jonson.

† George the Fourth, after conversing with her, said with emphasis, "She is the only *real* queen!"

feeling of the sublime which made Bouchardon say that, after reading the Iliad, he fancied himself seven feet high.

She modelled very beautifully, and in this talent, which was in a manner intuitive, she displayed a creative as well as an imitative power. Might we not say that in the peculiar character of her genius—in the combination of the *very* real with the *very* ideal, of the demonstrative and the visionary, of vastness and symmetry, of the massive material and the grand unearthly forms into which it shaped itself—there was something analogous to sculpture? At all events, it is the opinion of many who knew her, that if she had not been a great actress, she would have devoted herself to sculpture. She was never so happy as when occupied with her modelling tools; she would stand at her work eight hours together, scarcely turning her head. Music she passionately loved: in her younger days her voice in singing was exquisitely sweet and flexible. She would sometimes compose verses, and sing them to an extemporaneous air; but I believe she did not perform on any instrument.

To complete this sketch, I shall add an outline of her professional life.

Mrs. Siddons was born in 1755. She might be said, almost without metaphor, to have been "born on the stage." All the family, I believe, for two or three generations, had been players. In her early life she endured many vicissitudes, and was acquainted with misery and hardship in many repulsive forms. On this subject she had none of the pride of a little mind; but alluded to her former situation with perfect simplicity. The description in Mrs. Inchbald's Memoirs of "Mrs. Siddons singing and mending her children's clothes," is from the life, and charming as well as touching, when we consider her peculiar character and her subsequent destinies. She was in her twenty-first year when she made her first attempt in London (for it was but an attempt), in the character of Portia. She also appeared as Lady Anne in Richard III., and in comedy as Mrs. Strickland to Garrick's Ranger. She was not successful: Garrick is said to have been jealous of her rising powers: the public did not discover in her the future Tragic Muse, and for herself—"She felt that she was greater than she knew." She returned to her provincial career; she spent seven years in patient study, in reflection, in contemplation, and in mastering the practical part of her profession; and then she returned at the age of twenty-eight, and burst upon the world in the prime

of her beauty and transcendent powers, with all the attributes of confirmed and acknowledged excellence.

It appears that, in her first season, she did not play one of Shakspeare's characters : she performed Isabella, Euphrasia, Jane Shore, Calista, and Zara. In a visit she paid to Dr. Johnson, at the conclusion of the season, she informed him that it was her intention, the following year, to bring out some of Shakspeare's heroines, particularly Katherine of Arragon, to which she *then* gave the preference as a character. Dr. Johnson agreed with her, and added that when she played Katherine, he would hobble to the theatre himself to see her ; but he did not live to pay her this tribute of admiration. He, however, paid her another not less valuable : describing his visiter after her departure, he said, "she left nothing behind her to be censured or despised; neither praise nor money, those two powerful corrupters of mankind, seem to have depraved her."* In this interview she seems to have pleased the old critic and moralist, who was also a severe and acute judge of human nature, and not inclined to judge favourably of actresses, by the union of modesty with native dignity which at all times distinguished her;—a rare union ! and most delightful in those who are the objects of the public gaze, and when the popular enthusiasm is still in all its first intoxicating effervescence.

The first of Shakspeare's characters which Mrs. Siddons performed was Isabella, in Measure for Measure (1784), and the next Constance. In the same year Sir Joshua painted her as the Tragic Muse.† With what a deep interest shall we now visit this her true apotheosis,—now that it has received its last consecration! The rest of Shakspeare's characters followed in this order: Lady Macbeth in 1785, and, soon afterward, as if by way of contrast, Desdemona, Ophelia, Rosalind. In 1786 she played Imogen ; in 1788, Katherine of Arragon ; and, in 1789, Volumnia ; and in the same season she played Juliet, being then in her thirty-fifth year,—too old for Juliet ; nor did this ever become one of her popular parts ; she left it to her niece to identify herself for ever with the poetry and sensibility, the youthful grace and fervid passion of Shakspeare's Juliet; and we have as little chance of ever seeing such another Juliet as Fanny Kemble, as of ever seeing such another Lady Macbeth as her magnificent aunt.

* In a letter to Mrs. Thrale.

† In the Grosvenor gallery. There is a duplicate of this picture in the Dulwich gallery.

A good critic, who was also a great admirer of Mrs. Siddons, asserts that there must be something in acting which levels all poetical distinctions, since people talked in the same breath of her Lady Macbeth and Mrs. Beverley as being equally "fine pieces of acting." I think he is mistaken. No one—no one at least but the most vulgar part of her audience—ever equalized these two characters, even as pieces of acting; or imagined for a moment that the same degree of talent which sufficed to represent Mrs. Beverley could have grasped the towering grandeur of such a character as Lady Macbeth;—dived into its profound and gloomy depths—seized and reflected its wonderful gradations—displayed its magnificence—developed its beauties, and revealed its terrors: no such thing. She might have drawn more tears in Isabella than in Constance—thrown more young ladies into hysterics in Belvidera than in Katherine of Arragon; but all with whom I have conversed on the subject of Mrs. Siddons, are agreed in this;—that her finest characters, as pieces of art, were those which afforded the fullest scope for her powers, and contained in themselves the largest materials in poetry, grandeur, and passion: consequently, that her Constance, Katherine of Arragon, Volumnia, Hermione, and Lady Macbeth stood pre-eminent. In playing Jane de Montfort, in Joanna Baillie's tragedy, her audience almost lost the sense of impersonation in the feeling of identity. She *was* Jane de Montfort—the actress, the woman, the character, blended into each other. It is a mistaken idea that she herself preferred the part of Aspasia (in Rowe's Bajazet) to any of these grand impersonations. She spoke of it as one in which she had produced the most extraordinary effect on the *nerves* of her audience; and this is true. "I recollect," said a gentleman to me, "being present at one of the last representations of Bajazet: and at the moment when the order is given to strangle Moneses, while Aspasia stands immoveable in front of the stage, I turned my head, unable to endure more, and to my amazement I beheld the whole pit staring ghastly, with upward faces, dilated eyes, and mouths wide open—gasping—fascinated. Nor shall I ever forget the strange effect produced by that sea of human faces, all fixed in one simultaneous expression of stony horror. It realized for a moment the fabled power of the Medusa—it was terrible!"

Of all her great characters, Lord Byron, I believe, preferred Constance, to which she gave the preference herself, and esteemed it the most difficult and the most finished of all her impersonations; but the general opinion stamps her Lady Mac-

beth as the grandest effort of her art; and therefore, as she was the first in her art, as the *ne plus ultra* of acting. This at least was the opinion of one who admired her with all the fervour of a kindred genius, and could lavish on her praise of such "rich words composed as made the gift more sweet." Of her Lady Macbeth, he says, "nothing could have been imagined grander,—it was something above nature; it seemed almost as if a being of a superior order had dropped from a higher sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. Power was seated on her brow, passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine. In coming on in the sleeping scene, her eyes were open, but their sense was shut; she was like a person bewildered; her lips moved involuntarily; all her gestures seemed mechanical—she glided on and off the stage like an apparition. To have seen her in that character was an event in every one's life never to be forgotten."

By profound and incessant study, she had brought her conception and representation of this character to such a pitch of perfection, that the imagination could conceive of nothing more magnificent or more finished; and yet she has been heard to say, after playing it for thirty years, that she never read over the part without discovering in it something new; nor ever went on the stage to perform it, without spending the whole morning in studying and meditating it, line by line, as intently as if she were about to act it for the first time. In this character she bade farewell to her profession and the public (June 29th, 1812). The audience, on this occasion, paid her a singular and touching tribute of respect. On her going off in the sleeping-scene, they commanded the curtain to fall, and would not suffer the play to proceed.*

The idea that Mrs. Siddons was quite unmoved by the emotions she portrayed—the sorrows and the passions she imbodied with such inimitable skill and truth, is altogether false. Fine acting may accidentally be mere impulse; it never can be wholly mechanical. To a late period of her life she continued to be strongly, sometimes painfully, excited by her own

* She afterward played Lady Randolph for Mr. Charles Kemble's benefit, and performed Lady Macbeth at the request of the Princess Charlotte in 1816 This was her final appearance. She was then sixty-one, and her powers unabated. I recollect a characteristic passage in one of her letters relating to this circumstance: she says, "The princess honoured me with several gracious (not *graceful*) nods: but the newspapers gave me credit for much more *sensibility* than I either felt or displayed on the occasion. I was by no means so much *overwhelmed* by her royal highness's kindness as they were pleased to represent me."

acting; the part of Constance always affected her powerfully; she invariably left the stage, her face streaming with tears; and after playing Lady Macbeth, she could not sleep: even after reading the play of Macbeth, a feverish, wakeful night was generally the consequence.

I am not old enough to remember Mrs. Siddons in her best days; but, judging from my own recollections, I should say that, to hear her *read* one of Shakspeare's plays, was a higher, a more complete gratification, and a more astonishing display of her powers, than her performance of any single character. On the stage she was the perfect actress; when she was reading Shakspeare, her profound enthusiastic admiration of the poet, and deep insight into his most hidden beauties, made her almost a poetess, or at least, like a priestess, full of the god of her idolatry. Her whole soul looked out from her regal brow and effulgent eyes; and then her countenance!—the inconceivable flexibility and musical intonations of her voice! there was no got-up illusion here; no scenes—no trickery of the stage; there needed no sceptered pall, no sweeping train, nor any of the gorgeous accompaniments of tragedy: SHE was tragedy! When in reading Macbeth she said, "give me the daggers!" they gleamed before our eyes. The witch scenes in the same play she rendered awfully terrific by the magic of looks and tones; she invested the weird sisters with all their own infernal fascinations; they were the serious, poetical, tragical personages which the poet intended them to be, and the wild grotesque horror of their enchantments made the blood curdle. When, in King John, she came to the passage beginning—

> "If the midnight bell,
> Did with his iron tongue and brazen note," &c.

I remember I felt every drop of blood pause, and then run backwards through my veins with an overpowering awe and horror. No scenic representation I ever witnessed produced the hundredth part of the effect of her reading Hamlet. This tragedy was the triumph of her art. Hamlet and his mother, Polonius, Ophelia, were all there before us. Those who ever heard her give Ophelia's reply to Hamlet,

> *Hamlet.* I loved you not,
> *Ophelia.* I was the more deceived!

and the lines—

> And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
> That suck'd the honey of his music vows, &c.

will never forget their exquisite pathos. What a revelation of love and wo was there!—the very heart seemed to break upon the utterance.

Lear was another of her grandest efforts; but her rare talent was not confined to tragedy; none could exceed her in the power to conceive and render witty and humorous character. I thought I had never understood or felt the comic force of such parts as Polonius, Lucio, Gratiano, and Shakspeare's clowns, till I heard the dialogue from her lips: and to hear her read the Merchant of Venice and As You Like It, was hardly a less perfect treat than to hear her read Macbeth.

The following short extract from a letter of Mrs. Joanna Baillie, dated about a year before the death of Mrs. Siddons, will, I am persuaded, be read with a double interest, for *her* sake who penned it, not less than hers who is the subject of it.

"The most agreeable thing I have to begin with is a visit we paid last week to Mrs. Siddons. We had met her at dinner at Mr. Rogers's a few days before, and she kindly asked us, our host and his sister, the Thursday following; an invitation which we gladly accepted, though we expected to see much decay in her powers of expression, and consequently to have our pleasure mingled with pain. Judge then of our delight when we heard her read the best scenes of Hamlet with expression of countenance, voice, and action that would have done honour to her best days! She was before us as an unconquerable creature, over whose astonishing gifts of nature time had no power.* She complained of her voice, which she said was not obedient to her will; but it appeared to my ear to be peculiarly true to nature: and the more so, because it had lost that deep solemnity of tone which she, perhaps, had considered as an excellence. I thought I could trace in the pity and tenderness, mixed with her awe of the ghost, the natural feelings of one who had lost dear friends, and expected to go to them soon; and her reading of that scene (the noblest which dramatic art ever achieved) went to my heart as it had never done before. At the end, Mr. Rogers very justly said, 'Oh, that we could have assembled a company of young people to witness this, that they might have conveyed the memory of it down to another generation!' In short, we left her full of admiration, as well as of gratitude, that she had made such an exertion to gratify so small an audience; for, exclusive of her own family, we were but five."

* "For time hath laid his hand so gently on her
As he too had been awed." *De Montfort.*

She continued to exercise her power of reading and reciting long after the date of this letter, even till within a few days of her death, although her health had long been in a declining state.* She died at length on the 8th of June, 1831, after a few hours of acute suffering. She had lived nearly seventy-six years, of which forty-six were spent in the constant presence and service of the public. She was an honour to her profession, which was more honoured and honourable in her person and family than it ever was before, or will be hereafter, till the stage becomes something very different from what it now is.

And, since it has pleased some writers (who apparently knew as little of her real situation as of her real character) to lament over the *misfortune* of this celebrated woman, in having survived all her children, &c. &c. it may be interesting to add that, a short time before her death, she was seated in a room in her own house, when about thirty of her young relatives, children, grandchildren, nephews and nieces, were assembled, and looked on while they were dancing with great and evident pleasure: and that her surviving daughter, Cecilia Siddons,† who had been for many years the inseparable friend and companion of her mother, attended upon her with true filial devotion and reverence to the last moments of existence. Her admirers may, therefore, console themselves with the idea that in "love, obedience, troops of friends," as well as affluence and fame, she had "all that should accompany old age." She died full of years and honours; having enjoyed, in her long life, as much glory and prosperity as any mortal could expect: having imparted more intense and general pleasure than ever mortal did; and having paid the tribute of mortality in such suffering and sorrow as wait on the widowed wife and the bereaved mother. If with such rare natural gifts were blended some human infirmities;—if the cultivation of the imaginative far above the perceptive faculties, hazarded her individual happiness;—if, in the course of a professional career of unexampled continuance and splendour, the love of praise ever degenerated into the appetite for applause;—if the worshipped actress languished out of her atmosphere of incense,—is this to be made matter of wonder or of ill-natured comment? Did ever any human being escape more *intacte* in person and mind from the fiery furnace of popular admiration? Let us remember the

* The last play she read aloud was Henry V., only ten days before she died.

† Now Mrs. George Combe.

severity of the ordeal to which she was exposed; the hard lot of those who pass their lives in the full-noon glare of public observation, where every speck is noted! What a difference, too, between the aspiration after immortality and the pursuit of celebrity!—The noise of distant and future fame is like the sound of the far-off sea, and the mingled roll of its multitudinous waves, which, as it swells on the ear, elevates the soul with a sublime emotion; but present and loud applause, flung continually in one's face, is like the noisy dash of the surf upon the rock,—and it requires the firmness of the rock to bear it.

SKETCHES

OF

FANNY KEMBLE

IN JULIET.

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES TO MR. JOHN HAYTER'S SKETCHES OF FANNY KEMBLE, IN THE CHARACTER OF JULIET.*

"Non piace a lei che innumerabil turba
Viva in atto di fuor, morta di dentro,
Le applauda a caso, e mano a man percuota;
Ne si rallegra se le rozzi voci
Volgano a lei quelle infiniti lodi—
—Ma la possanza del divino ingegno
Vita di dentro."

It would be doing an injustice to the author of these sketches, and something worse than injustice to her who is the subject of them, should more be expected than the pencil could possibly convey, and more required than the artist ever intended to execute. Their merit consists in their fidelity, as far as they go; their interest in conveying a lively and distinct idea of some immediate and transient effects of grace and expression. They do not assume to be portraits of Miss Kemble; they are merely a series of rapid outlines, caught from her action, and exhibiting, at the first glance, just so much of the individual and peculiar character she has thrown into her impersonation of Juliet, as at once to be recognised by those who have seen her. To them alone these isolated passages —linked together in the imagination by all the intervening graces of attitude and sentiment, by the recollection of a coun-

* These sketches, once intended for publication, are now in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton. The introduction and notes were written in March, 1830—the conclusion in March, 1834.

tenance where the kindled soul looks out through every feature, and of a voice whose tones tremble into one's very heart—will give some faint reflection of the effect produced by the whole of this beautiful piece of acting,—or rather of nature, for here "each seems either." It will be allowed, even by the most enthusiastic lover of painting, that the merely imitative arts can do but feeble justice to the powers of a fine actress; for what graphic skill can fix the evanescent shades of feeling as they melt one into another?—

"What fine chisel could ever yet cut breath?"

—and yet even those who have not witnessed, and may never witness, Miss Kemble's performance, to whom her name alone can be borne through long intervals of space and time, will not regard these little sketches without curiosity and interest. If any one had thought of transferring to paper a connected series of some of the awe-commanding gestures of Mrs. Siddons in one of her great parts, or caught (flying) some of the inimitable graces of movement and attitude, and sparkling effects of manner, with which Mrs. Charles Kemble once enchanted the world, with what avidity would they now be sought!—they would have served as studies for their successors in art to the end of time.

All the fine arts, poetry excepted, possess a limited range of power. Painting and sculpture can convey none of the graces that belong to movement and sound: music can suggest vague sentiments and feelings, but it cannot express incident, or situation, or form, or colour. Poetry alone grasps an unlimited sceptre, rules over the whole visible and intellectual universe, and knows no bounds but those of human genius. And it is here that tragic acting, considered in its perfection, and in its relation to the fine arts, is allied to poetry, or rather is itself living, breathing poetry; made sensible in a degree to the hardest and dullest minds, seizing on the dormant sympathies of our nature, and dismissing us again to the cares of this "working-day world," if not very much wiser, or better, or happier, at least enabled to digest with less bitterness the mixture of our good and evil days.

But in the midst of the just enthusiasm which a great actor or actress excites, so long as they exist to minister to our delight;—in the midst of that atmosphere of light and life they shed around them, it is a common subject of repining that such glory should be so transient; that an art requiring in its perfec-

tion such a rare combination of mental and external qualities, can leave behind no permanent monument of its own excellence, but must depend on the other fine arts for all it can claim of immortality: that Garrick, for instance, has become a name—no more—his fame the echo of an echo! that Mrs. Siddons herself has bequeathed to posterity only a pictured semblance;—that when the voice of Pasta is heard no longer upon earth, the utmost pomp of words can only attest her powers! The painter and the poet, struggling through obscurity to the heights of fame, and consuming a life in the pursuit of (perhaps) posthumous celebrity, may say to the sublime actress, "Thou in thy generation hast had thy meed; we have waited patiently for ours: thou art vanished, like a lost star from the firmament, into the 'uncomfortable night of nothing;' we have left the light of our souls behind us, and survive to 'blessings and eternal praise!'" And why should it *not* be so? Were it otherwise, the even-handed distribution of the best gifts of Heaven among favoured mortals might with reason be impugned. Shall the young spirit "damped by the necessity of oblivion" disdain what is attainable because it cannot grasp all? Conceive for a moment the situation of a woman, in the prime and bloom of existence, with all her youthful enthusiasm, her unworn feelings fresh about her, privileged to step forth for a short space out of the bounds of common life, without o'erstepping the modesty of her feminine nature, permitted to cast off for awhile, unreproved and unrestrained, the conventional trammels of form and manner; and called upon to realize in her own presence and person the divinest dreams of poetry and romance; to send forth in a word —a glance—the electric flash which is felt through a thousand bosoms at once, till every heart beats the same measure with her own! Is there nothing in all this to countervail the dangers, the evils, and the vicissitudes attendant on this splendid and public exercise of talent? It may possibly become, in time, a thing of habitude; it *may* be degraded into a mere *besoin de l'amour propre*—a necessary, yet palling excitement: but in its outset it is surely a triumph far beyond the mere intoxication of personal vanity; and to the very last, it must be deemed a magnificent and an enviable power.

It was difficult to select for graphic delineation any particular points from Miss Kemble's representation of Juliet. These drawings may not, perhaps, justify the enthusiasm she excited; but it ought to add to their value rather than detract from it, that the causes of their imperfection comprehend

the very foundation on which the present and future celebrity of this young actress may be said to rest. In the first place, the power by which she seized at once on public admiration and sympathy was not derived from any thing external. It was not founded in the splendour of her hereditary pretensions, though in them there was much to fascinate: nor in the departed or fading glories of her race: nor in the remembrance of her mother—once the young Euphrosyne of our stage: nor in the name and high talent of her father, with whom, it was *once* feared, the poetical and classical school of acting was destined to perish from the scene: nor in any mere personal advantages, for in these she has been excelled,—

> "Though on her eyelids many graces sit
> Under the shadow of those even brows:"

nor in her extreme youth, and delicacy of figure, which tell so beautifully in the character of Juliet: nor in the acclaim of public favour—

> "To have all eyes
> Dazzled with admiration, and all tongues
> Shouting loud praises; to rob every heart
> Of love—
> This glory round about her hath thrown beams:"

But *such* glory has circled other brows ere now, and left them again "shorn of their beams." No! her success was founded on a power superior to all these—on the power of genius superadded to that moral interest which claimed irresistibly the best sympathies of her audience. The peculiar circumstances and feelings which brought Miss Kemble before the public, contrary (as it is understood) to all the previous wishes and intentions of her parents, were such as would have justified less decided talent,—honourable to herself and to her family. The feeling entertained towards her on this score was really delightful; it was a species of homage, which, like the quality of mercy, was "twice blessed;" blessing those who gave and her who received. It produced a feeling between herself and the public, which mere admiration on the one hand, and gratified vanity on the other, could not have excited. She strongly felt this, and no change, no reverse, diminished her feeling of the kindness with which she had once been received; but her own fervid genius and sensibility did as much for her. She was herself a poetess; her mind claimed a natural affinity with

all that is feeling, passionate, and imaginative; not her voice only, but her soul and ear were attuned to the harmony of verse; and hence she gave forth the poetry of such parts as Juliet and Portia with an intense and familiar power, as though every line and sentiment in Shakspeare had been early transplanted into her heart,—had long been brooded over in silence, watered with her tears,—to burst forth at last, like the spontaneous and native growth of her own soul. An excellent critic of our day has said, that "poetical enthusiasm is the rarest faculty among players;" if so, it cannot be too highly valued. Fanny Kemble possessed this rare faculty; and in it a power that cannot be taught, or analyzed, or feigned, or put on and off with her tragic drapery; it pervaded all she was called upon to do. It was *this* which in the Grecian Daughter made her look and step so like a young Muse; which enabled her, by a single glance—a tone—a gesture—to elevate the character far above the language—and exalt the most commonplace declamation into power and passion. The indisputable fact, that she appeared on the stage without any previous study or tuition, ought in justice to her to be generally known; it is most certain that she was not nineteen when she made her first appearance, and that six weeks before her debût there was no more thought of her becoming an actress than of her becoming an empress. The assertion must appear superfluous to those who have seen her; for what teaching or what artificial aids could endue her with the advantages just described, "unless *Philosophy* could make a Juliet!" or what power of pencil, though it were dipped in the rainbow and tempered in the sunbeams, could convey this bright intelligence, or justify the enthusiasm with which it is hailed by her audience? There is a second difficulty which the artist has had to contend with, not less honourable to the actress: the charm of her impersonation of Juliet consisted not so much in any particular points as in the general conception of the whole part, and in the sustained preservation and gradual development of the individual character, from the first scene to the last. Where the merit lies in the beautiful gradations of feeling, succeeding each other like waves of the sea, till the flood of passion swells and towers and sweeps away all perceptible distinctions, the pencil must necessarily be at fault; for, as Madame de Staël says truly, "*l'inexprimable est précisement ce qu'un grand acteur nous fait connaître.*"

The first drawing is taken from the scene in which Juliet first appears. The actress has little to do but to look the charac-

ter: that is, to convey the impression of a gentle, graceful girl, whose passions and energies lie folded up within her, like gathered lightning in the summer cloud; all her affections "soft as dews on roses," which must ere long turn to the fire-shower, and blast her to the earth. The moment chosen is immediately after Juliet's expostulation to her garrulous old nurse—"I prithee, peace!"

The second, third, and fourth sketches are all from the masquerade scene. The manner in which Juliet receives the parting salutations of the guests has been justly admired;—nothing is denied to genius and taste, aided by natural grace, else it might have been thought impossible to throw so much meaning and sentiment into so common an action. The first courtesy is to Benvolio. The second, to Mercutio, is distinctly marked, as though in him she recognised the chosen friend of Romeo. In the third, to Romeo himself, the bashful sinking of the whole figure, the conscious drooping of the eyelids, and the hurried yet graceful recovery of herself as she exclaims—

"Who's he that follows there that would not dance?
Go ask his name!"

which is the subject of the third sketch; and lastly, the tone in which she gave the succeeding lines—

"If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed!"

which seems, in its deep quiet pathos, to anticipate "some consequence yet hanging in the stars,"—form one unbroken series of the most beautiful and heartfelt touches of nature. The fourth sketch is from the conclusion of the same scene, where Juliet, with reluctant steps and many a lingering look back on the portal through which her lover has departed, follows her nurse out of the banquet-room.

The next two drawings are from the balcony scene, which has usually been considered the criterion of the talent of an actress in this part. The first represents the action which accompanied the line—

"By whose direction found'st thou out this place?"

The second is the first "Good night!"

"Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

Fanny Kemble's conception of character and sentiment in this scene was peculiarly and entirely her own. Juliet, as she properly felt, is a young impassioned Italian girl, who has flung her heart and soul and existence upon one cast.

> "She was not made
> Thro' years or moons the inner weight to bear,
> Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
> By age in earth."

In this view, the pretty coyness, the playful *coquetterie*, which has sometimes been thrown into the balcony scene, by way of making an effect, is out of place, and false to the poetry and feeling of the part; but in Fanny Kemble's delineation, the earnest yet bashful tenderness, the timid yet growing confidence, the gradual swelling of emotion from the depths of the heart, up to that fine burst of enthusiastic passion—

> "Swear by thy gracious self,
> Thou art the god of my idolatry,
> And I'll believe thee!"

were all as true to the situation and sentiment as they were beautifully and delicately conveyed. The whole of the speech, "Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face," was in truth, "like softest music to attending ears," from the exquisite and various modulation of voice with which it was uttered. Perhaps one of the most beautiful and entirely original points in the whole scene was the accent and gesture with which she gave the lines—

> "Romeo, doff thy name;
> And for that name, which is no part of thee,
> Take—all myself!"

The grace and *abandon* in the manner, and the softness of accent, which imparted a new and charming effect to this passage, cannot be expressed in words; and it was so delicately touched, and so transitory,—so dependent, like a beautiful chord in music, on that which prepared and followed it, that it was found impossible to seize and fix it in a drawing.

From the first scene with the nurse, two drawings have been made. The idea of Juliet discovered as the curtain rises, gazing from the window, and watching for the return of her con-

fidante, is perfectly new. The attitude (or, more properly, one of her attitudes, for they are various as they are graceful and appropriate) is given in the seventh sketch, and the artist has conveyed it with peculiar grace and truth. The action chosen for the eighth drawing occurs immediately after Juliet's little moment of petulance (so justly provoked), and before she utters in a caressing tone, "Come, what says Romeo?" The first speech in this scene,

> "O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
> Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
> Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:
> Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
> And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid—wings."

—and the soliloquy in the second scene of the third act, "Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds!" in which there is no particular point of dramatic effect to be made, are instances of that innate sense of poetical harmony which enabled her to impart the most exquisite pleasure, merely by her feeling, graceful, animated delivery of these beautiful lines. The most musical intonation of voice, the happiest emphasis, and the utmost refinement, as well as the most expressive grace of action, were here combined to carry passion and poetry at once and vividly to the heart; but this perfect triumph of illusion is more than painting could convey.

The ninth and tenth sketches are from the second scene with the nurse, called in theatrical phrase "the Banishment Scene." One of the grandest and most impressive passages in the whole performance was Juliet's reply to her nurse.

> "*Nurse.* Shame come to Romeo!
> *Juliet.* Blister'd be thy tongue,
> For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
> Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
> For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
> Sole monarch of the universal earth."

The loftiness of look and gesture with which she pronounced the last line cannot be forgotten: but the effect consisted so much in the action of the arm, as she stepped across the stage, and in the kindling eye and brow, rather than in the attitude only, that it could not well be conveyed in a drawing. The first point selected is from the passage, "O break, my heart! —poor bankrupt, break at once!" in which the gesture is full

of expressive and pathetic grace. The tenth drawing represents the action which accompanied her exclamation, "Tybalt is dead—and Romeo—banished!" The tone of piercing anguish in which she pronounced the last word, *banished*, and then threw herself into the arms of her nurse, in all the helplessness of utter desolation, formed one of the finest passages in her performance.

The scene in which the lovers part, called the Garden Scene, follows; and the passage selected is—

> "Art thou gone so! my love, my lord, my friend!
> I must hear from thee every day i' the hour!"

The subdued and tremulous intonation with which all the speeches in this scene were given, as though the voice were broken and exhausted with excessive weeping, and the manner in which she still, though half insensible in her nurse's arms, signed a last farewell to her husband, were among the most delicate and original beauties of the character.

The next two drawings are from the fifth scene of the third act. The latter part of this scene contained many new and beautiful touches of feeling, which originated with Miss Kemble herself. It is here that the real character of Juliet is first developed;—it is here that, abandoned by the whole world, and left to struggle alone with her fearful destiny, the high-souled and devoted woman takes place of the tender, trembling girl. The confiding, helpless anguish with which she at first throws herself upon her nurse—("Some comfort, nurse!")—the gradual relaxing of her embrace, as the old woman counsels her to forget Romeo and marry Paris—the tone in which she utters the question—

> "Speakest thou from thy heart?
> *Nurse.* From my soul too,
> Or else beshrew them both!"

And then the gathering up of herself with all the majesty of offended virtue, as she pronounces that grand "Amen!"—the effect of which was felt in every bosom—these were *revelations* of beauty and feeling which we owed to Fanny Kemble alone. They were points which had never before been felt or conveyed in the same manner. The shrinking up wholly into herself, and the concentrated scorn with which she uttered the lines—

"Go, counsellor!
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain!"

are very spiritedly given in the fourteenth drawing.

From the scene with the friar, in the fourth act, the action selected is where she grasps her poniard with the resolution of despair—

"Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire!"

One of the most original effects of feeling and genius in the whole play occurred in the course of this scene; but, unfortunately, it was not found susceptible of graphic delineation. It was the peculiar manner with which she uttered the words—

"Are you at leisure, holy father, now?
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?"

The question in itself is nothing; but what a volume of misery and dread suspense was in that look with which she turned from Paris to the friar, and the tone with which she uttered those simple words! This was beyond the pencil's art to convey, and could but be felt and remembered. The next drawing is therefore from the scene in which she drinks the sleeping potion. The idea of speaking the first part of the soliloquy seated, and with the calmness of one settled and bent up "to act a dismal scene alone," until her fixed meditation on the fearful issue, and the horrible images crowding on her mind, work her up to gradual phrensy, was new, and originated with Miss Kemble. The attitude expressed in the drawing—"O look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost,"—was always hailed with an excess of enthusiasm of which I thought many parts of her performance far more deserving.

The eighteenth sketch is from the sleeping scene; and the last two drawings are from the tomb scene. The merits of this last scene were chiefly those of attitude, look, and manner; and the whole were at once so graceful and beautiful, as well as terribly impressive, that they afforded some relief from the horrors of the situation and the ravings of Romeo. The alteration of Shakspeare, in the last act, is certainly founded on the historical tale of the Giulietta: but though the circumstances are borrowed, yet the spirit in which they are related by the ancient novelist has not been taken into consideration by those

who manufactured this additional scene of superfluous horror.* In Juliet's death, Miss Kemble seized an original idea, and worked it up with the most powerful and beautiful effect; but this effect consisted not so much in one attitude or look, as in a progressive series of action and expression, so true—so painfully true, that as one of the chief beauties was the rapidity with which the whole passed from the fascinated yet aching sight—the artist has relinquished any attempt to fix it on paper.

* * * * * *

Fanny Kemble made her first appearance in the character of Juliet, October 6th, 1829, and bade a last farewell to a London audience in May, 1832: during these three years she played through a very diversified range of parts, both in tragedy and high comedy.† Sustained by her native genius and good taste, and by the kindly feeling of her audience, she could not be said to have failed in any, not even in those which her inexperience and extreme youth rendered *premature*, to say the least. She never—except in one or two instances‡—had a voice in the selection of her parts, which, I think, was in some cases exceedingly injudicious, as far as her individual powers were concerned. I know that she played in several contrary to her own opinion, taste, and judgment, and from a principle of duty. Not *duty* only, but a feeling of delicacy natural to a generous mind, which disdained the appearance of presuming on her real power, rendered her docile, in some instances, to a degree which I regretted while I loved her for it. She had a perception of some of the traditional absurdities of dress, and ridiculous technical anomalies of theatrical arrangements, which she

* The alteration and interpolations are by Garrick, of whom it was said and believed, that "he never read through a whole play of Shakspeare's except with some nefarious design of cutting and mangling it."

† She played in London the following parts successively:—Juliet, Belvidera, the Grecian Daughter, Mrs. Beverley, Portia, Isabella, Lady Townly, Calista, Bianca, Beatrice, Constance, Camiola, Lady Teazle, Donna Sol (in Lord Francis Egerton's translation of Hernani, when played before the queen at Bridgewater House), Queen Katherine, Catherine of Cleves, Louisa of Savoy in Francis I., Lady Macbeth, Julia in the Hunchback.

‡ The only parts which, to my knowledge, she chose for herself, were Portia, Camiola, and Julia in the Hunchback. She was accused of having declined playing Inez de Castro in Miss Mitford's tragedy, and I heard her repel that accusation very indignantly. She added—"Setting aside my respect for Miss Mitford, I never, on principle, have refused a part. It is my business to do whatever is deemed advantageous to the whole concern, to do as much good as I can; not to think of myself. If they bid me act Scrubb, I would act it!"

had not power to alter, and which I have seen her endure with wondrous good temper. Had she remained on the stage, her fine taste and original and powerful mind would have carried the public with her in some things which she contemplated: for instance, she had an idea of restoring King Lear, as originally written by Shakspeare, and playing the *real* Cordelia to her father's Lear. When left to her own judgment, she ever thought more of what was worthy and beautiful in itself, than she calculated on the amount of vulgar applause it might attract, or the sums it might bring to the treasury. Thus, for her first benefit she played Portia, a character which no vain, self-confident actress would have selected for such an occasion, because, as the play is now performed, the part is comparatively short, is always considered of secondary importance, and affords but few effective points: this was represented to her; but she persisted in her choice: and how she played it out of her own heart and soul! how she revelled in the poetry of the part, with a conscious sense and enjoyment of its beauty, which was communicated to her audience! Self, after the first tremor, was forgotten, and vanity lost in her glowing perception of the charm of the character. She lamented over every beautiful line and passage which had been "*cut out*" by profane hands.* To those which remained the rich and mellow tones of her voice gave added power, blending with the music of the verse. It was by her own earnest wish that she played Camiola, in Massinger's Maid of Honour, and this was certainly one of her most exquisite and most finished parts; but the quiet elegance, the perfect delicacy of the delineation were never appreciated. She was aware of this: she said, "The first rows of the pit and the first few boxes will understand me; for the rest of that great theatre, I ought to play as they paint the scenes—in great splashes of black and white." Bi-

* At Dresden and at Frankfort I saw the Merchant of Venice played as it stands in Shakspeare, with all the stately scenes between Portia and her suitors—the whole of the character of Jessica—the lovely moon-light dialogue between Jessica and Lorenzo, and the beautiful speeches given to Portia, all which, by sufferance of an English audience, are omitted on our stage. When I confessed to some of the great German critics, that the Merchant of Venice, Romeo and Juliet, King Lear, &c. were performed in England, not only with important omissions of the text, but with absolute alterations, affecting equally the truth of character and the construction of the story, they looked at me, at first, as if half incredulous, and their perception of the barbarism, as well as the absurdity, was so forcibly expressed on their countenances, and their contempt so justifiable, that I confess I felt ashamed for my countrymen.

anca, in Millman's Fazio, was another of her finest parts, and as it contained more stage effect, it told more with the public. In this character she certainly took even her greatest admirers by surprise. The expression of slumbering passion, and its gradual development, were so fervently portrayed, and yet so nicely shaded; the phrensy of jealousy, and the alienation of intellect, so admirably discriminated, and so powerfully given, that when the first emotions had subsided, not admiration only, but wonder seized upon her audience: nor shall I easily forget the pale composure with which she bore this—one of her most intoxicating triumphs.

In Constance, in Queen Katherine, in Lady Macbeth, the want of amplitude and maturity of person, of physical weight and power, and a deficiency both of experience and self-confidence, were against her; but her conception of character was so *true*, and her personal resemblance to her aunt so striking, in spite of her comparatively diminutive features and figure, that one of the best and severest of our dramatic critics said, "it was like looking at Mrs. Siddons through the wrong end of an opera-glass."* She had conceived the idea of giving quite a new reading, which undoubtedly would have been the *true* reading, of the character of Katherine of Arragon, and instead of playing it with the splendid poetical colouring in which Mrs. Siddons had arrayed it, bring it down to the prosaic delineation which Shakspeare really gave, and history and Holbein have transmitted to us; but the experiment was deemed too hazardous; and it was so. The public at large would never have understood it. The character of the queen-mother, in her own tragedy of Francis I., was another part of which the weight seemed to overwhelm her youthful powers, and after the first few nights she ceased to play it.

* The resemblance was in the brow and eye. When she was sitting to Sir Thomas Lawrence, he said, "These 'are the eyes of Mrs. Siddons." She said, "You mean *like* those of Mrs. Siddons." "No," he replied, "they are the *same* eyes, the construction is the same, and to draw them is the same thing."

I have ever been at a loss for a word which should express the peculiar property of an eye like that of Mrs. Siddons, which could not be called piercing or penetrating, or any thing that gives the idea of searching or acute; but it was an eye which, in its softest look, and, to a late period of her life, went straight into the depths of the soul as a ray of light finds the bottom of the ocean. Once, when I was conversing with the celebrated German critic Böttigar, of Dresden, and he was describing the person of Madame Schirmer, after floundering in a sea of English epithets, none of which conveyed his meaning, he at last exclaimed with enthusiasm—"Madam! her eye was *perforating!*"

While on the English stage, she never became so far the finished artist as to be independent of her own emotions, her own individual sentiments. It was not only necessary that she should understand a character, it was necessary that she should *feel* it. She invariably excelled in those characters in which her sympathies were awakened. In Juliet, in Portia, in Camiola, in Julia* (perhaps the most *popular* of all her parts), and I believe I may add, in Bianca, she will not soon or easily be surpassed. For the same reason, if she could be said to have failed in any part, it was in that of Calista, which she abhorred, and never, I believe, could comprehend. Isabella† was another part which I think she never really felt; she never could throw her powers into it. The bald style and the prosaic monotonous misery of the first acts, in which her aunt called forth such torrents of tears, wearied her; though the tragic of the situation in the last act roused her, and was given most effectively. She had not, at the time she took leave of us, conquered the mechanical part of her profession —the last, but not the least necessary department of her art, which it had taken her aunt Siddons seven years, and Pasta almost as long, to achieve; she was too much under the influence of her own nerves and moods of feeling; the warm blushes, the hot tears, the sob, the tremour, were at times too real. After playing in Mrs. Beverly, Bianca, and Julia, the physical suffering and excitement were sometimes most painful; and the performance of Constance actually deprived her of her hearing for several hours, and rendered her own voice inaudible to her; this, it will be allowed, was paying somewhat dear for her laurels, even though she had valued them more than in truth she ever did.

Fanny Kemble, as one of a gifted race, "the latest born of all Olympus' faded hierarchy," had really a just pride in the professional distinction of her family. She was proud of being a Kemble, and not insensible to the idea of treading in the steps of her aunt. But she had seen the stage desecrated, and never for a moment indulged the thought that she was destined to regenerate it. She felt truly her own position. Her ambition was not professional. She had always the consciousness of a power—of which she has already given evidence—to ensure to herself a higher, a more real immortality than that which the stage can bestow. She had a very high idea, abstractedly, of the capabilities of her art; but the

* In the Hunchback. † In the Fatal Marriage.

native elegance of her mind, her poetical temperament, her profound sense of the *serious ideal*, rendered her extremely, and at times painfully, sensitive to the prosaic drawbacks which attended its exercise in public, and her strong understanding showed her its possible evils. She feared for the effect that incessant praise, incessant excitement, might at length produce on her temper. "I am in dismay," said she (I give her own words), "when I think that all this may become necessary to me. Could I be sure of retaining my love for higher and better occupations, and my desire for a nobler, though more distant fame, I should not have these apprehensions; but I am cut off by constant labour from those pursuits which I love and honour, and neither they, nor any of our capabilities, can outlive long neglect and disuse." Thus she felt, and thus she expressed herself at the age of twenty, and even while enjoying her success with a true girlish buoyancy of spirit, the more delightful, the more interesting, inasmuch as it seemed to tremble at itself. I have actually heard her reproached for not being *sufficiently* elated and excited by the public homage; but, the truth is, she was grateful for praise, rather than intoxicated by it—more pleased with her success than proud of it.* "I dare not," said she, "feel all I *could* feel; I must watch myself." And by a more exact attention to her religious duties, and by giving as much time as possible to the cultivation of many resources and accomplishments, she endeavoured to preserve the command over her own faculties, and the even balance of her mind. I am persuaded that this lofty tone of feeling, this mixture of self-subjection and self-respect, gave to her general deportment on the stage that indescribable charm, quite apart from any grace of person or action, which all who have seen her must have felt, and none can have forgotten.

And now, what shall I say more? If I dared to violate the sacredness of private intercourse, I could indeed say much—*much* more. That she came forward and devoted herself for

* I recollect being present when some one was repeating to her a very high-flown and enthusiastic eulogy, of which she was the subject. She listened very quietly, and then said with indescribable *naïveté*—"Perhaps I ought to blush to have all these things thus repeated to my face; but the truth is, I *cannot*. I cannot, by any effort of my own imagination, see myself as people speak of me. It gives no reflection back to my mind. I cannot fancy myself like this. All I can clearly understand is, that you and everybody are very much pleased, and I am very glad of it!"

her family in times of trial and trouble—that twice she saved them from ruin—that she has achieved two fortunes, besides a brilliant fame, and by her talents won independence for herself and those she loved,—and that she has done all this before the age of five-and-twenty, is known to many; but few are aware how much more admirable, more respectable than any of her mental gifts and her well-earned distinction, were the moral strength with which she sustained the severest ordeal to which a youthful character could be exposed; the simplicity with which she endured—half-recoiling—the incessant adulation which beset her from morn to night;* her self-command in success; her gentle dignity in reverse; her straightforward integrity, which knew no turning nor shadow of turning; her noble spirit, which disdained all petty rivalry; her earnest sense of religion, "to which alone she trusted to keep her right."† Suddenly she became the idol of the public; suddenly she was transplanted into a sphere of society, where, as long as she could administer excitement to fashionable insanity, she was worshipped. She carried into those circles all the freshness of her vigorous and poetical mind—all the unworn feelings of her young heart. So much genuine simplicity, such perfect innocence and modesty, allied to such rare powers, and to an habitual familiarity with the language of poetry and the delineation of passion, was not *there* understood, or rather was *mis*-understood—and no wonder! To the *blasé* men, the vapid girls, and artificial women who then surrounded her, her generous feelings, "when the bright soul broke forth on every side," appeared mere acting; they were indeed constrained to believe it such; for if for a moment they had deemed it all real, it must have forced on them comparisons by no means favourable to themselves. If, under these circumstances, her quick sensibility to pleasurable emotion of all kinds, and her ready sympathy with all the *external* refinement, splendour, and luxury of aristocratic life, conspired for a moment to dazzle her imagination, she recovered herself immediately, and from

* It must be remembered that it was not *only* fashionable incense and public applause; it was the open enthusiastic admiration of such men as Sir Walter Scott, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Moore, Rogers, Campbell, Barry Cornwall, and others of great name, who brought rich flattery in prose and in verse, and laid it at her feet. Just before she came on the stage she had spent about a year in Scotland with her excellent relative and friend Mrs. Henry Siddons, and always referred to this period as her "Sabbatical year, granted to her to prepare her mind and principles for *this great trial*."

† Her own words.

first to last, her warm and strong affections, the moral texture of her character; the refinement, which was as native to her mind "as fragrance to the rose," remained unimpaired. These —a rich dower—she is about to carry into the shades of domestic life. Another land will be her future home. By another name shall fame speak of her, who was endeared to us as FANNY KEMBLE: and *she*, who with no steady hand pens this slight tribute to the virtues she loved, bids to that name—farewell!

END OF VOL. I.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 328 342 1

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Santa Barbara

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW.

FAC OCT 31 1974

APR 2 1983

RETURNED NOV 19 1982

APR 3 1984

RET'D AUG 1 1984 L

Series 9482

3 1205 00240 3473